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AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

TO HENRY ADAMS, ESQ.

My Dear Adams : Without you I should not have seen the place, without you I should not have seen the things of which these notes are impressions. If anything worth repeating has been said by me in these letters, it has probably come from you, or has been suggested by being with you — perhaps even in the way of contradiction. And you may be amused by the lighter talk of the artist that merely describes appearances and envelops things monotonous and confused in a covering of dreams. And you alone will know how much has been withheld that might have been indiscreetly said.

If only we had found Nirvana — but he was right who warned us that we were late in this season of the world.

J. L. F.

謹寄同舍雅兄先生夏下丈
拙文所以稱兄之署名也。以兄之所以爲余
最相親者。接遇之言。故敢稱之。蓋余亦
日本之凡俗愛慕兄之感物。抱兄之
知余貴士者。一日。雅兄之免職。一
日。我國之恩。友之有之。
余文中。雅兄之主觀。其言者。有之。
雅兄之是。者。始末是。餘金。珍
草。疏也。海。上。水。如。眼。前
明。子。中。之。事。種。一。何。流。之。所。在。
以。征。斯。雅兄之金高。之。主。陽。地。其。
是。雅兄之水。海。之。足。其。人。其。止。
多。之。雅兄之金。會。也。

WHICH IN ENGLISH MEANS :

AND YOU TOO, OKAKURA SAN: I wish to put your name before these notes, written at the time when I first met you, because the memories of your talks are connected with my liking of your country and of its story, and because for a time you were Japan to me. I hope, too, that some thoughts of yours will be detected in what I write, as a stream runs through grass—hidden, perhaps, but always there. We are separated by many things besides distance, but you know that the blossoms scattered by the waters of the torrent shall meet at its end.

YOKOHAMA, July 3, 1886.—Arrived yesterday. On the cover of the letter which I mailed from our steamer I had but time to write: "We are coming in; it is like the picture books. Anything that I can add will only be a filling in of detail."

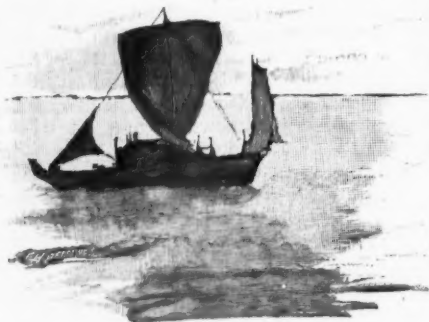
We were in the great bay when I came up on deck in the early morning. The sea was

smooth like the brilliant blank paper of the prints; a vast surface of water reflecting the light of the sky as if it were thicker air. Far off streaks of blue light, like finest washes of the brush, determined distances. Beyond, in a white haze, the square white sails spotted the white horizon and floated above it.

The slackened beat of the engine made a

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great noise in the quiet waters. Distant high hills of foggy green marked the new land; nearer us, junks of the shapes you know, in violet transparency of shadow, and five or six war ships and steamers, red and black, or white, looking barbarous and out of place, but still as if they were part of us; and spread all around us a fleet of small boats, manned by rowers standing in robes flapping about them, or tucked in above their waists. There were so many that the crowd looked blue and white—the color of their dresses repeating the sky in prose. Still, the larger part were mostly naked, and their legs and arms and backs made a great novelty to our eyes, accustomed to nothing but our ship, and the enormous space, empty of life, which had surrounded us for days. The muscles of the



boatmen stood out sharply on their small frames. They had almost all—at least those who were young—fine wrists and delicate hands, and a handsome setting of the neck. The foot looked broad with toes very square. They were excitedly waiting to help in the coaling and unloading, and soon we saw them begin to work, carrying great loads with much good-humored chattering. Around us played the smallest boats with rowers standing up and sculling. Then the market-boat came rushing to us, its standing rowers bending and rising, their thighs rounding and insteps sharpening, what small garments they had fluttering like scarfs, so that our fair missionaries turned their backs to the sight.

Two boys struggling at the great sculls in one of the small boats were called by us out of the crowd, and carried us off to look at the outgoing steamer which takes our mail, and which added its own confusion and its attendant crowd of boats to all the animation on the water. Delicious and curious moment, this first sense of being free from the big prison of the ship; the pleasure of directing one's own course; of not understanding a word of what

one hears, and yet of getting at a meaning through every sense; of being close to the top of the waves on which we dance, instead of looking down upon them from the tall ship's sides; of seeing the small limbs of the boys burning yellow in the sun, and noticing how they recall the dolls of their own country in the expression of their eyes; to see how every little detail of the boat is different, and yet so curiously the same; and then to return to the first sensation of feeling while lying flat on the bottom of the boat, at the level of our faces the tossing sky-blue water dotted with innumerable orange copies of the sun. Then subtle influences of odor, the sense of something very foreign, of the presence of another race, came up with the smell of the boat.

We climbed up the side of the big steamer and found the doctor there, who told us that he had been expecting us for a whole month; so that he soon took possession of us, and we found ourselves in the hotel launch, and at the wharf, and passing the custom house and its officers, who let everything go through quickly except my suspicious water-color blocks. Outside of the gate, in the street, we found the long-expected *jirikisha*, an arrangement that you know probably as well as I do—a two-wheeled perambulator or gig, very small, with a hood that is usually lowered, and with a man in the shafts. Our fellows were in blue-black clothes, a big inscription on their backs; and they wore apron-like vests, close-fitting trousers, and broad straw hats poised on their heads. But you know all about these; and I have only to add that we were trundled off to our hotel, along the pretty quay which edges that part of the town, past European houses, unlike ours, and having a certain character which will probably appear very commonplace later, because it is not beautiful, but which is novel yet to us. Our hotel is also on the quay, just at a corner where a canal breaks in, and where we can see big walls and trees on the other side. Our rooms open on the water—that same blue water spangled with sunshine and fading into sky. There are men-of-war and steamers far out; picturesque junks sailing past rapidly, flattened out into mere





"THE LIGHTS FLARING UPON YELLOW FACES."

edges of shadow and light against the sea and the sky, their great hollow sterns with the rudder far inboard, and sails which are open at the seams. Not far from us was a little sharp-pointed boat with a man fishing, his big round hat as important as any part of the boat. It was already late in the day. European children were out with their Japanese nurses; from time to time a phaeton or a curricule passed with European occupants, and even in this tremendous heat ladies rode out on horseback. But the human beings are not the novelty, not even the Japanese; what is absorbingly new is the light, its whiteness, its silvery milkiness. We have come into it as through an open door after fourteen gray days of the Pacific which ended only at sunrise this very morning. And we looked again at all the light outside, from the dining-room, where we lunched, where the waiters slipped about in black clothes like those of the runners, and where we were joined at table by a foreign gentleman with high cheek-bones, yellow face, and slanting eyes, and dressed in the latest European fashion with high collar, four-in-hand scarf, and pointed shoes. He was very courteous, and managed what little English he used as skillfully as he dresses. And he gave me a touch of the far East in the story of his being here; for he is under a cloud, an amiable exile whose return to his native

land might involve his being boiled in oil, or other ingenious form of death. For well as he figured at luncheon with us, I hear that he has been obliged to leave because of his having poisoned too many of his guests one day at table,—former enemies of his,—and because of his having despatched with the sword those whose digestion had resisted his efforts at conciliation. However this may be, his extradition is demanded; to which he objects, and invokes Western ideas of civilization, and protests that his excesses have been merely political. And then late in the afternoon we sauntered out into the Japanese quarter; walking, so that we may mingle with the gray, black, and blue crowd, and respectfully followed by our jinrikisha men, who slowly dragged our carriages behind them, like grooms following their masters. We stopped at little curio shops and bargained over miserable odds and ends, calling up, I feel sure, the unexpressed contempt of the doctor, the great collector of precious lacquers; but it is so amusing to see things as they are, and not as they should be. And we went into a show which had an enormous draped sign outside, and where, in uncertain darkness, an old, miserable, distorted dwarf played the part of a spider in a web, to the accompaniment of fiendish music and the declamation of the showman. Then we lingered

outside of a booth in which a wrestling match was going on, but did not enter, and we saw the big wrestlers go in or come out, their shoulders far above the heads of a smaller race of men, and we turned at every moment to look at the children, many of whom are so pretty, and who seem to have an easy time of it. Men carry them in their arms as women do

structure, the usual Japanese house. I came near saying that the little railway station is like ours; but it is better than most of ours, with neat arrangements. We entered the little cars; I noticed, in the third class, Japanese curled up on the seats. The grade is as level as a table, the landscape is lovely, and we saw the shapes we know so well in the prints—



CASTLE, AND MOAT WITH LOTUS.

with us, and many a little elder sister walks about with the infant of the family slung behind her maternal shoulders. And then there are curious combinations of Western and Eastern dress—rarely successful. Our hats and shoes and umbrellas—all made here—are used, and our ugly shirts stiffen out the folds of the soft Japanese robes; but the multitude wear their usual dress and make no abuse of hats.

Wearied by the novelty, every detail of which, however, was known to us before, we walked back in the white, milky sunset, which was like a brilliant twilight.

JULY 5.—We made our first visit to town yesterday; that is to say we went to Tokio, which is about twenty miles off. Of course we took our jinrikishas at the door of the hotel, and passing through the wide Yokohama streets saw the semi-European houses, some with high garden walls in which are small doors: there are sidewalks, too, and European shops, and colonial buildings, post-office, and telegraph office; and the Japanese *kura*, or storehouses—heavy tile-roofed buildings with black and white earthen surfaces, the black polished to a glaze, as was done with Greek and Etruscan vases. They have deep windows or doors, recessed like our safes, with a great air of solidity, which contrasts with that temporary wooden

the curious shapes of the Japanese pines; little temples on the hillside; and rice-fields with their network of causeways, occasionally a horse or peasant threading them. The land is cultivated like a garden, the lotus leaves fill the ditches, and one or two pink flowers are just out. From time to time we saw stretches of blue sea. And once, for an instant, as I looked up into the hazy, clouded sky, far beyond the hills, that were lost in the mist into which the rice-fields stretched, I saw a pale, clear blue opening in which was an outline more distinct, something very pure, the edge of a mountain, looking as if it belonged to another world than the dewy moist one in which we are—the cone of Fusi-yama.

On passing through the station, very much like the other with its various arrangements for comfort and order,—first, second, and third class rooms, and so forth,—we met a crowd of jinrikishas with their runners, or, as my friends tell me to call them, *kuruma* and *kurumaya*, every man clamoring for patronage in the usual way of the hackmen.

We selected as a leader Chojiro, who speaks English—a little; is a traveled man, having gone as far as Constantinople; wears the old-fashioned queue, flattened forward over the top of his shaven head; and whose naked feet were

to run through the day over newly macadamized roads, for which a horse would need to be well shod. A little way from us, on the square, stood the car of the tramway, which runs as far as Asakusa, to the great popular temples of protecting divinities, Quan-on and Jizo,—and Benten, from whose shrine flowed one day copper coins as if from a fountain,—where Buddhist sermons are preached daily; which are full of innumerable images, pictures, and ex-votos; and where prayer-wheels, duly turned, help the worshiper to be free from annoying sins, or to obtain his desires.

How shall I describe our ride through the enormous city? We were going far across it to call on Professor F——, the great authority on Japanese art, and to be delighted and instructed by him through some fragments of his collection.

In the first street where the tramway runs there are semi-European façades to houses, and in their pilasters the Ionic capital has at length made the circle of the world. Then we took more Oriental and narrower streets, through the quarter of the *gei-sha*, the dancers and singers who go out perpetually to put a finishing touch on entertainments. At such early hours they are of course unseen. Where houses seemed more closed than usual servants were attending to household duties, and we heard the occasional strum of a guitar. Then great streets again, with innumerable low houses, the usual shops, like open sheds, with swinging signs, carved, painted, and gilded, or with draperies of black cloth marked with white characters. Merchants sat on their mats among the crowded goods, girls at corners drew water from the wells; in a narrower street the black streak of a file of bulls peacefully dragging merchandise; where the crowd was thickest a black lacquered palanquin, all closed, in which was shut some obstinate adherent to ancient fashions. Then bridges and canals, and great empty spaces, long white walls with black copings, and buildings that continued the walls, with gratings like those of barracks. These were the *yashikis*—inclosed residences of princes who were formerly obliged to spend part of the year at the seat of government with small armies of retainers. Then the walls of the castle, great sloping ramparts of irregular blocks of masonry, about which stand strangely twisted pine trees, while the great moats of clouded water are almost filled with the big leaves of the lotus. Now and then great gates of gray wood, and enormous doors. On some of the wide avenues we met cavalry officers in European costume, correct in style, most of the younger with straggling mustaches long and thin, whence their nickname of “horn-pouts,” naturally connected with that of the “cats,” devourers of fish, as the *gei-sha* are called. Near of-



AT THE WELL.

ficial buildings we saw a great deal of black frock coats, and trousers, and spectacles. Everything was seen at a full run, our runners dragging us at horses' pace. Still it was long before we reached our destination. Streets succeeded streets, empty or full, in desolate, Oriental wearisomeness. At length we stopped at a little gate in a plank fence, and entered a vast high space, formerly a prince's park, at one end of which we saw trees and hills, and we came to the professor's house, a little European structure. My mind is yet too confused with many impressions to tell you of what we saw that afternoon and evening, and what was said; all the more that the few beautiful paintings we looked at out of the great collection lifted

me away from to-day into an indefinite great past. I dislike to use analogies, but before these ancient religious paintings of Buddhist divinities, symbolical of the elements or of protective powers, whose worn surfaces contained marvels of passionate delicacy and care framed in noble lines, I could not help the recall of what I had once felt at the first sight of old Italian art.

WE passed from this sense of exalted peace to plunge again into the crowded streets at night. It was late; we had many miles to go to catch the last train; two additional runners had been engaged for each *kuruma*—one to push, one to be harnessed in front.

Then began a furious ride. Mine was the last carriage. We were whirled along with warning cries of "*Hai-hai!*" now into the dark, then into some opening lighted by starlight, in which I could see the flitting shapes of the other runners and of my companions. I remember the creaking of their carriages, the jerking of them with each pull of the men; then our crossing suddenly other parties lighted by lanterns like ourselves, the lights flaring upon yellow faces and dark dresses and black hair; then our turning some narrow corner and plunging at full speed into lighted streets crowded with people, through whom we seemed to cut our way. Much shouting of our men, and dodging of wayfarers with lanterns, and of bystanders who merely turn enough to let us glide by. Then one of my runners at full gallop struck a post and was left behind; another was gathered in somehow without a stop, and we tore through the city, still more crowded as we came nearer to our end—the railway station. We were in time, and we slept in the now familiar train. We reached the deserted station and were jogged peacefully to our hotel; our men, in Japanese fashion, sleepily turning out of the way of the ownerless dogs that lay in the middle of the streets. And when I awoke in the morning I found that the day's impressions had faded in sleep to what I tell you.

JULY 6.—I have been asking myself whether it would be possible to have sensations as novel, of feeling as perfectly fresh and new things I knew almost all about beforehand, had we come in any other way, or arrived from any other quarter. As it is, all this Japan is sudden. We have last been living at home, are shut up in a ship, as if boxed in with our own civilization, and then suddenly, with no transition, we are landed in another. And under what splendor of light, in what contrasting atmosphere! It is as if the sky, in its variations, was the great subject of the drama we are looking at, or at least its great chorus. The

beauty of the light and of the air is what I should like to describe, but it is almost like trying to account for one's own mood—like describing the key in which one plays. And yet I have not begun to paint, and I dread the moment of beginning to work again. Rather have I felt like yielding entirely to the spirit in which I came, the intention of a rest, of a bath for the brain in some water absolutely alien. A—— and I had undertaken that we should bring no books, read no books, but come as innocently as we could; the only compromise my keeping a scientific Japanese grammar, which being ancient and unpractical might be allowed, for it would leave me as unready as on the day I left.

THE doctor took us on Sunday afternoon to his club—whose name I think means the perfume of the maple—to see and to listen to some Japanese plays which are given in the club theater built for the purpose. We went there in the afternoon, passing by the Shiba temples, and our *kurumas* were drawn up at one end of the buildings. There everything was Japanese, though I hear stories of the other club and its ultra-European ways—brandies-and-sodas, single eyeglasses, etc. However that may be, on this side we were in Japan without mistake. We sat on the steps and had our shoes taken off, according to the Japanese fashion, so as not to injure mats, and we could hear during the operation long wailings, high notes, and the piercing sound of flutes and stringed instruments; the curiously sad rhythm mingled with a background of high, distinct declamation. We walked in, with careful attention to make no noise, forgetting that in our stocking feet we could have made none had we wished, and we found the doctor's place reserved for him and us, and marked with his name, writ large. Other low boxes, with sides no higher than our elbows as we sat on the mats, divided the sloping floor down to the stage. The stage was a pretty little building projecting into the great hall from its long side. It had its own roof, and connected with a long gallery or bridge, along which the actors moved, as they came on or disappeared, in a manner new to us, but which gave a certain natural sequence and made a beginning and an end,—a dramatic introduction and conclusion,—and added greatly to the picture when the magnificent dresses of stiff brocade dragged slowly along to the cadence of the music. The boxes were mostly occupied and by a distinguished-looking audience; the *Nô*, as this operatic acting is called, being a refined, classical drama, and looked upon differently from the more or less disreputable theater.



NÔ DANCER WITH MASK, REPRESENTING THE SAKÉ IMP.

Hence the large proportion of ladies, to whom the theater is forbidden. Hence, also, owing to its antiquity and the character of its style, a difficulty of comprehension for the general public that explained the repeated rustle of the books of the opera which most of the women held, whose leaves turned over at the same moment, just as ours used to do at home when we were favored by French tragedy.

A quiet, sleepy appreciation hovered over
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the scene; even the devotees near us, many of them older people and belonging to the old régime, showing their approval or disapproval with restrained criticism. I could see without turning my head the expression of the face of my neighbor, a former daimio, a man of position; a face a Japanese translation of the universal well-known aristocratic type—immovable, fatigued, with the drooping under lip. Behind him sat former retainers, I suppose—deferential, in-

sinuating remarks and judgments to which he assented with inimitable brevity. Still, I thought that I could distinguish, when he showed that the youthful amateurs—for most of the actors were non-professional—did not come up to a proper standard, that his memory went back to a long experience of good acting. And so catching are the impressions of a crowd that I myself after a time believed that I recognized, more or less distinctly, the tyro and the master, even



ANCIENT.

though I only vaguely understood what it was all about. For I need not tell you that the libretto would have been still more difficult for me than the pantomime before me; and very often it was but pantomime, the actor making gestures to the accompaniment of music, or of the declamation of the choregus, who told the poetic story. Occasionally these movements amounted to a dance, that is to say, to rhythmic movements—hence called the *Nô* dance—to which emphasis was given by rising and falling on either foot, and bringing down the sole with a sudden blow.

There were many short plays, mostly based

on legendary subjects, distinguished by gorgeous dresses, and occasionally some comic scenes of domestic life. The monotony of impression was too novel to me to become wearisome, and I sat for several hours through this succession of separate stories, patient, except for the new difficulty of sitting cross-legged on the mats. Moreover, we had tobacco to cheer us. On our arrival the noiseless servants had brought to us the inevitable little tray containing the fire-box with hot charcoal and the little cylinder for ashes, and tea and little sugary balls; and then, besides, notwithstanding the heightened repose of the audience, there was enough to watch. There were the envoys from Loo Choo, seated far off in the dim light of the room, dressed in ancient costumes, their hair skewered up on the top of the head with a double pin—grave and dignified personages; and a European prince, a Napoleonic pretender, seated alongside, with his suite, and ourselves, the only foreigners. The types of the older people were full of interest, as one felt them formed under other ideas than those of to-day. And though there were no beauties, there was much refinement and sweetness in the faces of the women, set off by the simplicity of their dresses, of blacks, and browns, and grays, and dull violets, in exquisite fabrics, for we were in an atmosphere of good breeding. And I watched one of the young ladies in front of me, the elder of two sisters, as she attended to every little want of her father, and even to his inconveniences. And now it was time to leave, though the performance was still going on, for we wished to return in the early evening. Our shoes were put on again at the steps, our umbrellas handed to us,—for sun and rain we must always have one,—and we passed the Shiba temples and took the train back for Yokohama.

JULY 12.—We are doing nothing in particular, hesitating very much as to what our course shall be. One thing is certain—the breaking out of the cholera will affect all our plans. Even the consequent closing of the theaters shows us how many things will be cut off from us. We spend much time in such idleness as bric-à-brac, letting ourselves go, and taking things as they come.

The doctor's kindness is with us all the time. One feels the citizen of the world that he is when he touches little details of manners here, now as familiar to him as those of Europe.

I enjoy, myself, this drifting, though A— is not so well pleased, and I try to feel as if the heat and the novelty of impressions justified me in idleness. Once only I was tempted to duty, however, when we went to the temples of Shiba and of Uyëno, where are the tombs of

the shōguns, rulers of Japan of the Tokugawa line. They are all there but the two greatest, Iyéyasū and Iyémitsū, who lie at Nikko, the sacred place, a hundred miles away. Here in Tokio are the tombs of the others, and the temples about them, splendid with lacquer and carving and gold and bronze, and set among trees and gardens on these hills of Shiba and Uyēno.

My dreams of making an analysis and memoranda of these architectural treasures of Japan were started, as many resolutions of work are, by the talk of my companion, his analysis of the theme of their architecture, and my feeling a sort of desire to rival him on a ground for fair competition. But I do not think that I could grasp a subject in such a clear and dispassionate and masterly way, with such natural reference to the past and its implied comparisons, for A——'s historic sense amounts to poetry, and his deductions and remarks always set my mind sailing into new channels.

But I must put this off—certainly for today—while we discuss whether we shall make our visit to ancient Kamakura and the great bronze statue and the island of Énoshima, or whether to put it off until our return from Nikko, and our seeing the other shrines of the shōguns, there. The doctor, who has just left Nikko, tells us of its beauty in the early summer, a few weeks ago, and I feel all the hotter as he talks of the cold mountain streams which run by his house, and of banks of azaleas covering the high rocks. And then the Japanese proverb says, "Who has not seen Nikko cannot say beautiful."

John La Farge.

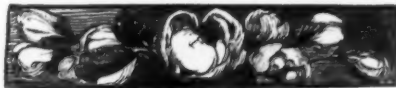


MODERN.

THOUGHT.

ACROSS the tense chords
Thought runs before words,
Brighter than dew,
And keener than swords.
Whence it cometh,
And whither it goes,
All may conjecture,
But no man knows.
It ebbs and flows
In the dancing of the leaves,
The set of summer eves,
The scent of the violets, the secret of the rose.

Richard Henry Stoddard.



THE OLD BAND.

IT 'S mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
 Considerin' I 've be'n away twenty year and more.
 Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change,
 A-comin' back, and notice things that 's new to me and strange ;
 Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,
 In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
 . . . What 's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-horn fellers — say ?
 I want to hear the *old* band play.



What 's come of Eastman, and Nat Snow ? And where 's War Barnett at ?
 And Nate and Bony Meek ; Bill Hart ; Sam Richa'son and that
 Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as Jim ;
 And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter — say, what 's become o' him ?
 I make no doubt yer *new band* now 's a competenter band,
 And plays their music more by note than what they play by hand,
 And stylisher and grander tunes ; but somehow — anyway
 I want to hear the *old* band play.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.¹



DRAWN BY S. LAWRENCE.

LITHOGRAPHED BY E. MORTON.

EDWIN FORREST ABOUT 1835.²

EDWIN FORREST.



IN the year 1854 I became manager for John T. Ford of the theater in Richmond, Virginia. The romantic drama of "The Sea of Ice" was produced with splendid success, and was followed by "The Naiad Queen," which enjoyed equal popularity. The season was altogether quite a brilliant one, and included among its attractions some of the first stars of the country. Miss Agnes Robertson, known as the "Fairy Star," accompanied by her husband, Mr. Dion Boucicault, headed the list, which terminated with Edwin Forrest. This popular tragedian was then in his prime, and what a handsome fellow he was! The form of an Apollo, with the strength of a Hercules: his deep, musical voice was under perfect control, and in the pathetic scenes of *Cade* and *Virginus* full of tears. As a melodramatic actor he stood

² The pictures in this article are from the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

ahead of all his competitors. In Shakspearian characters he was considered too robust and extravagant. So far as matters relating to his own profession were concerned, he was undoubtedly a student, his readings being faultless, and full of feeling. In private he could be very agreeable; his conversation was both humorous and witty, and his anecdotes were told with excellent effect. During my long professional life I met him frequently, and I should say that much of his unhappiness—for he was a very unhappy man—came from an irritable temper, under little control. His nature, unfortunately, was not softened by that sweet and gradual ascent to good fortune that is so humanizing. Happy are those who in the race for fame advance steadily and by degrees, making no hurried strides, but losing no ground; shaking hands with their competitors as they go by them, and making honest room for them to pass should they come up again. Forrest with one leap bounded to the front. No new triumphs awaited him, and as old age came on he could only witness younger and fleetier metal pass him by. During those fits of anger which came upon him from the inefficiency of his dramatic support he was childish and unreasonable—having no power of recognizing the distinction between a man who tries his best and fails, and he who fails because he does not try at all.

During the engagement of which I am about to speak, and on one occasion while we were rehearsing "Damon and Pythias," Edwin Adams, who was cast for *Pythias*, was going through the exciting scene in which that character parts with *Calanthe*. Forrest took exception to the business arrangements of the stage; but as this was one of his quiet, dignified mornings, he made his objections with respectful deference, saying that if Mr. Adams would allow him he would suggest some new business that might improve the scene. Adams expressed himself as quite willing to receive any instruction; so Forrest went through the parting with *Calanthe*, giving some new and very good suggestions. Adams tried but failed to catch Forrest's idea. It was tried over and over till finally Forrest became impatient. Again taking Adams's place, he rushed towards the fainting form of *Calanthe*, and as he dropped

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upon his knee, throwing his head tragically forward, his hat fell off. Now it is always a comical thing to see a man's high black-silk hat tumble from his head, but especially when he is going through a tragic scene. Forrest for a moment hesitated whether he should pause and pick up the hat or not; at last he made a savage grab for it, but it eluded his grasp, and, slipping through his fingers, rolled round the stage, he pursuing it with tragic passion. The company, one by one, turned their heads away, quietly enjoying his discomfiture. At last he secured it, and fixing it firmly on his head, he proceeded with the action of the scene. He felt we had been laughing at him, and became furious. Rushing upon *Calanthe*, he embraced her again and again. "Farewell, my love," cried he in dire woe. He then tore himself from her embrace, and madly careering up the stage ran head first into a scene that the carpenters were moving across the stage, mashing the unlucky hat over his eyes. He struggled manfully to get it off, but with no effect till Adams and myself came to the rescue. We were now all in a roar of laughter. For a moment he looked bewildered and even angry, but as the absurdity of the scene dawned upon him he joined in the merriment, and said it was the most ridiculous thing that had ever occurred.

At the conclusion of the Richmond engagement the company journeyed to Washington, where we were to open with Forrest as *Metamora*—a character that he detested, and one that the public admired. Forrest was always in a state of intense irritation during the rehearsal and performance of this drama. Irregularities that he would have overlooked under ordinary circumstances were now magnified to an enormous size, so that when he donned the buckskin shirt, and stuck the hunting-knife of the American savage in his wampum belt, he was ready to scalp any offending actor who dared to cross his path. The copper-colored liquid with which he stained his cheeks might literally have been called "war paint."

At the rehearsal the poor property man, old Jake Search, got in a dreadful state of nervousness, and everything went wrong. The tragedian naturally held me, as stage-manager, responsible for these accidents, particularly as the unlucky Jake would conceal himself behind set pieces, or mysteriously disappear through traps as each mishap occurred. In the midst of this dreadful confusion, principally brought about by his own ill-humor, Forrest turned on me, saying he would not act that night, and strode out of the theater. I hurried through the front of the house, and heading him off in the alley addressed him, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:

"Mr. Forrest, before you decide upon this step let me state an important fact, that perhaps has not crossed your mind." He saw I was in earnest, and stopped short to listen, as I resumed: "Mr. Ford, the manager, is absent, so I must take his responsibility to the public on myself. The blunders on the stage this morning have been unfortunate, perhaps culpable, but you must pardon me for saying that your excited manner and somewhat unreasonable demands have contributed not a little to confuse the company and bring about this disorder. But be that as it may, there is another and still more important matter to consider. Every seat in the theater is taken for to-night; the audience will crowd the house in expectation of a great dramatic treat, to which they have been looking forward for some time. If you decline to act, and so break your contract with the public, what course is left for me? Why, only this: I must wait for the vast concourse of people to assemble, and then go before them and explain the reason of your non-appearance. I shall have to make a clear statement of the case, and say that you have refused to act because there were some slight discrepancies and irregularities in the rehearsal. The public are, you know, quite unreasonable when their diversion is checked, and it is likely that they will be indignant at the disappointment, failing to see the reason as clearly as you may have done. Now consider for a moment: under these circumstances will it not be more magnanimous in you to overlook the shortcomings and go on with the rehearsal?"

He paused for a moment and said: "I will not go back to the rehearsal. I am too much excited, and my presence on the stage now will only make matters worse; but if you will see that details are attended to, I will act to-night."

I promised to do so, and we parted. I was only too glad to get rid of him on those terms, in his then intemperate state of mind. I went back to the stage and dismissed the rehearsal, cautioning the actors to do what they could to render the night's performance creditable. I now began to hunt up the delinquent and frightened property man, Jake Search,—an appropriate name for a fellow who needed so much looking after,—and discovered him hiding under a pile of old scenery. "Is he gone?" said Search. "Yes," I answered, "but he will return to-night; so see that your properties are in good condition, or he will be the death of you."

The night came and matters progressed favorably until the council scene. One of the characters here, being overcome with nervousness, reversed his questions to *Metamora*,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTKUNST.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Edwin Forrest,

giving the wrong lines, and of course receiving an absurd answer. The audience, recognizing the confusion of the dialogue, began to laugh, and of course this made matters worse. The act terminates with the Indian's great speech, "From the east to the west, from the north to the south, the loud cry of vengeance shall be heard," and here he hurls his knife into the center of the stage, where it quivers a defiance as the curtain falls. In his anger and excitement the blade failed to stick in the stage and bounded into the orchestra, the handle hitting the double-bass player on the top of his head, which was as innocent of hair as a billiard-ball, so as the curtain came down the old fellow was stamping about and rubbing his bald pate to the delight of the audience.

I realized now that the storm had burst in earnest and that a total wreck would soon follow. Knowing that I could not avert the catastrophe, and having no desire to face the tragedian's wrath, like a politic but disloyal captain I deserted the ship and went in front to see it go down. Byron says of a battle, "Oh, what a sight to him who has no friend or brother there!" to which Prentice adds, "and is not there himself." The latter was now my case. I was not there myself, and I did not intend to be, so from the secure corner of an upper private box I watched the progress of the most disastrous performance I had ever seen.

As the curtain rises on the last act the tribe of *Metamora* should rush through the woods as their leader calls them; but by this time the braves were so frightened that they had become demoralized, and as the foremost rushed through the opening in the woods his long bow got crosswise between two trees. This not only precipitated the redskin over it, but the entire tribe followed, tumbling head over heels into the middle of the stage. I trembled now lest the "big Injun" would refuse to put in an appearance. At last, to my relief, the audience quieted down and Forrest strode upon the stage. If I remember the story, at this point *Metamora's* wife and children had been stolen away and murdered. His pathos was fine, and by his magnificent acting he reduced his audience to attention and enthusiasm. All was now going well, and I looked forward to a happy termination of the play, which I was thankful to know had nearly reached its climax.

A funeral pile of burning fagots was then brought on, at which some pale-face was to be sacrificed. The two Indians in charge of this mysterious-looking article set it down so unsteadily that a large sponge, saturated with flaming alcohol, tumbled off and rolled down the stage, leaving a track of fire in its wake.

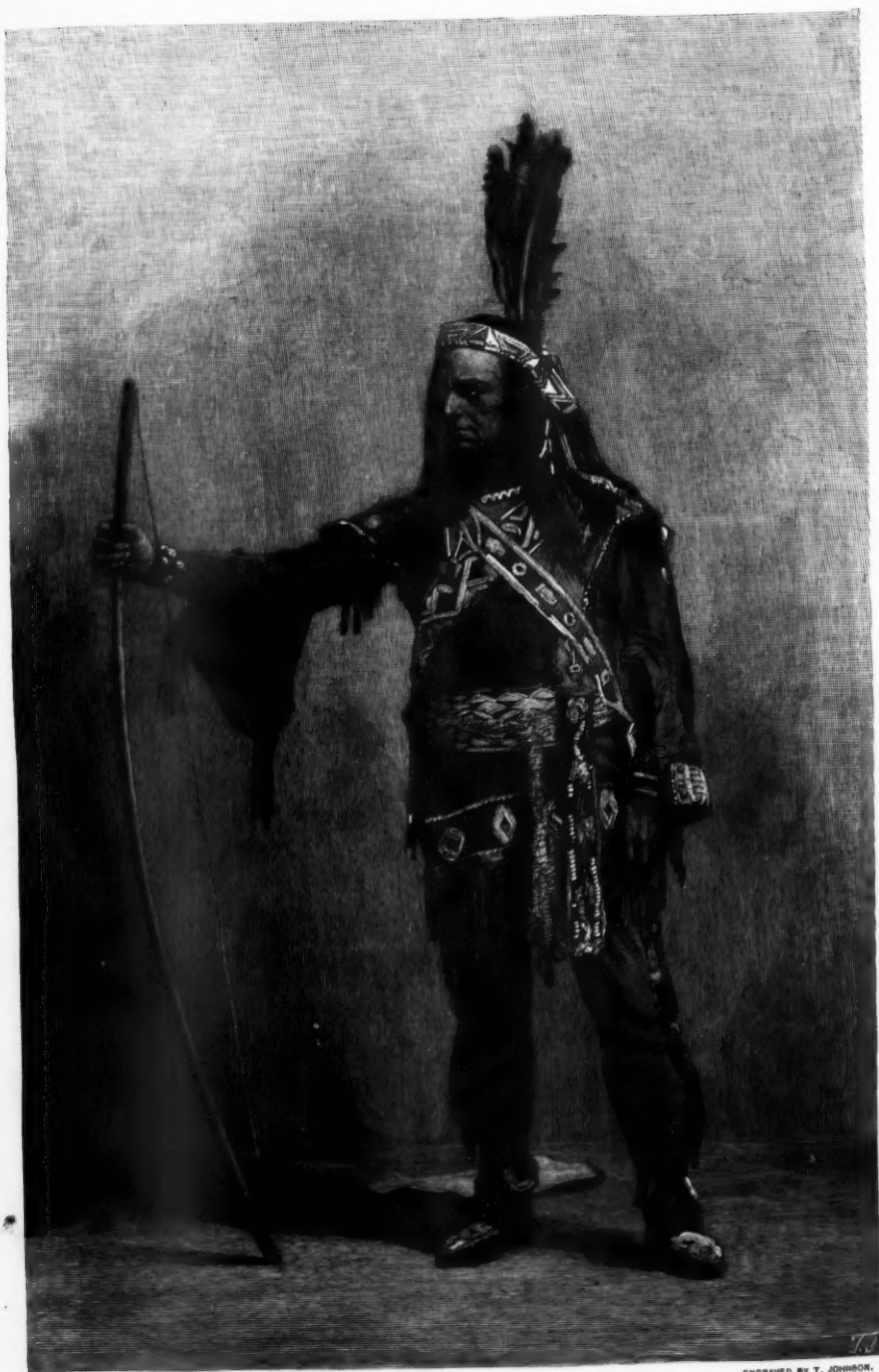
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"Put it out!" said Forrest, "put it out!" whereupon the two Indians went down on their knees and began to blow alternately in a seesaw way, singeing each other's eyebrows at every puff. The audience could not stand this comical picture, and began to break forth in laughter. "Let the theater burn!" roared Forrest. At last one tall Indian, supposed to be second in command, majestically waved off the two who were blowing, and stamped his foot with force and dignity upon the flaming sponge, at which a perfect fountain of burning alcohol spouted up his leather legs. He caught fire, tried to put himself out, rubbing and jumping about frantically, and at last danced off the stage in the most comical agony. Forrest made a furious exit; the curtain was dropped, and the public, in perfect good nature, dispersed. I mingled with the crowd as it went forth, and I never saw an audience, at the end of a five-act comedy, wreathed in such smiles.

Forrest's first dramatic career in London was undoubtedly a success, though "The Gladiator" was an unwise selection for the opening night. It is a bloody piece of business altogether, and it is a play that could not fail to disgust the sensibilities of a select audience. An actor visiting England, as Forrest did, not only with a great reputation, but as unquestionably at that time the representative tragedian of America, naturally drew the first people of the land to meet him. It must be borne in mind that a first night's audience never represents the general public, particularly on an occasion of this kind. The event was an international one. It was the first dramatic challenge that America had ever given to England. The theater was filled with a critical audience. Statesmen and authors, with the nobility and gentry of the land, were assembled at Drury Lane to witness the debut.

Upon an audience like this the most delicate coloring would have had its effect. An artist could scarcely be too subtle before an array of such nice discrimination. When the American actor came upon the stage the symmetry of his form, his manly bearing, and the deep music of his voice produced a strong impression upon the house; but as the play progressed, revealing only the tumult of brutal passions, disappointment fell upon the house. This crude and extravagant drama ends with the central figure bathed in blood, biting the dust, and writhing in the agonies of death. Nothing but the fine acting of Forrest could have sustained this drama before such an audience.

As an actor he was a success, and the play, that caught the public taste, if it failed to please the judicious, was acted for several nights. There can be no doubt that if he had played *Lear* or *Othello* before the rare audience that



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

FORREST AS "METAMORA."

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

came to witness his début, and which he could not hope again to assemble in such force, his success as a Shakspearean tragedian would have been pronounced.

Forrest's second visit was full of tumult. William Macready, then the reigning favorite as a Shakspearean actor in England, was an intimate friend of Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic; and Forrest publicly declared that it was in consequence of this intimacy that he had been abused in the papers, and more than hinted that Macready was in a conspiracy with Forster to malign him. History will never join with Forrest in this belief. Macready's position was so well assured in London that he could not possibly fear a rival. And the life-long record of Macready clearly shows that he was too honorable a man meanly to connive at another's downfall.

After his engagement was over Forrest went to see his rival act, and because the latter introduced some business that Forrest disapproved of he hissed Macready from the front of the house. To say that this was in bad taste is to put too mild a disapproval upon such a rude and unprofessional act. It was the culmination of Forrest's waywardness and ill temper. But the unfavorable notices in London had stung him to the quick. The virus of adverse criticism rankled in his veins. The eagle of the American stage was in a frenzy; his plumage had been ruffled by the British lion. So giving that intolerant animal one tremendous peck, he spread his wings and sailed away.

I have no doubt that he had often acted *Othello*, *Lear*, and perhaps *Hamlet* with all that care and study could compass, but the audience refused to respond; and knowing that there was a "lurking devil" in him, they sat dumb and sullen until it was let loose.

A dramatic critic told me that he was paid a stated sum of money to go to the theater regularly every night during Forrest's engagements at the Broadway Theater in 1856, for the purpose of writing him down. This gentleman (?) had lately come from England, and until this time had scarcely seen a Shakspearean play. He was a fluent writer, but had not the remotest idea of the thought and philosophy contained in the plays of which he was to write. He said he would get a book of the tragedy that was to be acted at night, read it up, then form his own conception of how the character should be acted, and if Forrest did not render it to his way of thinking,—which fortunately for the public he never did,—he, as the critic, would cut the actor all to pieces. These criticisms did more good to the actor than harm. Unjust abuse generally has this effect. Feeling that these articles were actuated only by malice, the public came in crowds to indorse the actor.

Unfortunately the tragedian lost his temper and addressed the audience from the stage, pleading his own case and hurling anathemas at "the irresponsible assassins of the pen." There was no necessity for this. His friends had already taken up cudgels for him and rallied to his support. It was like a successful candidate asking his constituents, after they have elected him, to add to the obligation by throwing his unsuccessful rival out of the window.

Edwin Forrest, with all his faults, had warm and generous impulses. I know of one instance where a poor, old actress went to him in distress. In former years he had known her father and respected him. Touched by her appeal for assistance, he lent her a large sum of money, with the almost certain knowledge that he would never get it back again. It was never made public; no one knew of it but the receiver and myself. The Forrest Home has done much good, and is likely to do more; and those actors who either by age or by infirmities have been debarred the privilege of following their profession will naturally be grateful for this rich legacy.

Even in the days of his theatrical fame and prosperity Forrest was an austere man, and as he grew older he became morbidly misanthropical, holding himself aloof from all but his most intimate friends. The latter part of his life was embittered, too, by illness and the loss of public favor. Until the closing years of his career he had been blessed with perfect health; this became suddenly shattered, and the unexpected attack wrecked his dramatic power. He might have borne the stroke of illness, but to one whose imperious nature could not brook the faintest slight the loss of public admiration was a heavy blow; one, too, that would have shocked a wiser and more even-tempered man than Edwin Forrest. Still he toiled on, and was unjustly censured for acting past his powers. But what was he to do? His physicians told him that he must act if he would live; the wheel must be kept in motion or it would fall. His performances in the larger cities were given to empty houses, while bright and youthful aspirants were drawing from him all his old adherents. His former friends forsook him, and naturally, too; they could not bear the pain of witnessing their favorite of other days declining night by night. No actor can hope to hold an interest in his audience merely by what he has done in years gone by; in acting it is the present that the public have to deal with, not the past. To witness age and decrepitude struggling to conceal their weakness in the mimic scene is too painful. The greater our affection for the artist the less can we bear to see him suffer and go down.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRADY.

FORREST AS "KING LEAR."

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

In the vain hope of struggling on, the old tragedian sought "the provinces." Here the people flocked in crowds to see the great actor that they had heard of from their childhood; not with the faintest hope that they would find the grandeur of the past, but from the curious desire to see a ruined tower just before it falls.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

I SAILED for England in the clipper ship *Neptune*, in June, 1856. This was my first visit to Europe, and London was a rare treat to me. It was rich in comedians and poor in tragedians. Robson and Wright were especially fine; Compton was quaint and legitimate, and Buckstone funny. Mr. Phelps was an actor of such versatility that he could scarcely be called a tragedian. His range was wider than that of any other actor in England. *Macbeth*, *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, *Malvolio*, *King Lear*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and *Bottom* take in the vast area of the legitimate drama. I saw him in two of these characters only, but it is generally conceded that he was equally fine in all of them.

From London I went to France. My mother's parents were from this lovely country, and I longed to see it. We arrived quite early in the afternoon, and then I looked for the first time on the picturesque city of Dieppe. What a transformation had taken place in a few short hours from London! Why, if a hole could have been bored at Waterloo Bridge and I had dropped through the earth, coming out at China, the contrast would not have been greater. Climate, costume, architecture, and language—the change was complete: eight-storied picturesque houses, with three-storied roofs, each story projecting a little beyond the other till at the top they almost meet, making it quite convenient for the occupants in the garret windows to shake hands with one another across the street; all the windows filled with the excited inhabitants chatting to one another and violently gesticulating. The streets were thronged with people: women in wooden shoes, blue petticoats, and high, stiff, white caps, carrying baskets and generally doing all the work; lazy men in blue blouses, quietly submitting to it without a murmur; they were lolling on the piers, slyly laughing and winking at one another as they geyed the cockney and Yankee tourists. A swell table d'hôte dinner, for swell tourists, was carefully avoided by myself and companion; so we slipped around the corner and got a cheap repast, consoling ourselves that by traveling economically you always have a better chance to study character. With this object partly in view, and with knowledge of our slender

purse, we purchased second-class tickets on the train for Paris. It was midsummer, and as we started at 6 P. M. there were still three or four hours of golden twilight for us. What a panorama of beauty! We saw the quaint French farms and picturesque châteaux as we skirted along the lovely banks of the Seine; there Rouen with its majestic cathedral loomed up as the moon rose over the river.

At eleven o'clock we arrived in Paris. I drove to Hôtel Byron in Rue Richelieu, and after supper determined to get a view that night of the church of Notre Dame. Past twelve o'clock and the full moon high in the heavens; it was just the time to see it. A cab had us there in twenty minutes. How grandly it stood out against the dark blue sky! We recrossed the Seine, and I stopped the cab to get out on the bridge. Straight before me were the gloomy towers in which Marie Antoinette was confined during the Reign of Terror. I almost fancied that I could see the pale face of the murdered queen gazing with anguish through the iron-grated windows. The French cabman did not quite get into his head what was the matter with me. I think my gloomy looks made him suspicious that I was contemplating suicide and had brought him there as an accessory; for he got quite close to me, evidently intending to grab me by the collar and force me into the cab at the first hint of a plunge. He heaved a sigh of relief as I got into the cab, and drove away from the bridge much faster than he came to it.

AN EARLY COMEDY.

HÔTEL BYRON was in the busy part of the city, so I was awakened at sunrise by a hum of voices and the rattle of cabs: bakers, milkmen, and venders of fruit and vegetables were trying to drown one another with their various cries. Perhaps a week later than this it would have been annoying, but now the sounds were so strange to my ears that I was only too delighted to be awakened by them. I had just finished dressing when I heard a fearful quarrel in the courtyard: looking out of the window I saw a most curious group of people. There was a fat man, in a white apron and cap (the cook), armed with a large wooden spoon, and a thin baker, with a long loaf of bread, measuring at least four feet, beating each other over the head and shoulders with these deadly weapons. The landlord had embraced the baker and was trying to tug him away; the landlady was endeavoring to do the same with the fat cook, but his dimensions defied her; a kindly milkman and two waiters got in between the belligerents, and in so doing received most of the punishment. Nothing

could be more comical than to watch this exciting but bloodless encounter—the frantic yells of the landlord, the screams of the landlady, the milkman and the two waiters rubbing themselves as the spoon of the infuriated cook and the long loaf of the angry baker descended upon their heads. In the midst of the encounter and the thickest of the fight a huge milk-can was kicked over, and a foaming white flood deluged the middle of the yard. This dreadful accident stopped the fray at once—oil poured upon troubled water could not have been more effectual; economy is a passion with the people of Paris. There was a groan of horror from the milkman, who stood with his shoulders shrugged up to his eyes, his arms stiffened, his hands spread out, and his legs wide apart, surveying the disaster; his stock in trade, once pure and white as the driven snow, was slowly flowing down the middle of the yard, and as it “mixed with the baser matter” became a pearly gray, and so deepened into an inky hue as it reached the gutter of the street. The poor fellow was now the center of attraction. The belligerents crowded around him offering their sympathy; if they could not restore his merchandise, they could at least smother him with the milk of human kindness. The cook and the baker looked on in self-reproaching silence, the waiters assisted the unfortunate man to a chair, and the landlady soothed him with a glass of claret. Now a reaction set in. A faint smile mantled the milkman’s face, then they all broke out into a roar of laughter as the comical side of the picture presented itself; the waiters fairly danced with merriment, the cook embraced the baker, who punched him in the stomach with delight, and so ended the first and only fight I ever saw in Paris.

After breakfast I consulted my memorandum and guide-book. What a list of things to see! How could I get through it in the time? Where should I go first? I have since seen my children in this uncertain condition in a toy-shop, and have always felt for them as I remembered this eventful time; for we are only children of a larger growth, and must have all felt this delightful torture. My guide was now engaged; his name was François. He was a capital hand at business, so far as industry was concerned; his vitality, too, was wonderful. Quick, agile, witty, and vivacious, nothing was a trouble to him so long as it was to his taste; but if I suggested some place to visit that he in his vocation was tired of, the humbug of his nature came into full play, and he would disparage the proposal with the true tact of a Frenchman. Not that he was dishonest; on the contrary, where money was concerned he was scrupulously particular, but the

artistic side of his nature delighted to assert itself.

On my second visit to Paris, twenty years after, I was struck with some curious incidents that illustrate the devotion of the French to art and their uncertain loyalty to the reigning government. Over their doors and on the cornices of their public buildings the Republican motto “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity” was painted; but the prices of admission to the Grand Opera were carved in the stone, as though they plainly said: “We only paint our patriotism on the walls, so if we desire a change in the government we can wash it out; but the price of admission to the grand opera can never be changed—*jamais!*” Again: when the revolution was over, the names of many streets and buildings were changed, all reference to royalty or the empire was swept away, till they came to the Palais Royal; this sacred title was not disturbed, as it was the name of the theater within its walls.

How grand I felt on my first visit, to think that I was in Paris; not the Paris of to-day, with its gilded domes and modern grandeur, but the old, quaint, dirty, gay, strange city in the early days of the Second Empire, with its high, toppling buildings, narrow streets, and lively people. What pride I should take, when I got back to America, in talking familiarly of well-known localities, and getting the French pronunciation pat and glib—rattling off the names with an easy air as if I had lived there for years. What boyish delight I felt in walking through the streets and looking in at the shop windows. Socrates, I think it was, who said, as he walked through Athens, “How happy I am that there are so many things here I do not want.” If his philosophy was correct—and I have no doubt it was—I must have been very unhappy and very unlike Socrates, for there were so many things that I did want. Of course I could not get them, but could price and admire them. Now I must be careful; the money had to be recounted, and there should be enough kept to get back with. I had been saving up two years’ salary for this trip, so there must be no undue extravagance. This matter settled, I filled my purse with gold, hired a cab, and sallied forth with my guide to visit the theatrical wardrobe shops in the Temple. I shall never forget this lovely day, wandering into the little dens, sometimes in the cellars, sometimes in the garrets of the queer old places, rummaging over quaint hats, square-toed shoes, character wigs, embroidered court suits, charming long silk stockings in all the magic colors of the rainbow, high boots, lovely gaiters, striped vests, and groves of old-fashioned liveries—it was a dramatic fairy-land.

IN THE SECOND-HAND SHOPS.

THE second-hand shops of Paris are very different from those of Chatham Street and Petticoat Lane. In London and with us they are presided over by thrifty Jews, who glare at you with glittering black eyes and thrust their eager noses in your face, almost imploring you to buy. Not so in France: quiet old women sit in the doorways of their shops, or just outside, sewing or knitting; no time is wasted by the women of France. They smile and nod as you pass by, but no rudeness, no urging you to buy; in fact, they seem so perfectly self-satisfied that at times it is quite provoking to the would-be purchaser. I was all eyes, and longing eyes at that. Now and then François would give me a gentle nudge and admonish me not to appear so anxious. At these times I would assume a careless manner as if such scenes were quite usual to me. At last François stopped in front of one of these shops: taking a survey with the air of a connoisseur, and nodding a cold approval of its contents, he invited me to enter. An old woman,—knitting, of course,—the exact counterpart of at least twenty we had already passed, followed us in. Here everything was in picturesque and artistic confusion—piles of curious costumes on the shelves, flowing scarfs, broad felt hats with ostrich feathers, russet boots, and big hilted swords and rapiers arranged in a half-careless, half-methodical way. There was an interior room from which issued sounds of merriment and laughter. I hesitated to pass through, but the old woman smiled and bade us enter, shrugging her shoulders and expressing in her way, "Only young people; they will have their sport." And so it was. Here were two sprightly young Frenchmen, evidently actors, and a pretty coquette of a girl—the daughter of madame—having a royal time at flirting and acting. For a moment our entrance damped their ardor and the "sport," whatever it was, came to a standstill. Then came some pantomime from my guide, who introduced me to the trio as an actor from America, at which they assumed an extravagant air of wonder and amazement, evidently guying me. So feeling themselves quite at ease, the merriment again proceeded. It was quite evident to me that there was a love affair between the pretty girl and the handsomer of the young actors. He was a graceful young fellow, with blonde, curly hair and blue eyes, and I presumed he was the rising young lover of some small theater in the neighborhood. The other actor was undoubtedly a low comedian of the same establishment. He was the reverse of the blonde lover, hideously ugly, with a turned-up nose, and a wide gash in the middle of his face for a mouth. He looked like a

monkey and was quite as full of tricks. Assuming a grotesquely tragic air, he grasped me by the hand as if I were his long-lost brother, then, pointing despairingly at the lovers, gave me to understand in pantomime that his life was blasted by unrequited affection. Then he fell upon his knees to the girl and implored her love; she laughed, of course. This started him to his feet, and with a sudden spring he picked up a Roman helmet, cocked it sideways on his head, seized a poker, and rushed upon his rival. Then he paused, and, bursting into tears, relented. Now taking the lovers' hands he joined them in wedlock, invoked a blessing on them from Heaven, stabbed himself with a poker, and rushed out into the front shop amidst the laughter and merriment of his audience. To me this seemed a very happy party, and though I understood very little of what they were saying, it was quite enough to convince me that some of their fun was at my expense. The old woman now led the way up a dark, narrow staircase to a room of wonders above. The walls were hung with fantastic dresses, spears, shields, and masks with decidedly French expressions of countenance. She pointed quietly to all these things, but rather disparaged them.

Now she came to a high, black leather trunk with a round top and clamped all over with iron bands and hinges. This contained glittering suits of Roman armor. A shining breastplate was displayed to tempt me. I explained that that style of thing was not in my line. So with a sweet smile, somewhat tinged with pity, I think, she shrugged her shoulders and passed on to a large, flat, wooden box like a monster sea-chest with an old-fashioned padlock on it, big enough for the Bank of England. She pointed to the box with admiration, as though she would say, "Ah, you don't know what lovely things are stored there, and so cheap." She first displayed a black court suit with polished steel buttons, very fine, but too large and too somber. Next came a royal purple silk velvet one, embroidered with gold and foil-stones. I lost my heart to this at once, and the sly old woman knew it. I tried to look as if I did n't care for it, but failed. It would n't do with her. She saw through me, and began to fold it up with a loving hand, as though she could n't part with it for the world. She spoke no English; and as I was equally skilled in French, we talked through my guide. He, of course, professed to be on my side, but, from certain suspicious intonations, I fancy he slightly favored the old woman.

"Well, what is the price?"

"Five hundred francs." She said this with an injured air, as if she hoped I would n't give it, but of course I did give it.

One article after another was tried on; some reluctantly cast aside, others eagerly purchased. As each new treasure came into my possession it was placed in the cab by my guide. I did not want them sent home—no, I would take them myself; then I had misgivings that the cabman might drive off with my booty. I must have made François take his number three times at least, and put it in my different pockets, fearing I should lose it. At last I had gone through all the shops in the

Temple. The longing eyes of the old French woman followed me from door to door, the cab was full, the purse was empty, and now I had a feverish anxiety to get away. I was convinced I had bought these wonders at half their value, and I feared that the venders would regret having sold them, and before I could depart demand them back. So we jumped into the cab, gave the word, and drove to the hotel.

Three lovely weeks in Paris; it seemed like a dream. Then I awakened and sailed for home.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Jefferson.

WASHINGTON AND MONTANA.

HAVE THEY MADE A MISTAKE IN THEIR CONSTITUTIONS?

THE act of Congress providing for the division of Dakota into two States, and to enable the people of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington to form constitutions and State governments and to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, was approved February 22, 1889. On May 14, the electors in these Territories chose delegates to constitutional conventions which assembled on the Fourth of July following—the Montana convention in Helena, and the Washington convention in Olympia. For the first time was afforded the spectacle of four territorial conventions assembled on the same day to enter upon the labor of framing the fundamental law of State government. The Washington constitution of 1878 and the Montana constitution of 1884 were not sufficient to stem the adverse current of party politics in Congress.

In a peculiar sense the constitutional convention is an American production, and is composed usually of typical representatives of the interests of the people. Among the members of the Olympia convention were twenty-one lawyers, thirteen farmers, six merchants, six physicians, five bankers, four stockmen, three teachers, two real-estate dealers, two editors, two hop-growers, two loggers, two lumbermen, one preacher, one surveyor, one fisherman, and one mining engineer. Ten members were veterans of the civil war. The average age of the delegates was forty-five years, and the places of their birth were more than twenty-five in number. Ten were born in Missouri, eight in Ohio, seven in New York, seven in Illinois, five in Scotland, four in Pennsylvania, four

in Kentucky, three in Indiana, three in Germany, two in Tennessee, two in Ireland, and the remainder in Maine, North Carolina, New Brunswick, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Ontario, Connecticut, Iowa, New Hampshire, Wales, Nebraska, California, and Washington Territory. The convention was composed of forty-three Republicans, twenty-nine Democrats, and three Independents.

There are men and women yet living who were a part of that company of a thousand souls who in June of 1843 gathered in the frontier village of Westport, Missouri, to set forth upon the weary journey of more than two thousand miles overland to an unknown country, Oregon. Its boundaries were still in dispute, its rivers still unexplored. Ten years passed and Washington Territory was formed from Oregon. In the next year Montana was given its present boundaries. The newness of the northwesternmost State of the Union is illustrated in the *personnel* of its constitutional convention: only one member of that convention was born in Washington Territory. That convention was in session fifty days; the Montana convention, forty-five days. On the first day of October following, the electors in each Territory ratified the work of their convention, and elected officers under the constitution and also representatives to Congress. By proclamation of the President, Montana was admitted into the Union on the 8th, Washington on the 11th, of November.

The first noticeable characteristic of these new constitutions is their great length. The constitution of Washington consists of 27 articles, subdivided into 245 sections; the constitution of Montana has 20 articles, subdivided into 268 sections. Each constitution contains above 30,000 words. Each of the successive State

constitutional conventions since 1776—and there have been over 130 such conventions—has framed a longer constitution than its predecessor; and the constitutions themselves, having long since lost the simplicity of a statement of fundamental principles of government, have developed into a code.

This steady and complicated lengthening of State constitutions may be partly explained by the relative increase and complication of popular interests and rights which the fundamental law aims to develop, to guarantee, or to protect. There are other explanatory causes.

(1) The jealousy felt by the people towards the executive in the time of the Revolution led to the introduction of many provisions limiting the power of the governor, many of which yet remain. (2) The transfer of power to the legislative department, and its swift assumption of other powers down to 1850, led to an increase in the number of legislative provisions of the constitutions. (3) Legislative assumption of power bred a revolution in popular sentiment, and the conventions called during the last quarter of a century have struggled to redress the possible evils of over-legislation, by the embodiment of an elaborate code of limitations on the legislative department. (4) The popular demand for the equalization of powers among three departments of government is shown in the attempt to define accurately the jurisdiction of each. A vast increase in industrial and other interests among the people has increased the burdens of the judiciary and compelled the creation of a somewhat complicated system of courts. (5) Popular distrust in popular government as administered by the "servants of the people" is manifested in recent conventions in their effort to control permanently the fluctuating forces of society, and to make a constitution which not only "should endure for ages to come," but should also anticipate the wants of generations yet unborn, and paternally relieve them of burdens not yet in existence. It has often been forgotten in constitutional conventions—and the conventions of Washington and Montana seem to have forgotten—that men and States change; that society is in a state of flux; that no constitution ever made in America has preserved its autonomy longer than one generation of men. The conventions have perhaps unconsciously confessed the law of change by providing for a means of future amendment, and the means of amendment has become simpler and will be more frequently tried with each succeeding decade.

The Washington and Montana constitutions embody in their bills of rights the provisions common to the constitutions of the other States, with some modifications or additions incident to geographical situation, economic condition,

or interpretation of civil needs. In Montana a grand jury may be summoned at the discretion of the district judge, and is composed of seven persons, five of whom may find a true bill. In Washington the number of the grand jury is to be fixed by law, but it is to be called at the discretion of the county judge. The debates in the two conventions show that objection was made to the "inquisitorial power" of a grand jury. In each State the petit jury varies from the type of the traditional jury. Its number, "to be fixed by law" in Montana, can give a verdict by a two-thirds vote. The number is twelve in Washington, but nine can give a verdict. In either State by consent of parties in civil cases jury trial may be waived. The right to trial by jury is secured by all State constitutions, but, little by little, the constitutions have introduced provisions by which causes may be brought to trial without the intervention of a jury, before the court, or before an officer qualified to preside in the case. The uncertainties incident to the jury system are slowly relegating trial by jury into a choice of methods, or into a respectable place in judicial history. In so far as legal practice is suggested by these new constitutions it is simplified, and the debates show the efforts of the conventions to make as plain as possible the course of the administration of justice. The constitutions are in this respect in happy contrast with the earlier constitutions framed a century ago. The technicalities characteristic of the English legal and judicial systems of colonial times were continued in our State systems long after many of them had disappeared in England. The lawyers who controlled the Washington and Montana conventions divided their conservatism with the radicalism of their colleagues, in which they were practically lost to view.

The provision against bigamous or polygamous marriages in Washington points significantly to a social evil of the times.

Montana is said to contain above fifty million acres of land that may be made agricultural by irrigation, and the provision regulating the use of all water appropriated for sale, rental, or distribution, in ditches, drains, flumes, canals, and aqueducts, is of vast economic importance in the development of the State. It suggests a new future for that country, which was described, somewhat summarily, in our school geographies, twenty years ago, as "the great American Desert."

Each constitution provides for a legislature consisting of two houses—a Senate, whose members are elected for four years, and a House of Representatives, whose members are elected for two years, following the model of the newer constitutions of the eastern States. The debates on the legislature brought to life

a sentiment which has lain dormant for a century, save by a semi-revival in the Ohio convention of 1850, and in the Illinois convention of 1870, that the State legislature should consist of one house. Georgia, Pennsylvania, and New Hampshire abandoned the unicameral system after a short trial of it. The Washington and Montana conventions examined the sentiment anew: the distinction between the constituency of the Federal Senate and the Federal House of Representatives, it was claimed, is lost in the States, because the members to the two houses are chosen by constituencies differing from each other merely in the number of electors. A house and a senate representing apportionments differing only by the census thus become a source of unnecessary and extravagant expenditure. In finally determining the organization of the legislature the two States proceeded differently. In Montana each county has one senator and no more; in Washington are senatorial districts, which may contain one or more counties according to population. Each State provides for representative districts, to be determined by the legislature according to population. Thus Montana follows the Federal Constitution in the creation of its legislative department. In each State the legislative term is biennial and for sixty days, but extra sessions may be called by the governor. The short session is the first limitation put on the legislature; the second is the provision against the introduction of bills—money bills in Montana—ten days before the day of adjournment; but the bill may be introduced in Montana by unanimous consent. Montana follows the provision of the Federal Constitution in the matter of the origin of money bills; in Washington any bill may originate in either house. In Washington the offense of bribery is left to be defined and punished by subsequent legislation; in Montana the legislation is introduced at once into the constitution. By each constitution a member who has a personal interest in a pending bill must disclose that fact, and refrain from voting on the bill. Above eighty specific limitations on the legislature forbidding special legislation are contained in the Montana constitution, and above forty may be found in the constitution of Washington. Since 1830 there has been in each constitutional convention an increase in the number of subjects over which the State legislatures are forbidden to legislate save by general legislation. The objections to this limitation are summed in the proposition that special legislation has become general legislation, and that such general legislation has made a vast amount of over-legislation. It is still an unsettled problem in statecraft whether a special law limited to a locality is worse than a special law limited to the State.

In both Montana and Washington there are eastern and western portions of the State differing remarkably in climate, productions, and interests. In a vast area like that of Washington it is doubtful whether the evils of general legislation are not greater than those of special legislation. A State of small area, or of a uniform economic condition, is best adapted to frame a fundamental law one provision of which might discourage "special legislation." The practical operation of this constitutional inhibition in Montana must produce a dexterity in legislation which even the legislatures of some eastern States might envy.

Both States provide for the quadrennial election of a governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, state auditor, attorney-general, and superintendent of public instruction; Washington adds a commissioner of public lands. The demand for elective officers was early manifest from the mass of petitions to the conventions. No change in the American constitutions more clearly marks the triumph of an ultimate democracy than the provisions in successive constitutions for elective rather than for appointive offices. This demand ignores the difference between executive and administrative duties, and tends to make an almost endless chain out of the ring of political party supremacy. That the whole body of State officials should be made elective discloses a lamentable popular distrust of "all those in authority." The Washington convention further displayed the democratic tendency of the day by providing that the legislature at its discretion may abolish the offices of lieutenant-governor, auditor, and commissioner of public lands. Another tendency of recent appearance in constitutional conventions, to establish a commission rather than to confide responsibility to a single official, is shown in the Montana provision for a Board of Pardons, a Board of State Prisons, a Board of Land Commissioners, a State Board of Education, and a Board of Examiners of Claims against the State, the latter similar to the Federal Court of Claims. The governor of Montana may exercise the pardoning power provided that "the action of the governor concerning the same be approved by the board" of pardons; a provision which practically makes the governor's pardon merely recommendatory. The governor of Washington may exercise that power "under regulations prescribed by law," which provision practically puts the whole matter in the control of the legislature, where all experience shows it does not belong. Popular distrust of the executive was shown in the Washington convention by the effort to strip him of the veto power and to disqualify him, while governor, to be

elected a United States senator. This anxiety to keep the governor within the State indicates a remarkable change in American politics. The Federal Government was more than a quarter of a century old before membership in the United States Senate was more desired than governorship of a State. Now it may be safely said that, with the possible exception of that of New York and of Pennsylvania, the gubernatorial office is popularly considered far less in dignity and importance than the United States senatorship. John Jay declined the tender of the Chief-Justiceship of the United States and accepted the governorship of New York. His preference for a State office characterizes the public sentiment towards the States and the United States a century ago. But the political aspirations of politicians and of statesmen in this country have slowly shifted in a hundred years from office at the State capital to office at the capital of the nation.

In both the Washington and the Montana constitution is embodied a provision found by dear experience in both State and national affairs to be of great economic importance, that the governor may veto any item in an appropriation bill—a provision which is intended to prevent corrupt legislation. The proposition to abolish the veto power was lost in each convention. In the executive department the general provisions follow closely the Constitution of the United States.

In each constitution is to be found the supreme influence of the judiciary system of California adopted there in 1879—one supreme and three inferior orders of courts; justices elected for six years in the Supreme Court, and for four years in the County Court, called in Montana the District Court, and in Washington the Superior Court. The supreme court has appellate jurisdiction, and may issue original and remedial writs to complete the exercise of its appellate jurisdiction. Its writs run to any part of the State. The district courts (Montana) and the superior courts (Washington) have original jurisdiction in all cases at law and in equity. In Montana justices of the peace are elected for two years, and their jurisdiction cannot include cases in which more than three hundred dollars is involved. In Washington the original jurisdiction of the supreme court is limited to controversies in which the amount involved does not exceed the sum of two hundred dollars, unless the action involves the legality of a tax, impost, assessment, toll, municipal fine, or the validity of a statute. The California system tends to throw the burden of the administration of justice upon the courts immediately inferior to the supreme court. The conventions seemed to be satisfied with that system, although its

opponents showed conclusively its tendency to force the supreme court of necessity to be badly behind its own docket. In order to expedite judicial business both constitutions make provision for judges *pro tempore*, who are members of the bar, sworn to try the cases before them, and who render judgment with the same authority as a judge. Trials before auditors, masters, or referees are known to the judicial systems of many of the States. The Montana and Washington judiciaries illustrate in their short terms of office, in their abolition of special forms of action, in their elective judges and maximum of court days, the democratic tendency which now dominates in the formation of the fundamental law of a State.

The elaborate details and statutory character of these constitutions in their attempt at exact definition of official jurisdictions, and specially in the development of the articles on education, public indebtedness, finance, corporations not municipal, and municipalities, indicate the prevailing distrust of the people of the present American State, not alone towards the legislatures, but also towards all in authority under the constitution. The Montana and Washington constitutions are examples of "corporation legislation." A corporation is defined in language identical in both constitutions. The provisions which read like a corporation code are merely limitations on legislation; strokes on the heads of trusts and railroads and telegraph companies intended to affect the State legislature. Provisions concerning the voting of stock, the creation of fictitious stock, the consolidation of corporations, the discrimination in passenger and freight rates, the responsibility of corporations to their employees, the inability of employees to sign off their claim to the benefits of such responsibility, the regulation of prices by the formation of trusts, and the rights of one corporation to make use of the franchises of another corporation, are a few subjects of the legislative provisions found in both constitutions. The fine distinctions between solicitation and bribery, and the repeated reference to a corrupt legislature, in sections which declare the restrictions against infidelity in office, are a confession that public confidence in public officials is practically lost.

A constitution cannot rise above its source; nor can it stay the day of reckoning when the people must stand face to face with their own folly. The nearer a State constitution approaches a code the less does it maintain the character of a fundamental law, and the more certain will be the call for a new convention and a new constitution. The exact boundary between the constitutional convention and a session of the legislature is rapidly disappearing, and the people seem to be at loss whether

to have a new constitution every three years or biennial sessions of the legislature of sixty days each. The legislative character of the constitutions framed since the war points to the existence of a most dangerous evil in popular government. These constitutions in their large distrust of the integrity of public servants illustrate the folly of the attempt to escape the responsibilities of a free, popular government. The centralizing tendency in American politics of recent years has brought State politics and civil affairs into popular disrepute. Anybody can be sent to the State legislature and almost anybody to Congress. The political lesson taught by the constitutions framed during the last twenty years is that the purity and vitality of our system of government must be maintained, if maintained at all, by the State legislatures; when they fail the people then the very axle of civil power is broken. The almost countless limitations on State legislation incorporated into recent State constitutions are a solemn confession of the decadence of the people themselves. The character of State legislation is the chronicle written by the people of the State. At present neither the emoluments nor the honor of the office attract into the State legislatures even the better class of men. Private enterprise brings far greater reward and honor. State politics in this country are notoriously corrupt, and the people, complaining, wonder how such evils can exist. The conventions of Washington and Montana have simply repeated the constitutions already in force in this country which most nearly approach a code.

The laborious and honest efforts of delegates in convention to frame the fundamental law for a new State are not to be lightly passed as a tri-

fling incident in perennial politics. These constitutions are peculiarly in evidence in the case of *The American People versus Themselves*. Unconsciously have these two new States solemnly entered upon that wearisome and disappointing course which has been already run with error and regret by many of the older States. The northwestern States cannot avoid the evils of civil life by incorporating into their fundamental law the elaborate and repeated proofs of the distrust of the people towards those who shall be elected to conduct the State government. It is plain that these conventions lost the opportunity to remedy the acknowledged evils complained of by the people of some of the older States by making a simple organic law and putting power and responsibility in the hands of those to whom the control of civil affairs is to come. A constitution cannot make a State. Each election makes or unmakes the American commonwealth. One of our recent English critics has wisely written: "To the people we come sooner or later. It is upon their wisdom and self-restraint that the stability of the most cunningly devised scheme of government will in the last resort depend."

A cursory reading of the constitutions for the northwestern States might suggest to some the vision of an ideal system of State government duly anticipating and providing against those evils which long experience in the eastern States has repeatedly chronicled with shame in volumes of statutes and session laws; but upon a more mature reflection on these instruments, and an examination of the times in which we live, we are compelled to confess that the conventions in Washington and Montana framed a legislative code rather than a body of fundamental laws for the new States.

Francis Newton Thorpe.

BLOMIDON.

THIS is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
 Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
 Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
 Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.
 This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
 Whose towering front inviolable frowns
 O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm —
 Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.
 Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
 Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
 What profit now to know if just the doom,
 Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
 The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
 The poet's deathless music — these remain!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife,"
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

VII.

DE BURG'S FIRST MOVE.

"Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold."

"Upon my word, this day certainly has turned out both perverse and adverse."

"If a woman has any malicious mischief to do, in that case her memory is immortal in remembering it."

"To do good to the bad is a danger just as great as to do bad to the good."



HE day after this event Nathaniel made a visit to Sandys. It was now summer, but he remembered so well the early spring when Olivia Prideaux had come to him as the living breath and spirit of the time. No one notices the seasons like a lover. As they balance their flight on the swift wings of night and day he makes all their changes and events a sweet calendar of his hopes and fears. For him there is then a mystery in the air, filling it with a strange sensitiveness; the sunshine is something more than the light of common day; the linnet's sweet babbling, the humid flash of the trickling stream, the white butterfly's rhythmic measures, the stillness of the summer noon, the snow-clad hills of winter, every fair thing in the earth below, or the firmament above, is but a fresh spelling of the beloved one's name and excellences.

Nathaniel found Sandys open to the sunlight and perfume of the garden. Roger sat at his desk, but the desk was so close to the lifted window that the roses almost touched his face and hands, and the birds, twittering secrets in the ivy above them, might as well have been in the room. He was counting moneys and casting up expenses, doing the business with methodical thoroughness, yet not insensible to the sweeter and fairer things around him.

He lifted his eyes to the young man and they had a welcome in them. "I am glad to see thee, Nathaniel. Thy last visit was such as might have asked another ere this."

"I like not to talk over evil which is past.

Let us not speak of the man who troubled you. He is gone."

"I know not; the great events of life are always surprises, Nathaniel."

"Surprises are what Mr. Baxter calls 'god-sends,' and seeming good or seeming ill, they are still 'god-sends,' and not to be mistrusted."

"True. All things are done well in the ordering of unerring wisdom; and God's ancient promise, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be,' fits every occasion, joyful or sorrowful. Yet I confess to thee that I have a strange necessity upon me in regard to my affairs. I have had warnings to set my house in order; yea, I have cause to believe that there is some great change coming. And this apprehension of duty has been on me for some time. But I leave all to God, and in this feeling I center my soul."

"Roger, will you give me Olivia for my wife? I love her with my whole heart."

"There is but one holdback in my mind; thou hast not yet joined the cause of truth, Nathaniel."

"I have not yet felt clear to do so, Roger, and without this assurance —"

"Stand still. No man can by searching find out God. Only be willing, and he will find out thee. Yet I think surely thou art not far from the kingdom; and in the matter of Olivia, speak to her. She shall lead us both."

Then with a heavy heart he dropped his head over his book and resumed his calculations. He could ask no better husband for his daughter, and personally Nathaniel was very pleasant to him; yet he sighed heavily, and the pang of renunciation was exceeding bitter. This is the way with all earthly desires granted — always the something lacking, always the something taken; and though Roger was well pleased that Olivia should be Nathaniel's wife, he could not contemplate without heartache the days which had been and which soon might be no more; the sweet, calm, loving days wherein he had been everything to his child — father, mother, lover, and friend. But he said nothing of his own loss, and Nathaniel stopped not to consider it.

"Where is Olivia?" he asked, with trembling eagerness, and the pathos of the father's voice and attitude was lost in the simple satisfaction of his reply:

"An hour ago she went into the garden."

It was an old-fashioned garden full of turning walks hedged high and close with privet and hazel bushes. Narrow beds bordered with box ran under the hedges, holding all the sweet fragile blossoms that love not the hot sunshine. In an angle of one turning there was an arbor cut in the thick green wall of privet, and there Nathaniel knew he would be most likely to find Olivia.

He had a rapid, decided step, and doubtless she heard him coming, yet she kept her eyes dropped upon the exquisitely small stitches she was sewing. She was dressed in white, but the sunshine sifting through the green roof of the arbor threw over the spotless lawn indescribable rays of palest green shot with gold, melting into each other, changing, passing away, like the tints of the sky at evening. A large, handsome cat slept at her feet, but it in no way detracted from the peace and freshness and sweetness of the living picture.

"My love, my dove, my undefiled!" This strain of the sacred canticle came into his heart and tasted sweet upon his lips. He said it over and over as he approached the girl, and perhaps in some mysterious way she felt the influence of the winged though voiceless words, for her face was covered with a rosy light, and her eyes were so full of her soul that the radiance from under the dropped lids left a glow upon her cheeks.

He had purposed to say many things in preparation of "the words." But when the heart is ready to speak it needs no introduction, and before he was aware he had said them. He took the work from her hands and clasped her hands in his own. He drew her close to his side, and told the heavenly story of a heart which has found the soul it loves. The low words, the embrace, the kiss that spoke where all words failed, went to Olivia's heart as the sunshine to the heart of a flower, or the sweet, soft rain to its root. In that hour Nathaniel revealed her to herself. He interpreted the unknown language of her wistful longings. He claimed her by some inexplicable but indisputable right for his own, and with shy, trembling happiness she acknowledged the claim. So for a little while these two blissful mortals found their lost Eden.

But it is in such hours that we all realize how impotent is the language of earth. Though moved to more than earthly rapture, they had nothing to say worthy of their emotion. Foolish as the babbling of babies is the talk of lovers, but it is a folly springing from a divine depth — a depth which no plummet of wisdom has sounded. The oft-repeated words, the words half spoken, the questions asked with a look, the questions answered with a kiss, the vague,

glancing, broken language of lovers! Is it not as eloquent and as wise in its foolishness as that sweet baby prattle which between a mother and her child is wiser than all wise words? Never till the soul is free from fleshly bonds shall we tell the beloved how truly we love. Never on earth shall we speak perfectly the language of heaven. We can but stammer, and blunder, or ask from silence the pathetic interpretation of our mute souls. For the words we learned before we fell a little lower than the angels call to us in vain, our tongues are tied, and though we strive to syllable the memory, we find, alas, that there is no common speech for the body and the soul! Language fails when we need it most.

But whether in speech or in sweeter silence the afternoon sped on. The sun sunk lower and lower, and with slow steps the lovers began to tread the flowery lane. Nathaniel pulled some violets and put them into Olivia's girdle. It seemed to him a wonderful thing to do. A week ago he only dreamed of such delight. A little farther on they came to the open garden where the perfume of raspberries and the double velvet-roses mingled, and the warm, light wind brought them a caress of scent, — the soul of a red bergamot flower, — and the clove carnations filled the air with their entralling odors. They forgot that they were mortal, since as yet no thought or care for the future came with anxious whisper between them.

Nathaniel had fully determined not to speak of John and Anastasia de Burg. In his heart there lay that singular superstition which at some time or other has influenced the most pious and logical minds, a feeling that it would be wise not to name the evil dreaded lest they might call it unto them. Yet in defiance of this resolution, in a moment, without intent, he broke it. A sudden chill and silence followed the ill-omened words, and his heart instantly reproached his tongue for them.

Everything changed in a moment. The hour of enchantment was over, and they were summoned back to common life by a shrill, weak voice calling at its highest pitch:

"Olivia! Olivia!"

The two words were full of anger, of terror, of some nameless dread, which the girl felt without understanding. She looked with fearful inquiry at Nathaniel, and, dropping his hand, hurried to the house by the nearest path.

It was Asa calling her, but his voice was so changed that she did not know it until she saw him standing in the open door. Without a word he went before the lovers into the parlor. Two strange men were there, and Roger Prideaux stood between them with irons on his wrists.

Olivia was at his side in a moment. She kissed his bound hands, and put her arms around his neck, and comforted him with that sweet love which, without saying 'What is the trouble?' thinks only of consoling it. It was Nathaniel who made the inquiry. With his hand on Roger's shoulder he asked:

"Under what warrant do you serve an honorable man so hardly?"

"High treason, Captain, and no less."

"Nathaniel, my son, neither make nor meddle in this business. I have a narrow path to pass through, but One goes with me able to deliver."

"My father, trust in him!"

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Turn thee, dear child, to Romans, eighth chapter and twenty-eighth verse. There I found, not ten minutes ago, God's grand charter of help sufficient. I was reading it as the officers crossed my threshold, and the page shone with the glory of the promise."

Upon this scene the men not unkindly turned their backs, and Asa served them with a flagon of ale and some meat and bread.

"Nathaniel! Thou wilt care for Olivia?"

"With my life."

"My dear heart, I give thee to Nathaniel; for I go I know not where, nor for what time. Yet if it stand with God's will, I shall surely come back to this pleasant home; and if it stand not so — his will be done." He looked wistfully round the room and into the garden, and then bent his head and kissed the sweet, white face that lay upon his breast.

"Neighbors, I am ready. There is a long walk to Kendal, and delay at this hour can do no good."

There had been no outcry, no clamorous grief. The thing they had feared had happened to them, but they were prepared to receive it. Roger had not only set his house in order, he had also made Olivia conversant with all his affairs. So they said farewell with the noble calmness of pious souls; for piety is self-government in its highest form. Olivia pressed her white cheek against her father's, showing him eyes full of holy hope and trust. She touched his lips with lips wearing the calm smile of a soul trusting in the Omnipotent.

She went with him to the door, Nathaniel and Asa keeping, with a natural modesty, a little behind her; for the nearness of her grief gave her a sad preëminence. She stepped outside the threshold on to the wide flags which made a central path through the garden to the park. On each side banks of roses filled the senses with their color and scent. A laburnum tree dropped its golden racemes above her head, and the westering sun made the broad, tranquil

atmosphere look as if it were filled with gold-dust.

She stood in it a slight, white-robed figure, tearless and speechless, but revealing in her face and attitude feelings inexpressible; unless it were possible to compass that vast, enigmatical language which comes in dreams. A calamitous constraint of circumstances, a strict necessity, was subduing her; but she resented sorrow, as youth must ever do. She knew that Anastasia was triumphing over her. If the blow had come from the blind prejudices of the civil power she could have borne it better. She felt it hard that her father should have to go to prison for the crimes of John de Burg and the wicked jealousy of his sister. Hardest of all was the thought that God had permitted Anastasia to cross the threshold of their happy home and bring misery and ruin with her. Quiet as Olivia seemed to be, a great storm tossed her innocent soul. She wanted to be alone, to weep, to cry out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken us?"

But she had that in her which rung well to the striker. Though every footstep on the flagged walk was like a blow on her heart, it was a blow that stirred her into keener life. She whispered obedience, and, with head inclined, inclined her heart.

Standing thus, she watched her father pass out of her sight. He walked like a man who had put the world away from him; who held it as indifferently as if it were a cast-off shoe. The irons on his wrists were unfelt, the road seemed to go upward to heaven. Holy men of all ages were on it with him. He saw with Stephen, he heard with Paul, he communed with God, and had such comfort and strength as this world knows nothing of. And at this hour Roger Prideaux, though small in stature, looked truly noble. The officers instinctively fell behind him a few steps. They declared afterward that his face shone and that they feared to be with him.

Presently the great trees hid all of them from sight. Then Olivia turned her eyes upon Nathaniel, eyes soft shining through a haze of unshed tears. He raised her hand and kissed it, leading her with tender, comforting words into the lonely parlor. For a few minutes she yielded to herself, to her human need of sympathy, to her woman's need of love and strength. But soon the primitive courage of her soul rose above its weakness. She withdrew from Nathaniel's embrace, she stood upright and looked around like one who is gathering force from every quarter.

"Asa!"

"I am here, Olivia."

"Thou must tell Gideon to saddle a fleet horse. He is to go to my aunt Hannah Met-

telane, who lives at Ambleside, and tell her that 'the time spoken of has come.'

"Thou art sure thou art doing right?"

"It is the word of my father, Asa. As to thyself—"

"I am ready to do to the utmost."

"Then put up some changes of clothing for my father; thou knowest all he will want. Surely thou wilt stay close to him, Asa?" And she went to the old man, and took his hands in hers. Their eyes met, and he gave her an inviolable promise.

"He will miss thee at every turn. Be hands and feet to him. Be a friend to him, Asa. He hath been one to thee, and now there will be many against him."

"I will go to thy father. I will never leave him so long as he is in trouble. And take courage, Olivia. In a deluge, God's children never miss the ark."

"God give thee a good reward, Asa."

Then she turned to her lover. "Nathaniel, I must go to D'Acre Hall at once. My father has a right to think that Edward D'Acre will prepare such bail as may be wanted, if it come to a question of bail. He left a letter on the subject, which I must deliver."

"I will take it for you, dear Olivia."

"Nay, my father will not have thee meddle in this matter. Also, I have a message which is to be given, or not given, in my own discretion."

"Until your aunt arrives, or so long as you desire it, I shall look for you to stay with my mother. If I take you to D'Acre to-night, you can rest there, and so come on to Kelderby to-morrow."

"Jane D'Acre is my friend. To get security is not a thing of 'ask and have.' I may be required at D'Acre for more than one day, and I think surely that Hannah Mettelane will come with all possible speed. Also, dear Nathaniel, thy mother might not desire my presence. I must be certified of her good-will ere I put so great a demand upon it."

"My beloved! Are you not as my wife? Is not my home your home?"

"In so far as thou canst give it. But thou must not trespass on the rights of thy father and mother, nor must thou lead me into so great a snare. Jane D'Acre is my friend; I will go to her." She spoke with a not unsuitable maidenly pride, feeling that it was Lady Kelder's place to give her first some unmistakable evidence of love and welcome.

Nathaniel was full of sorrowful and wounded perplexity. He knew well how unwelcome Olivia would be at Kelderby. If he took her there, a kind of civility would not indeed be denied her. The baron would be gravely courteous, and Olivia would doubtless soon

win from him a warmer feeling. But Lady Kelder would be more unreasonable. She would probably retire into her own room and refuse to see Olivia, or, if more aggressively inclined, Nathaniel understood in how many ways women can wound women, smiling as they do it—saying cruel things that defy answer or reproof, insinuating wounds which the victim can only bear in silence and hide from every eye.

He walked restlessly about the room, miserably conscious of his inability to give the girl he so passionately loved the shelter and help he longed to give her. She passed in and out frequently, as she made with Asa the preparations necessary for her father's comfort and the security of the house. But Asa was both by nature and education deliberate in all his movements, and he considered the present circumstances demanded, not less, but more, than his usual careful attention. There were presses and cellars and awmeries to lock; servants to instruct; Olivia's special charges to provide for; so many little things to direct that it was after sunset before she was able to leave Sandys for D'Acre Hall.

She made no complaint about it. The pallor of her face, the sadness and subdued anger of her manner, alone told the story of her suffering. And Nathaniel showed how well he understood the girl he loved, by his sympathetic silence. She had entered the house of sorrow, and he did not walk at her side babbling and questioning and lamenting, but Olivia felt at every step how truly his love enfolded her.

The long twilight of the season soon became gray. All glory went from the horizon, all color from sea and land. Evening has strange sadnesses, melancholy tints and tones, pathetic intimations which the sensitive soul solemnly apprehends. The lonely road they traveled was void of all counteracting influences. It wound in and out among the boulders of the misty heath. The sea was at their right hand—a gray, heaving mass, uttering a mournful, sighing roar, and half hid by a veil of drifting vapor. Yet only a few hours before the world had been so full of light and color, of song and scent and warmth. Now to the silent lovers it was a lonely, sterile world, full of mystery and gloom and strange ominousness.

They arrived at D'Acre Hall just as the twilight became night. D'Acre stood on his door-steps taking his farewell look of the day he was going to shut out of his house. He was startled by the arrival of visitors at that hour, but when he recognized Nathaniel and Olivia a look of confirmed expectation crossed his face. It was as if he had said, "I was sure this would happen." He called his wife, and

in a few moments Nathaniel saw Olivia kindly received by her friend. She turned to him one moment before she entered the house, and he lifted his hat and bent his head in reply. It was the only assurance either of them needed. They loved, they trusted, they even dared, dark as the hour was, to hope.

Nathaniel did not alight. He had a long ride, and he was little inclined to talk to any one until he had consulted with his father. But it was necessary to explain Olivia's position, and he did this with as bare circumstance as possible. D'Acre, standing in the gloom with his hand upon the horse's neck, heard him with a troubled face.

"So much does not astonish me, Captain Kelder," he answered; "I pray God it go no further. For you must know that I was in Kendal yesterday, and I heard De Burg very loud and insolent on the matter."

"I doubt it not."

"Squire Garnet, and Thomas Musgrove, and Isaac Sandal were talking with me, and De Burg, coming up to us, cried: 'This is a foul business! Here am I, a gentleman of honor and descent, put under bonds and made but a lodger in mine own house, because I stand for what it would have been treason and death for my father not to have stood for; while that Quaker malignant called Prideaux is let live at his ease, though he be plotting in broad daylight against your Commonwealth'—and a deal more of the same sort of words, but mainly that Prideaux had been harboring Harald Sandys, who was Charles Stuart's emissary to the English Quakers; and hearing that, I went away, for truly I believe the matter to be so."

"Harald Sandys is dead."

"Nay then, I know not what to think. Surely Roger Prideaux came to me for a suit of clothing for Harald Sandys, and I deem him too true a man to lie to me. And herein I am myself uneasy in the matter. It is most likely I may be hardly dealt with if my kindness be construed into giving aid to a traitor."

"Is it needful to speak of it? Prideaux will never do so."

"Alas, I have already talked with one who, I fear, will be easily moved to repeat my words. For meeting Phillipson one day,—and I know not when I have met him before,—we fell into talk about Sandys, and the end of so old a family, and the pity of it; and further, Phillipson said he had been the dearest friend of the late lord, and loved him. And out of a good feeling I replied there was a certainty that one of the Sandys yet lived, and also that he was deep in Charles Stuart's counsel, and would be like, if changes ever came, to build still higher the house of Sandys. And one thing brought the

other, as it ever does, and I fear that I have done wrong not only to myself but also to my friend. Surely, surely, the 'yea' and 'nay' of the Quakers is all of tongue traffic a man can manage with safety and without sin."

This confession greatly troubled Nathaniel, tossing his mind to and fro with indeterminate fugitive fears and suggestions as he galloped home. Indeed he was so thoroughly occupied with them that he failed to conceive the different temper of minds not as yet possessed by their demands, and the baron's and Lady Kelder's cold and constrained interest in his return seemed to him most unkind. If they had met him with eager questioning and exclamations he would hardly have wondered or inquired, but that his father should placidly resume his book, and his mother her spinning, as if Roger was not in prison, and Olivia not a fugitive from her home, was in his present concentrated mood a real wrong to him.

"There is great sorrow at Sandys," he said, with an air of injury.

The baron dropped his book, and Lady Kelder stayed her wheel.

"Roger Prideaux is taken to prison on a charge of treason against the Commonwealth. De Burg has informed the authorities that he was sheltering royalist emissaries—in fact, Harald Sandys."

"He is well served. The old Quaker must turn patron to gentlemen in his old days, and now he has to pay the price of tampering with gentlemen's business. Faith! I cannot afford to be sorry for him."

"But this is a business, Joan, which if possible we must afford to help. What is the first thing, Nathaniel?"

"Bail, if admissible."

"Bail! No more of that, I pray, Odinel."

"Indeed, I fear it is beyond me. Kelderby is fully pledged for De Burg, and over Swaffham I have no power. Where is the young girl?"

"I left her at D'Acre's, but she hath no right there—if my mother would but offer her—"

"She hath no right here."

"She hath the right of my promised wife."

"Nathaniel!"

Lady Kelder rose with the word, and passionately pushing her wheel aside she said:

"Dare you tell me that again?"

Mother and son looked steadily at each other; there was no flinching in either face.

"She hath the right of my promised wife."

"When you tie that knot, you may tie cobwebs. And, while I am mistress of Kelderby, Olivia Prideaux crosses not its threshold."

"I am sorry you cannot feel as I do in this matter, mother."

"Sorry! No, you are not sorry. You have

known my mind about the Quakers, male and female, long before you met this girl. You wanted her because you were bounden by every sacred duty not to want her. Faith! if 't were not Adam pulled the forbidden apple, 't was because his courage went not so far as his desires."

"Joan, my dear heart, fret not yourself beyond your guidance. Nathaniel hath done wrong—"

"He hath done a cruel wrong, the cruelest wrong a son can do to the mother who bore him."

"Mother, have I not the right to choose the woman I love for my wife?"

"Son, have I not a right to say what woman shall be my daughter? Have your father and I not a right to say with what family we will blend our own family? Who gave you permission to mingle Quaker blood, and trader's blood, with the strain kept noble and honorable through seven centuries? A boor, a lackey, may live unto himself, but you! You have no such cursed privilege, sir!"

"Indeed, I think the Prideaux may stand in all honor beyond the De Burgs."

"Nathaniel, my mother was a De Burg."

The baron spoke with unusual sternness, and then crossed the hearth and took his wife upon his arm. "I am afraid, Nathaniel, that your visits to Sandys have already done you much mischief."

"I am prepared to meet it. I shall suffer with Olivia."

"// Do you see nothing beyond yourself, sir? Your suffering, your shame, can you bear them alone? No, your mother will have a double portion. And I think you might also respect your father's honor and not wound your father's heart. If you are mixed up with these Prideaux, I too shall be under suspicion. My friends will look coldly upon me. My enemies will shoot out the tongue and say slanderous things. I shall lose my eminence among the Independents. Indeed, there needs no more to all our undoing than such an alliance."

"I think I am doing right, father."

"Nothing can be right for yourself which is procured by wronging your father and mother."

"Roger Prideaux is innocent, and I think it will be proved so. If not, whatever is God's will he can bravely bear it."

"God's will! That is easy said, Nathaniel"; and Lady Kelder flushed with indignation as she spoke. "It is presumptuous to ascribe all that happens, however wicked it be, to God. God *permits* both the devil and men and women to do many things that he does not *will* them to do. There is a difference—yes, a

great difference. God may permit you to make a selfish and cruel marriage in order to gratify yourself, but he does not will or wish you to do it."

"I love Olivia; she hath the promise of my hand—a promise I will not break. The future holds miracles; if I keep faith with my love, I doubt not but what truth and patience will conquer in the end."

"You are wonders, of course, both of you! Nothing has ever happened to your fathers that has happened to you. Nathaniel, you are a very ordinary young man, and Mistress Prideaux a very ordinary young woman. Let me tell you that the earth will not move off its axis, nor its inhabitants be turned upside down, to compass your marriage with—a Quakeress!"

This closed the argument for the night, but it was renewed next morning on a different basis; or rather Lady Kelder refused to see, or hear, or feel anything touching the subject. Her own mind was made up, and she was determined not to permit discussions which could only give her pain, without touching even the outermost edge of her convictions. She disliked Olivia, though she had seen her but twice; and what argument can conquer a soul's involuntary antipathy?

Olivia's serenity, her unassuming modesty of garb and manner, her peculiar form of speech, were all affectations to Lady Kelder. Besides which, she had an abhorrence of Quaker doctrines. Extreme Calvinism had molded her spiritual nature; its austerity and intolerance made the boundary lines of all her ideas. She had received from Mr. Duttrede as well as from Nathaniel an account of the Fox meeting at Roger Prideaux's, and had felt scandalized at Olivia's interruption of a grave theological debate. These emotional young girls, who talked of an indwelling Christ, and of heavenly visions, inspired her with no other feeling but that of dislike. She was angry at such presumption. The revelation of heavenly things unto babes, instead of unto priests, was a doctrine she did not practically admit.

In the solitude of the midnight she had sat alone with her soul and conscientiously examined her motives. And she was sure that Nathaniel's marriage with Olivia would be a most unfortunate one for her son. A Quaker wife would separate him from all their old friends and associations. Unless Nathaniel became a Quaker, there would be a divided household in religious matters. If Nathaniel became a Quaker, the remedy would be worse than the disease. In that case he would also be practically shut out from all civil offices and from all social respect. His fine position, his ancient prestige, could be used only for the

spread of Quakerism. Spiritually and temporally, in her opinion, the alliance meant ruin to her son.

The baron shared her opinions, modified somewhat by a more comprehensive and masculine grasp of the subject. "If Quakerism is not of God," he said, "it will speedily pass away, and Nathaniel hath so much sense as to discover this." He reflected also that Olivia's peculiarities would probably be softened by the social and domestic demands of life at Kelderby, and that even if they were not, the estate of Sandys was a very fair set-off against religious opinions which in some respects his own experience justified. Still he was not inclined to encourage the marriage; he believed truly it would be neither happy nor prosperous.

After breakfast father and son took a walk, in order to talk more freely about the situation of the Prideauxs and the extent of danger likely to touch Kelderby in consequence.

"I think it is but a woman's passion," said Nathaniel. "Anastasia has no continuance of purpose, either in good or in evil."

"Herein you judge foolishly, Nathaniel. Anastasia, by her first movement of revenge, has put the matter beyond her own control. And D'Acre's report shows that Stephen de Burg has lifted her cause. In some way or other, it is his intention to make this an occasion for a quarrel with me. Then — you can see what will follow."

"He and Anastasia will go to Charles Stuart, and you will have the forfeit to pay."

"Also, I myself may fall under suspicion with the Commonwealth. Judges who look beyond the day will argue that De Burg, being my cousin, and a man of such reputed honor, would not so wrong my kindness unless under some secret agreement of mutual interest; and the natural suspicion will be that it refers to the return of Charles Stuart. Nathaniel, I am in a very hard case. I pray you do not strengthen ill thoughts by a friendship and alliance with that Quaker, who is already doubted in his loyalty."

"We know, father, that the man was John de Burg, and not Harald Sandys."

"We do *not* know. Your apprehension is not confirmation to any mind but your own. Also, you must plainly perceive that Prideaux entertained the man believing him to be Harald Sandys, and, on his own confession, 'about the king's business.' Nor will it help him to say it was John de Burg, while it may make my cousin and Anastasia so much more our enemies."

"Still if asked, I must tell the truth."

"If your conscience demand so much — yes."

"As for my promise to Olivia —"

"It must be set aside. All promises depend upon the power to perform them."

"I have the power to perform this promise."

"Not without committing grave wrongs to your mother and me. A promise kept under such circumstances is worse than broken."

"I have an obligation to Olivia, and also to Olivia's father. I cannot break it."

"You have an obligation far older and more sacred to your mother and to your own father. Do not dare to break it, lest you lack God's blessing on all else."

"Is it not said that a man shall leave father and mother for his wife?"

"It is said they '*shall*' do so. But it is not said that they '*ought*' to do it. It is also said that men '*shall*' deny God, and persecute the saints, and commit all manner of sin. Your mother said truly last night that many things are permitted of God that are not of God's will. Let me tell you that a life of self-indulgent love will smart as death. There is always a way to reconcile duties, if men will patiently take counsel of God and put away the spirit of self-serving."

Nathaniel's answer was interrupted by the approach of an officer, with a summons for Nathaniel Kelder to appear before the Kendal magistrates on the following day, as a witness in the complaint of the Commonwealth against Roger Prideaux. And in further conversation with the man it was ascertained that Olivia Prideaux, Asa Bevin, John D'Acre, and Stephen de Burg with his daughter Anastasia had also been cited. He stated further, that the examination was likely to cause great excitement, and to be attended by many sympathizers on both sides.

The news, though expected, was startling. We think we have prepared ourselves for an event, but we never have. Its arrival is always a shock. Both men dreaded the camp of gowned conflict. Both men would far rather have buckled on their swords and gone to the battlefield for the Commonwealth than enter those treacherous lists.

"But the evil we have called unto us," said the baron, with a sigh, "we must face."

"Well, then, father, the good man stands under the eye of God, and therefore stands. Courage carries the day, and love won't fail us anywhere."

For Nathaniel had one of those souls born for adversity, which win from it the strength to nerve themselves for the loftiest endurance or endeavor —

E'en as the falcon when the wind is fair,
Close to the earth on lagging pinion goes;
But when against her beats the adverse air,
She breasts the gale, and rises as it blows.

VIII.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

"He who deceives by an oath acknowledges that he fears his enemy, but despises God."

"Like to a sea-girt rock I stand,
Deep sunk in peace though storms rage by,
As calm as if on every hand
Were only Thou, O God, and I!"

WHEN Nathaniel awoke the next morning he had a moment's wonder as to where he was. For the brattle of sweet-tongued bells clashed and clanged in the sunny air with a joyful melody. He leaped up to the exultant octaves, his soul, independently of his will, setting them to the musical old chime —

O! te laudum millibus,
Laudo! Laudo! Laudo!
Tantis mirabilibus,
Plaudo! Plaudo! Plaudo!
Gloria sit gloria,
Domino in altis;
Cui testimonia,
Dantur et præconia,
Cælicis a psaltis.

There is a kind of compulsion in such familiar rhymes, the mind perforce goes through them; and yet before the charming words were half recalled Nathaniel had suffered a sudden depression. The old question, What is the matter? deadened the last lines, and they sung themselves mournfully out of his consciousness.

He had left Kelderby for Kendal on the previous day immediately after receiving the summons, and had spent the night in the Crown Inn of that town. With the recognition of this fact came the instantaneous memory of all the unhappy circumstances which had brought him to the unfamiliar room. And he was compelled to acknowledge that Roger's affairs were capable of being worked to much loss and sorrow. He had found him so strictly confined that it was impossible to get speech with him, and the general opinion was adverse to his case.

He was also troubled about Olivia's position, for on his way to Kendal he had called at D'Acre Hall, and found that D'Acre had retreated into the safest lines of popular approval. Olivia was constrained and unhappy. She felt the chilliness and anxiety of her entertainers, and she regretted having left the fortress of her home.

D'Acre being also summoned, it would have been in friendly accord with the circumstances to have detained Nathaniel until the morning, or else to have accompanied him to Kendal without further delay. But D'Acre did not wish to be associated with people suspicious

in the public eye. The charge of Olivia annoyed him very much, and he thought it would be a wrong to his young wife to have her seen with the girl. He did not indeed say so, but Nathaniel had one of those souls which see our human nature behind the veils of Eleusis. He understood the sickness which would prevent Mistress D'Acre going to Kendal with her guest; he felt the frosty hospitality, the bareness of sympathy which wounded and repressed Olivia, and he was glad to hear her say:

"If God will, I shall go back to Sandys tomorrow."

"You will do right, Olivia. Sorrow should bide at home."

"I think so," answered D'Acre, who was nettled by Nathaniel's tone more than by his words. "If a man can salute his own special troubles, he does as well as flesh and blood can do."

"True, D'Acre, if flesh and blood were all."

There was such sadness in Nathaniel's voice that D'Acre did not word the quick answer he had ready. For we are complex creatures, and if it be true that when we would do good evil is present with us, it is equally true that often when we would do evil a good thought or a kind feeling restrains the evil.

Nathaniel dressed quickly, with a certain careful splendor, and he was still young enough to eat heartily, though Anxiety sat down at the table with him. The sky was without a cloud; the sunshine filled the streets; the bell-ringers kept up their happy riot of exultant melody; the shop-keepers stood with broad, beaming faces at their doors; the women were at the open windows. For it was pretty Mary Pierson's wedding day; and because human nature never wearies of its prime elementary feelings, the wedding peal found some echoes in nearly every heart.

Nathaniel walked slowly through the clean white streets: the wedding was over, but men and women still stood together talking about it. He went thoughtfully forward until he had passed the parish church, then turning he saw Parson Derby just leaving the rectory, and Stephen de Burg was with him.

The examination was appointed for eleven o'clock, and before that hour a great number of people were in the Town Hall. The wedding had broken into the day's work, and the trial of Master Prideaux was more attractive to them than their belated tasks.

When Nathaniel entered it, his first glance fell upon Olivia. She sat near the bench for the magistrates, a little apart, and quite alone. D'Acre had brought her thus far, and then found in his own affairs an excuse from further attendance. She was not sorry to bid him fare-

well, for a friend who has fallen below his profession is a contemptible creature, even to himself. As he turned from her the Hall bell began to ring, and she could not help feeling that it was a forlorn bell, tolling for one who had lost a great opportunity.

A few minutes after D'Acre's desertion Nathaniel saw her. She was dressed with extreme plainness in a black gown, though a kerchief of white lawn covered her throat and bosom, and a hood of white sarcenet lay across her bright hair. Its silken sheen and the clear purity of the lawn made around her head reflections of white light, quite distinct in the dusty atmosphere of the room, and in them her fair face looked as a white rose looks in the garden's golden sunshine.

Nathaniel went to her side and spoke to her in whispers, he scarce knew what words, only that they came straight from his heart, and were altogether made of love and pity. Men and women whom they heeded not looked at them with interest and sympathy. For if Nathaniel had stood up in the midst of them and said aloud, "I love this girl with all my soul," he could not have taken them into his confidence more completely. And it was pleasant to see the little groups affecting a kind disregard—turning from their points of observation, or finding in their own affairs a suddenly overwhelming interest.

In the few moments' grace thus afforded many things were hurriedly said. They talked as souls may talk who meet after cycles of separation, hastening their confidences because their parting may come before their sweetest thoughts are told. Holding her hand, watching with brimming eyes the tears upon her cheeks, feeling as if life held only that precious ten minutes, Nathaniel talked with Olivia.

Then there was the sound of laughter and of footsteps on the stone stairway, and the rush of that invisible force which always accompanies the entry of a number of human beings into a room. Parson Derby and Stephen de Burg came first. Anastasia was just behind them, Squire Chenage and Sir Edward le Tall walking at her side. Judah Parke and Elijah Waring, magistrates, followed. It was said that Elijah Waring favored the Quakers, and that his wife Jenifer had joined the Society. But Judah Parke was a Presbyterian of the strictest sort, and a Quaker was an abomination to him.

A sudden silence, slightly broken by whispers and shuffling feet, followed. Then the jailer entered with Roger Prideaux, who walked between two constables. He had to pass within a few feet of Olivia, and as he did so she obeyed the impulse of her heart and rose and kissed him—kissed his face, and then

casting her eyes upon his still manacled hands, she stooped and kissed them also. The act was involuntary, it was finished before a word of dissent could be spoken, but as she sat down again an indescribable murmur of sympathy ran through the room.

It angered the parson, and he asked peremptorily that the examination of Roger Prideaux be immediately begun. The first witness called was Anastasia de Burg. She rose with that flurry which seemed inseparable from all her moods, in spite of the pride bred in her by her order and position. She readily took the proffered oath, though with some incoherence, for she was confused with the consciousness that Nathaniel's eyes were upon her.

Never had she been more bewitchingly beautiful. Never had she dressed herself with a more enhancing splendor. She wore a petticoat of lead-colored satin, with an overgown of lavender moire, trimmed with silver buttons and silver lace. A whisk of fine white point was her neck-dress, and above her flowing curls drooped a low beaver hat, heavy with white and lavender feathers. Long lavender gloves, embroidered with silver, covered her hands and arms; she carried a little Indian cane painted and gilt; and at her waist was a silver chain, holding half a dozen Italian cameo seals—the extravagant fad of the day.

Being interrogated as to her knowledge of Roger Prideaux's guest, she said:

"T was on the 29th of May I was out driving, as is my custom, and passing Sandys Hall I bethought me of the many strange rumors I had heard of the new owners, and I determined to gratify my curiosity regarding all these. T was said also that Mistress Prideaux was a wonder of womanhood—of a very sober humor, infinitely discreet and virtuous, and I had a mind to see such a miracle of my sex. I found the door guarded—as treasures are said to be—by an old dragon, who refused me entrance with many excuses, all of which I denied with a determination that won my way; and so I came to the parlor, where I found Mistress Prideaux, and Captain Kelder, and a strange gentleman of a very brave countenance, whom Mistress Prideaux told me was Harald Sandys; 'fearing nothing,' as she said, 'from a person of my opinions.'"

"What said you?"

"I said the king's—I said Charles Stuart's friends were my friends; and so on with discourse of that kind, until I spoke of a ship lying off Barrow, said to be there for his Majes—for certain of the friends of Charles Stuart. And with that he immediately disappeared, and I saw him no more."

"What said Captain Kelder?"

"He spoke only of things in general; such

speech as gallants make to young women, and young women forget."

"What said Mistress Prideaux to this sudden departure?"

"Mistress Prideaux had just left the room for a cordial, and I, finding Captain Kelder's company not to my liking, took a hasty leave upon some excuse, and so to Madam Cecil's at Milnthorpe, where I related what had passed, and spent the night."

"Why did you not tell the proper officers at once?"

"In faith! I am not paid to protect the Commonwealth. I leave that to wiser heads. If 't was Harald Sandys, I wished him safe away — and no harm, I trust, in a woman's good wish. But all are not equally discreet. Some of Madam Cecil's maids heard of the affair, and so it passed around until my father demanded of me the right of the report. Further, the question is his, not mine."

"You are certain this stranger was Harald Sandys?"

"I have never seen Harald Sandys. I took him on the word of Mistress Prideaux — who is vouched for as beyond a lie."

"Would you know the man again?"

"On my word and honor, anywhere."

Olivia Prideaux was the next witness. Anastasia retired, and she stepped into her place. The contrast between the two women was sharp, that between their manners still more remarkable. Anastasia had been restless and self-conscious. Her fingers had toyed with her seals all the time. While speaking she had pushed a froward curl behind her ear, and shaken a fine handkerchief with strawberry buttons upon it, and opened her vinaigrette, and broken to pieces one of the red roses at her bosom.

Olivia was quite still. She was asked to take the oath. Her answer was low but distinct.

"I dare not."

"The law bids you do it," said Parson Derby.

"Christ forbids me. 'Swear not at all' — thou canst read for thyself."

"'T is an excuse," said Judah Parke. "These Quaker women love nothing better than the cry of martyrdom, and we may plainly perceive that this girl will rather go to prison than tell the truth against her father. My advice is that we take her on her word."

There was some discussion on this proposal, and meanwhile Olivia stood at perfect rest. Her hands, folded on the railing before her, made no movement; her interior sight, being towards Him who is invisible, gave to its mortal symbols a holy fixedness of purpose. Her face was as calm as the face of a happy sleeper. Her body, though she was standing,

was full of repose. For the consciousness of God's presence was so real to her that she quieted herself in it, as a babe is quieted who feels the throb of its mother's breast and the clasp of its mother's arms.

"Mistress Prideaux," said Elijah Waring, "we will take your word, as an oath is a point of conscience with you."

"A foolish concession, Master Waring, and I will still say so. For if this scruple stand, it will be a cloak long enough to cover all the Jesuits that may come into England." And the priest frowned angrily.

"Still, Parson, we shall not reach the witness without it. For myself I will take Olivia Prideaux's word if she tell us plainly when and where she first saw this Harald Sandys."

"On the 20th day of Fifth Month; in the garden at Sandys."

"What said he?"

"That he was Harald Sandys, and that he had been upon the king's business to Penrith, and was like to fall into the hands of his enemies, and so lose his life."

"You think him to be the man he said?"

"At the first, truly so. He told us of his wound at Marston Moor, and of his escape to Charles Stuart, and I believed him."

"Do you favor Charles Stuart as ruler of this realm?"

"I favor him not."

"Does your father favor him so?"

"My father is a lover of the Commonwealth, and of the Protector."

"Why, then, did you succor an emissary of Charles Stuart?"

"I succored him not as Charles Stuart's friend."

"How, then?"

"As a perishing man. When he fell at my feet and said, 'Save my life,' I felt favored to do so. What wouldst thou have done?"

Waring looked troubled, but he answered brusquely: "I hope I should have done right. Did you hear him speak of the Quakers, and of Charles Stuart's pity for their sufferings?"

"He spoke not of Charles Stuart, nor yet of the people thou callest Quakers."

"Your father knew that he was Harald Sandys?"

"He believed him to be Harald Sandys."

"He knew him to be on some business for Charles Stuart?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, did he succor him if he is a lover of the Commonwealth?"

"Because he was miserable and in danger. Said God ever to a miserable man, 'Whose son art thou?' Or to a perishing man, 'Servest thou the king, or the Commonwealth?'"

There was a low murmur of assent through

the room, and Elijah Waring looked at his associate with anxious eyes. He saw him not, for he was steadily regarding the young girl who had asked such a searching question.

The priest broke the silence that followed. "You Quaker women are better at demanding than at answering; and, by my word, for one so wise you took the man on light evidence. He might have been a murderer, a pirate, or a thief, for aught you know. Show us by what signs you were satisfied that he was in reality Harald Sandys."

"I have been given to understand that he was *not* Harald Sandys."

"Oh!"

An "oh" that sprang involuntarily from many a lip and in all variety of tones. Parson Derby looked exceedingly gratified, and his "oh" was one of proud satisfaction, for he perceived that his penetration had touched an important point of evidence.

"When were you given to understand this?"

"After he had gone, suddenly, without any words of thanks or kindness."

"Who gave you to understand it?"

"Nathaniel Kelder."

There was a general ejaculation of surprise, and every eye that could command him was fixed upon Nathaniel. He bore the inquisition with an unmoved countenance, though his gaze was full of fire and the lines around his mouth were stern and steady. Anastasia looked at him for a moment—a rapid glance that was first entreating, but was instantly turned to defiance by the calm severity of his face. Then she let her gaze drop upon her seals, and lifting one she began in a low voice to talk to Sir Edward le Tall about it.

"T was brought out of the Indies, I do believe: an idol's head very like, and sure they took the devil himself for the pattern of it; but I am extremely fond of the oddity of the ugly thing." And all through this fantastic whispering she heard the question she was dreading to hear.

"If he was not Harald Sandys, who then was he? Were you given to understand so much?"

"He was John de Burg."

A low, sharp cry, like that of an animal caught in a trap, followed. It came from the lips of Anastasia, but it was not noticed in the more furious outburst of her father.

"You lie, woman!" he shouted passionately; and then turning to Nathaniel: "And you, sir, are a damnable liar! Digest the word at your leisure."

A few moments of uproar followed. Nathaniel sprang to his feet, but instantly sat down again, with his back to De Burg. The justices gave this and that order, and the constables struck the unoffending prisoner. But De Burg, having

a method in his madness, speedily allowed his anger to give place to the law's demand, and at the request of the magistrates permitted the inquiry to proceed without further disturbance.

Olivia's cheeks had become whiter, her eyes darker, her bearing more dignified, but otherwise she had let the drift of passion pass her by as if she heard it not. When the examination was resumed she was in a mood of perfect composure.

"Do you believe it was John de Burg?"

"I do."

"Why do you believe it?"

"On the word of Nathaniel Kelder."

Olivia was then permitted to sit down. She had to face Anastasia as she walked to her place, and Anastasia did her best to make the few yards a fiery passage. But her spite and contempt and anger were utterly flung away. Olivia walked in her own atmosphere, and nothing evil entered it. She saw not her enemy, she heard not her scornful laugh, she felt not the hating glance of her evil eyes. For she was within the shadow of His wings, and he kept her in perfect peace.

Nathaniel Kelder was the next witness. His words were clear and strong and to the point. He spoke without fear, and without evident anger, yet his heart was hot within him.

"I went to Sandys on the 29th of last May. A man was sitting in the parlor with Mistress Prideaux, reading aloud 'The Elixir' of Mr. George Herbert. I was told that it was Harald Sandys; but I knew that it was John de Burg."

"Oh!" cried Stephen de Burg, "this is the perfectest lie! John de Burg reading the saintly George Herbert! As well tell us the devil was reading the Gospels."

"It was John de Burg," reiterated Nathaniel.

"How were you certified that it was John de Burg?"

"Nine days before I was told that John de Burg had been hid in his father's house for six weeks; and I was asked to shelter him and aid him further. I refused to do so. Evidence indisputable to my mind made me understand that Harald Sandys and John de Burg were the same man. As John de Burg I ordered him to leave Sandys on the instant, and to avoid arrest by me he leaped from a window and went at my word."

"'T is more and more beyond belief!" shouted the irate De Burg. "John is a world-wide villain, but yet too much De Burg to go on your order."

"I have nothing further to say."

"Asa Bevin!"

The old man rose at once and advanced with the air of one who not only has some-

thing to say but who is determined to say it. His small, prim figure, his thin, resolute face, his tall, stiff hat planted firmly on his head, were provocative of opposition.

Judah Parke felt the spirit of persecution stirring in his heart. It seemed to him like an agreeable sense of duty, and he bent forward and said sharply:

"Asa Bevin, remove your hat."

"Best Wisdom inclines me not to do so. When I pray to God I uncover my head, and I will not give to thee and sundry the honor I give to God."

"Jailer, take off his hat."¹

The hat was instantly thrown to the floor. It fell at the feet of one who kicked it out of his way, and so touching another was kicked farther, and thus until it was beyond sight and reach. Asa looked after it with a queer wrinkling of his thin face. It made mirth also for the crowd, to whom a stray hat is ever a thing for kicks and jokes, and some quip of vulgar wit just hitting the time put even the magistrates in a guffaw of laughter.

Asa looked and listened with contemptuous anger, and when Judah Parke, recovering first, asked, "What say you to this merry uncovering of a Quaker?" Asa answered: "The fool's heart is full of laughter. But whenever did the saints of God live in laughing and mocking?"

"Give him the oath."

"Thou knowest I will take no oath. I will speak the truth without the great presumption of summoning the Almighty God to be witness for me. Neither at thy command will I break the command of One who is thy Lord and Master as well as mine."

"If you take not the oath then we must send you to jail; and as for the command of Christ, ask the parson, and he will tell you that it referred to profane speech, not to oaths for the sake of truth and justice."

It was Waring who spoke, for he pitied the man who was willfully electing himself to the martyrdom of the jails of those days. Asa looked at the parson, but without any design of asking information from him, for he immediately denied the reconciling statement.

"Thou art all wrong. Profane speech had been unlawful since the days of Moses. But not for any magistrate will I break either the law of Moses or the law of Christ. Thou canst send me to jail for my refusal, if thou wiltst to do so."

"I understand not the law of Moses and the law of Christ specially so," said Parson Derby, with an air of authority.

"Thou needest God to make thee understand God."

"I preach a true doctrine. 'Twould be well if you would come and hear it."

"Many preachers hear not themselves. And as for instruction, God speaks to man without ringing of church bells."

"This fellow will dispute all day long. Take his word on the matter in question; the refusal to take oath is but a door to get out of testimony against his master."

"Asa Bevin, what know you of the man called Harald Sandys?"

"Olivia Prideaux brought him to me on the 29th day of Fifth Month—a dirty, wicked-looking vagabond as ever I saw; and 't is not railing, but straight truth to say so. 'T was a face with the mintage of Satan on it, and many things were made manifest to me concerning the man and his wicked deeds."

"By what name was he known?"

"Roger and Olivia Prideaux believed him to be Harald Sandys, until he was past putting to the question. I ever doubted it."

"Why?"

"Because the Sandys face is one that hath the thought of God and the fear of God behind it. This man had the countenance of one who is wicked both of nature and of will."

"What said Roger Prideaux to you of him?"

"He said that he was Harald Sandys. He told me the man had been to Penrith on the business of Charles Stuart, and had been closely pursued, and that for the sake of human kindness he would shelter him until the ship he waited for arrived."

"What thought you?"

"I thought that the Sandys were well all dead if this man stood in their likeness. But he was none of their kind."

"How did you discover that?"

"First, by my own wisdom taught of Best Wisdom. Second, 't was Anastasia de Burg discovered me so much of her affairs. She came to Sandys on the 29th of Fifth Month, and at her first calling staid not long. Yet she went away in a great passion with Nathaniel Kelder. 'T was my place to be on the watch, and I heard her threaten him with her own wrath and also with the wrath of the man he ordered from the house, and I heard her call that man John de Burg, and with his name make good her threat."

Then Stephen de Burg rose in a fury of passion. "Will your Worship," he cried, looking to Judah Parke, "restrain the lying speech of this

¹ At this date men wore their hats constantly both in the house and in church. They sat at meals in them. They listened to a play in them. The preacher went to the pulpit in his hat, the congregation doffed theirs

only at the name of God. Hat lifting was a foreign fashion but recently brought to England. Sober men wore their hats. Wits and fops carried theirs in their hands most of the time.

pestilent rogue? John de Burg in a Quaker's house? Yes, when the devil drinks holy water. And I count it but scant kindness in my neighbors to suffer this reproach in my presence. For as the devil hates the Cross, so I hate John de Burg and all his deeds. And I will take oath that I have not seen his face these twenty years, nor wish to see it again all the days of my life. And I will take oath that it is an incredible thing he should be under my roof, even for one night. Call the witness of my eight servants and of my many guests."

"I perceive not," said Elijah Waring, "what it would advantage Roger Prideaux to put John de Burg in the place of Harald Sandys. The latter, though an offender against the law, is at least an offender with clean hands, having the plea of honorable conviction in his breaking of the law. John de Burg, with red hands, has broken not only the law of God, but the law of every nation on the face of the earth."

"On my soul! the advantage is plain enough. Harald Sandys, being cousin to the late lord, is heir-at-law of the estate bought by the Quaker Prideaux. John de Burg is outlawed of all estate. And 't is within my knowledge that Prideaux was borrowing money to give Harald Sandys. Who so blind as not to perceive that when the heir had been disposed of for a time the old rogue would sell Sandys and realize again the guineas he had spent upon its purchase? Oh! 't was a very Quaker-like plot, and I make no doubt your Worships see it."

"Think you 't was for money Harald Sandys visited Prideaux?"

"Never trust me if I see not the truth clear behind all pretenses. Charles Stuart wanting an emissary to the Quakers, mutinous under their deserved punishments, naturally sends Sandys, who knows well this corner of Westmoreland, the nesting-place of this devil's doctrine; and Sandys naturally applies himself to the Quaker, so conveniently placed both for his own rights and for those of the king—that *was*. And further, Edward D'Acres can testify that the guest of Roger Prideaux was truly Sandys. Also offer Prideaux and his man Asa Bevin the oath of allegiance, and see if they will take it; I vow they will not."

"There is no need of any further evidence," said Parson Derby. "The case against Prideaux is fully proved."

"It is most certain," added Parke. "Nevertheless he shall have every show of justice. He shall speak for himself. Let Roger Prideaux be sworn to his own words."

"I have not been given anything to say in this matter. My daughter has witnessed for me. She spoke the truth."

"Then," said Parke, "Roger Prideaux must be sent to Appleby jail for trial at the next

general assize; and if Asa Bevin take not the oath of allegiance, he must also go upon that failure."

"I am an honest lover of the Commonwealth," answered Asa, "but I will not swear to it at thy command; for the words of Christ, as I have told thee already, are positive regarding oath-taking. 'Swear not at all,' and I will not make light of them to give thy words honor. Not I, indeed!"

"Then you send yourself to prison."

"Nay, but thou sendest me; because I will not sell my conscience for a mess of pottage."

Then the clerk began to write out the necessary papers of commitment, and the petty court rose; the magistrates and citizens forming into little groups eagerly full of the same subject—the plotting of the Quakers against the Commonwealth, and their obstinacy in their own opinions.

De Burg and his party drew together with a sense of triumph. Parson Derby wished only that "there were jails enough in England to send every Quaker to the devil through them," and a Calvinist preacher standing by certified the wish with a quotation from the devout and learned Richard Baxter, dooming all Quakers "without reserve to certain perdition." De Burg himself was sullenly angry. He hated his name and affairs in the mouth of "the villain crowd," and his heart was burning with wrath against Anastasia and the Kelders. He stood by the side of Sir Edward le Tall, saying nothing to him, but assuring his savagely offended inner man of reprisals hardly to be accomplished without some devilish help.

Le Tall, De Burg, and Parson Derby quickly left the room; Anastasia lingered a little behind. She had received one look from her father promissory of what was yet to come, and it roused in her a desire to pay some one in advance. Drawing up her gloves and setting all her bravery in order, she strolled past Asa Bevin. He was standing in charge of a constable waiting the written order for his commitment, and she regarded him with eyes of malicious triumph.

"Have I done what I promised to do?" she asked.

"The devil through thee hath done what he was permitted to do. His servants never want work, but he pays ill wages, Anastasia de Burg. Seek thee a better master."

In a moment Chenage struck him, and the old man fell to the floor. Olivia, whose face was on her father's breast, saw nothing of the circumstance, but as Anastasia turned she met the full gaze of Nathaniel Kelder. What shame for her there was in it! His eyes burned her somewhere beyond mortal touch. She dropped her own to escape the piercing glance that made

her blush and quiver with an intolerable chagrin; and though she held her head high, her laugh was uneasy, and her spirit cowered before him and was glad to escape his presence.

The upper part of the room was then almost empty, but there was a crush of delaying gossips around the entrance. Suddenly a man taller than any around him appeared, and they instantly parted right and left and made a path for him. He had a fair, large, radiant face, and a carriage full of authority. He went straight to Prideaux and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Friend Roger, I have just heard of thy trouble. How is it with thee in the storm?"

"It rages all around me, but not above me."

"The soul has two houses, Roger: one in the meadows, that is Love; one in the mountains, that is Faith. Flee now to the mountains; from thence cometh thy help. Olivia, my dear daughter, Jenifer Waring waits for thee. Shall I take thee to her?"

"I will take her," said Nathaniel.

"Thou art a good, brave man. I thought that of thee at the first. Wait for me outside. I have a special word for thee."

Then Olivia knew that the moment of parting had come. But she filled its little space with a whisper of vastest comfort. And so they said farewell like those who trust in God; the ring of faith in their voices, the smile of hope on their lips.

Many looked at the lovers as they walked through the room and down the steps together, Nathaniel very erect, yet holding Olivia's hand with a tender pride that silenced every unkind word. At the door they found Jenifer Waring waiting in her coach for Olivia, and she received her with a sober kindness that the most timid must have trusted.

"Olivia Prideaux will find shelter in my house so long as she wishes," she said to Nathaniel; and then she gathered her in her arms, and gave the word which separated the sorrowful lovers.

In the mean time Roger was rapidly giving Fox the points upon which his accusation hung, and Fox was listening with the air of a man who already knew them.

"These things I will care for, Roger," he answered. "In the will of God thou must go now as he makes way. It seems then that thou art wanted at Appleby jail. See thou kindlest a fire there and leave it burning. And verily I know that God keeps for his people in prison consolations such as he gives nowhere else. On the bare ground I have had sweet sleep, and in the midnight God's comforting presence has awakened me, and continued with me unto the morning watch. Thy enemies are his enemies. Verily, he will arise and scatter them. And of thy bitterest cup thou shalt say joyfully, 'My God is the portion of it.'"

"George, thy words are strong to lean upon. Say a few to Asa Bevin."

Asa was just rising from the floor, and still dazed and trembling with the shock of the blow.

"George, is it *thee*? I have been struck."

"Well, then, Asa, thy Lord Christ was also struck and buffeted. He knows all about the pain and the shame. Fear not."

"I fear nothing that man can do unto me. Not I!"

"There is a hard road before thee."

"I see his footsteps on it."

"And a steep road, shelving down even to the depths of the grave."

"I lean upon the Cross. A good staff! It will never fail me."

"Farewell, Asa! I have been given to see that we shall meet no more in this world."

"Well, then, George, it is a good farewell"; and stepping forward, and lifting up his hands, palms outward, he said, "Bear witness, that for all the mercies I have received I praise and magnify my God!"

The old man was at this moment beautiful. The shining of the Light within transfigured him; and, like Stephen of old, his face was like "the face of an angel." The spirit mastered the flesh, and George Fox saw not the outer but the inner man.

So Roger Prideaux and Asa Bevin went that day to Appleby jail, but the Lord went with them.

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

THE POEMS OF EMMA LAZARUS.

. . . echoes that belong
To one in love with solitude and song.

ECHOES thou didst thy noble verses name,
The legacy thou leav'st to time and fame.
Not so: O sated, modern mind, rejoice!
Here sound no echoes, but a living voice.

Margaret Crosby.

LARAMIE JACK.

I.



N a certain splendid afternoon, when not a single cloud showed itself in the expanse of blue sky, a train was passing, at the moderate pace befitting the severe grades, over the little narrow-gauge road, and literally climbing into the recesses of the Sierra Madre. It had glided merrily over the plains at the base of the mountains, threaded its way among the foothills, traversed some deep cañons, and clung to narrow shelves cut on the side of the rocky barrier. Then it had descended into a great "park," crossed it, and begun a new ascent. Some of the passengers in the "chair-car," to whom the journey was no novelty, were reading or dozing; others, taking it for the first time, gazed delightedly at the ever-changing scenes before their eyes. Then the sun sank behind the great range, the darkness came on apace, and pretty Lucy Avery turned from the window and looked at her father, who sat on the opposite side of the car in conversation with a fellow-traveler. This individual had fiery red hair and a cropped mustache; his costume consisted of a gray flannel shirt, somewhat the worse for wear, and trousers of dubious hue; and he was innocent of any ambition in the direction of white linen. Mr. Avery was a man of good sense and intelligence, whose vacations were few, and he had started on his Western trip with the avowed intention of making the most of his time in the study of the new phases of human nature which he was likely to encounter. As his eyes met his daughter's, he leaned towards her with a smile.

"My dear," said he, "I want to present a fellow-passenger, the mayor of Carbonate City—the place where our day's journey will end, and which I learn from him to be an important town, growing and pushing; 'booming,' to use the phrase of the country. He has given me much needed information."

The good mayor was a person of distinction in the city—late mining camp—where he lived, and it was with an honest pride as such, as also in accordance with his well-known admiration for the fair sex, that he had asked for the introduction which he now sought to acknowledge in a fitting manner. It is not strange, however, that when he saw Lucy looking straight into his face, with her big blue eyes, and the smile on her lips emphasizing the

dimples,—and her father had left him in the lurch, and gone to draw out another type of character in the shape of a lately successful miner,—his courage failed him for a moment. The young girl, in her perfectly fitting, tailor-made traveling costume, with hat trimmed to match, her dainty gloves, and her little high-heeled boots, was a novel representative indeed of the class to which he affected an honest superiority—the denizens of the effete East; "tenderfeet," so to speak. For this moment, indeed, he even felt that he would gladly have exchanged his present position for the presidency of the city council on the celebrated occasion when the fight was most bitter over the location of the new irrigation ditch.

Very soon, however, the young girl—who was quite accustomed to, and doubtless enjoyed, such silence and embarrassed homage to her charms—put him at his ease with a few pleasant words. She had questions to ask which he was able to answer, and he was soon talking freely.

"Yes, Miss," said he, "your father let on that you and he had come all the way from the States to see your brother and his ranch. I allow I've met him, for I know most of the young fellers down on the North Fork, but I disremember him just now."

"In his letters he has several times mentioned a friend called 'Jack,' a well-known frontiersman," said the girl. "I think they are much together."

"I allow that 's Laramie Jack!" eagerly cried the man. "Now I remember about your brother. I have heard Laramie speak of him. Why, Miss, he 's a friend worth havin', and don't you forget it. There ain't a whiter man than Laramie Jack from the Wind River Mountains down to Santa Fe. I would n't wonder if he 'd come on this train at the next station. I heard some of the boys say he was due at Carbonate City to-night."

"Indeed!" said the young girl, with interest.

"Yes, Miss; he's been down to help a pard of his'n, a feller they call 'Comanche Charley.' You see Laramie he 's a chap that 's got a great big heart, and all the boys are fond of him, for there 's nothin' he won't do for a friend. Well, Comanche he had real hard luck. He had a ranch down on the San Rosario Flat, and bless me if the grasshoppers did n't eat up all his crops, and the Indians kill his wife and child when he was away; and you see this made him kind of loony-like for a while,

and Laramie he just put out and found him, and took care of him and stood by him until he come round and was more like himself again; and now he 's going to take him into the mountains for a huntin'-trip, to cheer him up, as you might say. I tell you what, Miss, when we get to Dead Man's Gulch—that 's the next station, you know, and I 've got to get out there—I 'll see if Laramie 's comin' in; and if he is, I 'll have time to introduce him to you. He 'll tell you all about your brother, dead sure."

"Lucy, my dear," interrupted her father, who had in the mean time found still a new type of character, "I wish to present to you a young Englishman, Mr. Belford Mordaunt, who is living on a ranch in this neighborhood and remembers meeting your brother Frank. Excuse me, Mr. Mayor, but may I trespass a little further on your valuable time before you reach your station? Thank you. Now, where do I understand you to say that my son is likely to be?"

"Well," said the mayor, "I just told the young lady that the man who 'd be sure to know all about him—being, you see, a real good friend of his'n—might come on the train at the next station, and that if he did I 'd introduce him to her. His name 's Laramie Jack."

"Laramie Jack?" repeated Mr. Avery. "Peculiar name; very characteristic of the frontier, I should say. A friend of my son's, too, eh? What sort of a man is he, Mr. Mayor?"

"Well, sir," said the mayor, "he 's as white a man as you ever see in all your life, as I was tellin' your daughter, and there ain't a better fellow in the mountains. And then"—in his enthusiasm he dropped more into dialect—"he 's tough too, you can bet your sweet life. Did n't you ever hear of what he did down in New Mexico last year? No, of course you did n't. How could you, when you was n't here? You see, he struck a feller that 'd had bad luck and was nigh on dead broke, and he done the square thing by him, and they come to be pards. This other feller was real quiet and good appearin', and the boys all liked him. Well, one night he was havin' a little game in the back room of a store up to Taos; and Balty Sykes—they called him Balty because he come from Baltimore; and some folks called him the 'Taos Terror' too, for he was on the shoot every time: Balty he come in. He let on that he wanted to join the game, and Laramie's pard he said no, they did n't want him. So Balty he did n't say one word, but he went in the feller's room and set down there in a rockin' chair that he 'd brought out from the States, and when the poor feller come

in, Balty he drawed and shot him dead. Then he put out, down Santa Fe way. Well, some one heard the shot, an' they roused the camp, an' a party got their horses an' started after Balty. When they 'd been gone some time, Laramie he rode into the camp an' wanted to know what was up, an' they told him. He heard them all through, an' then he turned round—real quiet like—to a Greaser an' sung out to him to fetch a fresh horse; an' he rode off, never sayin' another word, except to ask which way the cuss had gone. It wa' n't long before he met the party comin' back, an' they told him they had n't no show to catch Balty, because he 'd got so much the start; an' Laramie he said that was all right, but he just allowed he 'd keep on an' try, an' he did. You see he went slowly over the high *mesas* an' ridges, but he just rode like—over the low lands and in the valleys; an' after a while he comes up behind Balty, real quiet an' pleasant like.

"How are you, Laramie?" says Balty.

"How are you, Balty?" says Laramie.

"I 'm sort of 'fraid,' says Balty, 'that I 've struck a streak of bad luck. I fired at a man down to Taos, an' I allow I hit him.'

"What 's that?" says Laramie. 'Ain't we had a man for breakfast often enough in Taos?'

"You see he was just speakin' that way to put Balty off his guard, an' he rode right up alongside of him, just the same as if they were pards, an' all the time he was lookin' him over, an' he saw two ivory-handled six-shooters in his belt. Well, they rode along, an' Laramie he was talkin' real pleasant, an' all of a sudden, quick as a flash, he draws his gun an' puts it to Balty's head, an' says he, 'Drop your belt, or I 'll kill you!'

"You don't mean it," says Balty, startin'.

"Drop your belt, an' be—quick about it, or I 'll kill you," yells Laramie; an' Balty he did n't wait no longer.

"Have you a derringer hid about ye?" asks Laramie.

"No," says Balty.

"Well, Laramie he feels him over, an' says he, 'Turn round an' ride back to Taos, or I 'll shoot you, the way you shot my pard.'

"An' Balty he knowed the game was up, an' he did n't say another word, but just rode along as quiet as a lamb; an' as they passed the belt, with the two pistols in it, lyin' on the ground, Laramie he swings himself down an' picks them up; an' all the way back to Taos he never took his eyes off of Balty, an' kept his gun pointed at him. An' when he got back to the town, an' Balty was locked up, you bet the boys just rode Laramie round on their shoulders, an' they set up the drinks—champagne wine too, eight dollars a bottle!

"Yer see, Laramie he did n't let on how he got away with Balty, but Balty himself told the boys, when they was tryin' him. He said no one else could have done it."

"A very remarkable tale," said Mr. Avery. "Quite interesting, upon my word. I should like to see this extraordinary person."

"Well, you won't have long to wait for that," said the mayor, who had opened the window and looked out as the train slackened its pace, "for there he is on the platform, an' I 'll go out an' speak to him."

A few moments later he brought him in; a tall, powerful man, with dark hair and beard, deep-set eyes, and quiet and gentle of speech and in manner, but conveying the impression of great reserved force. Behind him, at some distance, came a thin, pale companion, with downcast eyes, and a noticeable expression of pain and weariness on his face. Both were dressed in the costume of the country—flannel shirts, with handkerchiefs loosely knotted round their necks, thick trousers and boots, and large sombreros.

"Mr. Avery," said the mayor, "I want to make you acquainted with my friend Laramie Jack. I have n't got more than a minute to do that in, because, you see, the conductor's behind time, an' he can't stop. But I allow you will soon be friends, for he knows your boy down on the North Fork. Well, good-by, Mr. Avery; an' you too, Miss, an' hopin' I 'll see you at Carbonate City." He shook hands hastily with the party and left the train.

"I won't introduce my pard to you, Mr. Avery," said Jack, in his low, deep voice, "because you see he's all broke up with his hard luck."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Avery; "I heard of that. Very distressing, indeed, upon my word. Let me present you to my daughter."

This presentation was made, and the conversation for some time was general; but before the train reached Carbonate City, Mr. Avery was talking with the young Englishman, and Miss Lucy, with her eyes fixed on Laramie Jack's face, was eagerly questioning him. Any one who knew him well would have seen that, despite the apparently imperturbable coolness of his manner, he was deeply interested; and well indeed might he have been so when thus brought, for the first time in his life, into friendly intercourse with a girl so richly endowed in heart and person. As a bustle among the passengers made it evident that the train was nearing its final stopping-place, he spoke, with just an additional shade of animation in his voice.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Miss," said he; "you an' your father had n't ought to stay in such an unrighteous place as Carbonate City one

minute longer than you need. Now, what you want to do is to get a bit of supper while I have a team hitched up, an' then we 'll take you right out to Old Man Wilson's ranch, where the North Fork comes into the river. It is only twenty miles, an' a splendid moonlight night, an' when you get there you 'll have good beds an' good grub. An' then, to-morrow morning, my pard here an' I, we 'll light out an' find your brother, who, I allow, has been up for two weeks to a ranch farther on an' has n't got your letters, an' I 'll fetch him to you."

When this project was communicated to Mr. Avery, to whom the severest drawback in his journey had been the poor accommodations, he agreed to it at once. While he and his daughter were eating their supper, and after Comanche Charley had mounted his bronco and ridden out in the direction of a pass in the mountains, Laramie Jack had two fine "States" horses harnessed to a buckboard. In due time they started, and Lucy said to herself that she would never forget that twenty-mile drive through the great cañon in the Sierra Madre, with the moon lighting up one of its wooded sides, and this remarkable frontiersman conducting them on their journey.

As for him, when the young girl and her father were safely ensconced in comfortable rooms at Old Man Wilson's ranch, he stood outside in the bright moonlight, and his eyes turned more than once towards the building, and at last, as he walked away, he cast one glance behind him and said:

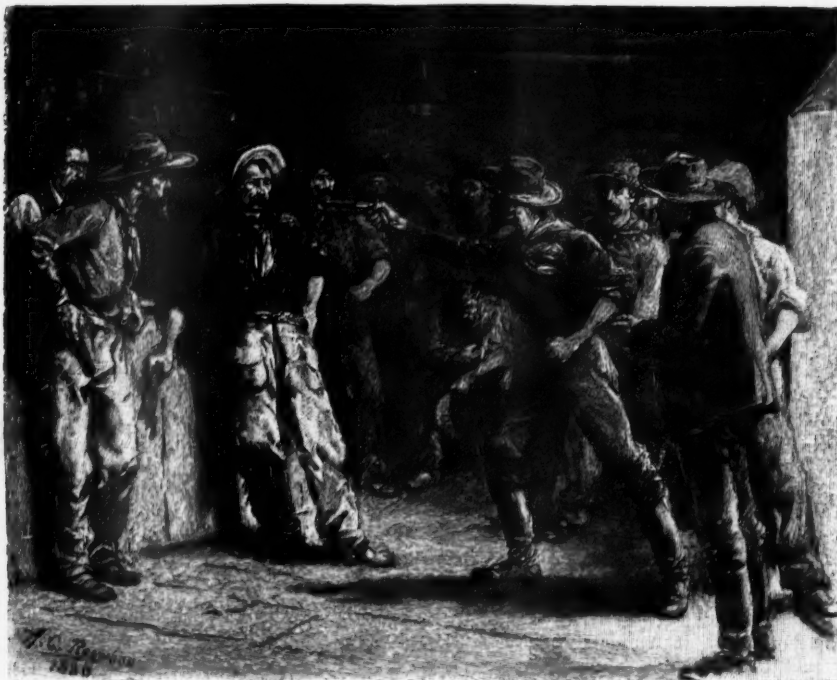
"I told her I would fetch him, an' I will."

II.

THE room was shabby and ill kept, and the bar ran across one end of it. Leaning against this bar, or sitting on benches ranged along the wall, were rude, rough, savage-looking men. Some were dull and heavy, others quarrelsome, all hopelessly bad and degraded, and most showing

Concave faces, trampled in,
As if with the iron hoof of sin.

Behind the bar a seedy ruffian, with an expression half languor and weariness and half contempt for his customers, served them slowly and carelessly. The door opened, and a young fellow entered; of handsome face and good figure, but showing the effects of dissipation, and intoxicated. A year or two before there had been no likelier or more promising young ranchman in the mountains than he; no better rider, no one more active in the "round-up." When he wrote home about the grand, free, health-giving ranch life, however, he did not



"PUT UP YOUR GUN!"

give the other side of the picture; did not tell of the long hours of loneliness, the gradual lowering of outward habits and mental tone, the low company and squalid accommodations, the bad food, all combining to drive him to that ever-ready but treacherous resource, whisky. A fine fellow, indeed, had Frank Avery been; but he was now in a bad way, and, unless a friendly hand were held out to him, likely to follow, and quickly, the downward path.

He walked with unsteady step to the bar and was about to call for a dram, when one of the loungers jostled him and uttered some insulting epithet, comprehensible even to his dulled faculties and impelling him to active resentment.

"Oh! that's your little game, is it, young feller?" cried the man. "Waal, you take notice that I've got the drop on yer, an' I'm bound to hev a man for dinner to-day."

Suddenly the outer door opened and closed, and there was a heavy step on the floor. Another moment and Laramie Jack came quickly behind the speaker and gave him a fling which sent him reeling against the bar, only to find himself, when he regained his feet, facing the muzzle of a cocked six-shooter.

"Put up your gun!" said the new-comer,

in a firm voice. "We've had enough of your talk. Bound to have a man for dinner, eh? Well, you'll have him somewhere else than here. Now, you get out of this mighty quick, an' don't let me see your face again, if you know what's good for you."

The man slunk out of the room.

"Well," continued Jack, "have you dead-beats anything to say to me? No? All right." He put his hand on the young fellow's shoulder. "Come along with me," said he, and drew him away.

Later in the day, these two men sat facing each other on benches outside the door of a log cabin. At some distance was poor Comanche Charley, perfectly still, his head buried in his hands. The young man, evidently in distress of mind, listened without demur to the words of his stalwart companion.

"Now, Frank," the latter was saying, in his deep tones, "I ain't no saint, as you know mighty well, an' I ain't setting myself up to preach, or to be down on other folks when I've got plenty to answer for myself; but I swear to you that when I see what rum's doing out in these mountains, which, by good rights, is God's country, and would be but for the cusses that spoil it with their doings—I say when I see what rum's doing here, blame

me if I don't have a mind to join the Salvation Army. You know I've tried to do the square thing by you and keep you from the company of that devil's crew down on the Fork, but when I got on the train"—his voice took on its softest tone and his eyes grew tender—"an' saw that sweet little sister of yours, an' she looking at me with those big eyes, that might be an angel's, an' asking me about you, why, blame me if I did n't feel mighty bad, an' as if I had n't looked out for you worth a cent. Why, my boy, if I had a sister like that to care for me, an' she thinking I was all right, an' doing my duty like a man, an' living a good life, I'd blow my brains out before she should be mistaken in me. Say, Frank, it ain't too late. She don't know nothing an' don't suspect nothing. You must brace up right now an' never again—" He stopped and listened, with his hand to his ear, and Comanche Charley stood up straight and did the same. There was a sound of galloping hoofs. It came nearer, and in a moment a man rode around the corner of the house—a cowboy, pale as death, the veins standing out on his forehead, and his left arm hanging helpless by his side. The horse, panting and covered with foam, stopped short, and Comanche Charley sprang to catch the rider as he reeled in his seat.

"What is it, Johnny?" he asked.

The poor fellow gasped out: "Indians broke loose—big crowd—coming down on Wilson's ranch—I saw them—tried to get away and give the alarm—they shot me—" His head dropped on his breast and he fainted dead away.

Laramie Jack stood with teeth clenched, while Comanche Charley seemed transformed; his eyes burned like coals, and he strove in vain to speak. Jack put his hand on his shoulder.

"There 's just one thing to do, old pard," said he. "Rouse the boys an' get out the horses, an' let some one take care of this poor chap. Then you collect as big a party as you can, all of the right sort. I'll put out for the fort an' get the soldiers; an' you meet us where we strike the trail from there to the ranch. There 's not a minute to be lost. You know who 's down at Wilson's—you saw her."

Comanche Charley was drawing long, deep breaths; he said not a word, but made for the stable. Jack turned towards Frank with a look of hesitation. The young fellow ran to him and took both hands in his.

"Jack," said he, "take me with you. Great heavens! I *must* go. I know of what you are thinking; but, so help me God, I am a changed

man from this moment, and, if we get through this, I will be one all the rest of my life. Jack, old man, let me go."

Jack looked at him for a moment in silence. "Well," said he at last, "I allow it 's sent to you to go, an' I can't say no. We'll hurry with the horses." His face changed again, and he seemed almost frenzied.

"Get a couple of Winchesters an' six-shooters, in the house," said he, "an' I'll help do the saddling." In a few moments' time they were off, just as Comanche Charley struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped in the other direction.

The animals were splendid, and one would have said that they knew how much depended upon them, for it was indeed to be a wild gallop.

Not a word passed between the two for a while. Laramie Jack led slightly, riding straight towards a tall branchless tree on the crest of the rise up which they were racing. In the clear and rarefied air this crest seemed very near, but in reality it was far away, and the horses had begun to breathe hard when they reached it; then they saw the descent on the other side, and, standing out against the side of a hill at the extremity of the plain lying beyond this rise, the white buildings of the fort. The horses had need to be surefooted not to bring their riders and themselves to grief as they sped down the rough trail; but it was not long before they reached the plain, and as they traversed it at a furious pace Jack turned to Frank and looked at an English hunting-crop which he had mechanically picked up when leaving the ranch.

"Lend me that," said he, and in an instant he had bound his white handkerchief to the end of it and was signaling the fort. Soon there was a response from the white flag held high in air.

"Lucky I learned that signal racket," said Jack, as, still at a furious pace, he made cuts in different directions with his extemporized flag.

"That will save us nearly fifteen minutes," added he.

"Frank," he said, "God knows if I have done right in bringing you; an' if I have n't, I could n't ever look that little girl in the face." As he said the last words he almost groaned, as if in agony.

"I swear it shall be as I said," cried Frank.

On, still on, they rushed; nearer and nearer came the whitewashed buildings, with the starry flag flying over them. Suddenly they heard the report of a howitzer. Jack knew what that meant—the signal to the men herding the troop horses on the plain outside to stampede them to the fort; the intelligent

animals being trained always to run in that direction. Soon, speeding on, they saw the horses come bounding in over the buffalo-grass. Then signs of great activity were visible in the fort. Again, but a few moments, and they sprang from the panting steeds in front of the adjutant's office, on the piazza of which stood the major of the —th Cavalry, a handsome man with iron-gray hair and a scar on his cheek. His adjutant was by his side, ready for duty. All was bustle and stir—the sergeants directing the men who were busying themselves with their horses; the quarter-

"All right," replied the major in an instant. "Tell me the rest as we go along."

He turned to the adjutant, who gave the word to the trumpeter, and no music was ever sweeter than the clear notes, ringing out over the plains, of "Boots and saddles!"

Now ensued a scene of haste and seeming confusion, but with a wonderful method in it all. The saddles were on almost in the twinkling of an eye; then they could hear the men numbering off: "One, two, three, four—One, two, three, four," like the beats of a pendulum, and the battalion was in line. Some one found



"INDIANS."

master and the commissary, with their assistants, making ready the rations for transportation; the spare ammunition going on the pack-mules. All this, the moment the young man's foot touched the ground, he saw as in a dream, so keen was the excitement under which he was laboring. Thus far it had seemed as if they had lost no time; now he was seized with a frenzied haste to be off again. The commanding officer advanced with a bow.

"We made out your signals, gentlemen," said he, "and, as you see, we have not been idle. Now, where is the place?"

Laramie Jack explained hurriedly, but with great clearness, and all the time the seconds seemed minutes and the minutes hours.

Jack and Frank fresh horses, and shifted saddles. Then rang out in quick succession the orders: "Prepare to mount" (every other man led his horse to the front)—"Mount—Right forward—Right by twos—March—Trot!" and in column, the major and the adjutant with Jack and Frank in front, the company officers in their places, and with jingling of spurs and rattling of accouterments, the force debouched upon the plain.

Frank did not keep his place by Jack's side, but left him to guide the column, and fell back to a humbler position. As he did so, one of the lieutenants of the second company nodded pleasantly to him, just as he would have done had they met on Broadway; and he remem-

bered that when the young man graduated at West Point he himself had been present. A fresh, red-cheeked lad was the officer in those pleasant bygone days; now his complexion was bronzed, his figure had filled out, and he looked every inch the soldier, albeit he was dressed in a flannel shirt, and trousers distinguishable from those of the men only by the extra breadth of the stripe, and wore a large felt hat. They rode together for some time, and Frank endeavored to gain some information from him as to their probable course of action.

"I had just a word with Jack before we started," said the lieutenant. "I made his acquaintance last year up at Fort Fetterman. He told me that the ranch lies on the farther side of an isolated hill and close under it. I suppose he has suggested to the major to make the approach screened by this hill, and thus unseen, and then divide and charge on Mr. Lo. Jack understands these things well, and if he would regularly turn scout he would have plenty of employment from the army. What surprises me is the excitement he has shown about this matter. It is very unlike him, and yet he can hardly have any personal interest in it."

They were making steady progress, but the intense desire to push on faster, faster, had again taken possession of Frank. When they had ridden about half an hour, he could not help asking his friend if they were not soon going to quicken their pace.

"Never fear," said he, with a smile. "Do you see that hill ahead?"

Sure enough, it stood out clearly, as if only a few hundred yards away; yet he had not even noticed it.

"When the major thinks he is near enough," the young officer added, "be assured that he will make the pace quite as fast as you will want it."

Jack had been riding close to the commanding officer, in eager colloquy with him, accented by gesticulations. Just at this moment he drew away. The major turned, the order was given, and in a second all were in a furious gallop. Never was Frank's blood so stirred before, or his nerves at so high a tension, but he seemed to be conscious of the very slightest details of the situation. There, straight ahead, stood the square hill, lifting itself in the sunlight, and towards it, at a mad pace, but in the strictest order and perfectly aligned, went the powerful column. With every bound of the splendid horse under him his excitement increased. All he had known, read, or heard of such scenes crowded into his brain, and to the rhythmical beat of the hoofs fragments of wild cavalry songs perfectly fitted themselves. As the pace

grew even faster he found himself repeating, half aloud:

A steed, a steed of matchless speed,
A sword of metal keen;
All else to noble hearts is dross,
All else on earth is mean.
And oh! the thundering press of knights,
Which, as the war-cries swell,
Might toll from heaven an angel bright,
Or drag a fiend from hell!

A "thundering press of knights" it was indeed, although they wore no helmets and no coats of mail, and boasted not of noble rank or high descent; for not Godfrey of Bouillon himself, or Prince Rupert, ever rode straighter, or with stouter heart and more knightly purpose, than Companies C and K, —th U. S. Cavalry.

Suddenly Laramie Jack fell back to Frank's side. He was perfectly quiet, but he spoke with an air of repressed excitement, and his eyes fairly blazed. He touched Frank's arm and pointed away to the left, where they saw, in a cloud of dust, another party of horsemen bent in the same direction as themselves.

"There they are," said he, "the boys Comanche Charley has collected. Nothing the matter with him or with them, you bet. There is n't a man on the plains that knows Indians better than Comanche; and then his heart's broke along of 'em, and he's wild to have his revenge. Every one of the boys he has with him is a fighter, too, from a hundred miles back of 'way back. I know them, Frank; and now, — me, if we don't give those hell-hounds the biggest thrashing they've had in ten years."

Soon they were halted, and Comanche Charley's party was with them — the leader never taking his hungry eyes off the horizon ahead. This halt was made at the north side of the hill or detached mesa, which, it seemed, sheltered the ranch from the winds; and here a consultation was held. Then the order was given to form line, and soon the two companies were ranged side by side, with the officers in front; again a moment, and they were on the march, each taking one side of the hill, and Comanche Charley's party making a long détour, with the intention of coming in well to the rear of the Indians, who were understood to be mainly on the south side of the ranch. Frank went with the second company, and they had hardly gone a hundred yards before they heard firing. The captain took no notice of this, but kept his soldiers at the steady pace at which they had started out. As they proceeded this firing increased, and it was incessant when the captain beckoned to Jack, with whom, after he had halted the men, he rode cautiously ahead. Soon they returned, and Jack, coming to Frank, drew him to the flank of the company.

"Now you'll see some fun," said he; and then, all of a sudden, his face flushed, and he seemed to fly into a sort of frenzy. He rode quickly behind the soldiers, saying, in low, concentrated tones: "Give 'em —, boys! Remember our pards that they've killed, and the women and little children. Give 'em —, I say!" Then, growing calmer, he turned once more to Frank.

"My boy," said he earnestly, "you are going under fire. Are you all right?"

"All right," replied the young man.

"Well," said Jack, with a sigh, "shake hands, and God bless you!"

At a trot the company moved on. They cleared the hill, and there was the ranch, surrounded on three sides by a very large body of Indians. Its defenders were evidently hard pressed, but they were making a vigorous resistance, as could be seen by the flashes of the rifles fired from within the building. Frank had hardly time to glance at the scene, and just heard his friend the lieutenant say, as he looked at him with a smile, "Big thing," when the captain, drawing his revolver, turned in his saddle and in ringing tones gave the order to charge. In a second all the pent-up excitement of the men burst forth, and with the wild yell which invariably accompanies this movement they hurled themselves upon the foe.

Then ensued a scene confused beyond description, a turmoil of shots, cries, groans, and shrieks; a pandemonium never to be forgotten. Frank found himself in the thickest of it, and, striving to do his part, saw fierce hand-to-hand encounters; saw savage painted faces distorted with rage or pain; saw friend and foe go down together. Then through the smoky cloud he saw the charge of the other company; then the onset of Comanche Charley's men, with blazing revolvers and deep curses, their leader, like an avenging demon, apparently bearing a charmed life and taking deliberate aim before each deadly shot. All the time, too, he saw that Laramie Jack, fighting like a paladin, managed to keep near and watch over him even when, at last, the blood mounted to his brain and he caught the spirit of the fiercest, and, with a berserker rage, charged into the midst of the group of savages making the last stand. For, although it was a terrible contest

of the soldiers and volunteers against that body of foemen, the finest braves of the tribe,—and, thanks to the accursed Indian policy of this country, furnished by the agents and traders of the Great Father with better arms than those of the troops,—it came to an end, and there was mourning in many a wigwam for that day's work. This last stand was made by a body of young warriors, at bay and asking and giving no quarter; and the major himself led the charge on them. It was successfully achieved; the road to the house was open, and Frank made a rush for it. Although, as he passed, he had seen Jack turn deadly pale, he knew not that he was wounded; he saw Comanche Charley at his friend's side, and the thought of meeting his sister had taken possession of him. In another moment she was clinging to him, while his father held one hand and "Old Man Wilson" the other, the latter saying excitedly:

"Pluckiest little gal I ever see. Why, blame me if she did n't load for us — *load* for us, do you hear?"

"Lucy," said Frank, "come and see the man to whom you owe your rescue."

She went with him. Laramie Jack lay on the ground, Comanche Charley supporting his head, and the military surgeon kneeling by him. The soldiers stood around, sad and silent, and the major passed his hand over his eyes as he turned away. They reached the spot just as Comanche Charley caught the look in the doctor's eyes, and with a heart-broken cry bent over his friend.

"No, no, it can't be! Not for him to be took and me to stay! Speak to me, old pard; for God's sake speak to me," he cried, as the tears rolled down his bronzed cheek.

Laramie Jack opened his eyes, but even the frenzied appeal of his grief-stricken friend failed to call his soul back from the borders of the silent land. When, however, Lucy dropped, sobbing, on her knees by him, something almost like a smile came to his face, and his lips moved to whisper:

"I — told you, Miss,— I'd fetch him,— and — I've done it."

And then, gently, as if, instead of a rough frontiersman, he had been a sad-eyed saint or a Christian martyr, Laramie Jack went out of life.

A. A. Hayes.



LUCINA.

THINE are the buds within the woody spray
That reddens toward the spring and lengthening day;
Thine subtly, from the patient toiling root,
To draw sweet currents to the topmost shoot.—
Smite thou with solar shaft,
Rock on Æolian draft,
Buffet with down-poured floods,—
Feed strong thy tenderlings, the unblown buds!

Thine are the germs that when the year died down
Hid them below the year's despoiled crown;
Thine to release to them the vital store
That garnered lies at the white frostless core.—
Dislodge the cumbering mold,
Shower them with Titan's gold
In sylvan glades, in meads;
They are thy little wards, the striving seeds.

And thine the yet unplumed, unsinging hope
Of singing ones that by a sun-warm slope,
Or hollow where the brake is first unfurled,
Hover, and brood the center of a world.—
Be their mute hope thy care,
Soon on the dew-fresh air
Faint hunger-cries be heard,—
Thou quickener of the nighted, shell-bound bird!

Thine, thine all life until the birth-hour fall,
And nascent being waken at thy call:
Then fleest thou, inconstant, having won
For each the world-embathing air and sun.
Not stayed by gift or vow,—
A soft half-memory thou,
A waning aureole
From the bright mist that wrapped the stranger soul!

Thou—is it thou that to the early year
Lendest a glory fugitive and dear,
A passion to its chill, dim-colored flowers,
A restless vigil to its murmuring hours?
O chary ministrant
Of dreams revisitant
When vernal winds arise
Breathing vague cheer from other earth and skies!

As the pent leaf and song-bird wait for thee
To dart the orient beam that sets them free,
We wait some tremulous forerunning glow,
Signal of life supreamer than we know.—
In shining morn and spring,
To fields Elysian bring
And crown with being's whole,—
Thou daybreak of the worn night-traveling soul!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

III.—THE DIFFERENTIATING OF CHRISTIANITY FROM JUDAISM.



OW the ties which at the outset held Christianity and Christian believers within the pale of the Jewish religion, with no thought of breaking away from its appointed ordinances and rites, came to be completely dissolved, forms a highly interesting chapter in early Christian history. The leading agent, the man specially chosen of Providence to introduce this new stage of development, was a converted Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus. A remarkable characteristic of the revolution—or evolution, if one prefers so to call it—is the circumstance that there neither lurked in it nor ensued from it any antipathy to the Old Testament religion. It involved no discarding of the ancient Scriptures in which the revelation to the Jews was recorded. Moses and the prophets continued to be revered as divinely commissioned teachers. The Old Testament continued to be the Bible of the Christian churches. Up to the time of the composition and collection of the Apostolic writings they had no other Bible. It was read in their Sunday assemblies. The God whom Christians worshiped was the God of the patriarchs, the same who “spake . . . unto the fathers by the prophets.” The religion of the Gospel assumed no antagonistic relation to the religion of the Old Testament. Yet it came to pass that the Old Testament ritual was dropped. The title of the Jews to peculiar and exclusive privileges in the community of Christian believers was set aside. The demand that the Christian believer should come into the Church through the door of Judaism, by conforming to the rites ordained for heathen proselytes, was no longer made. Christianity was, and was perceived to be, one thing, and Judaism another; and soon there was a wide gulf between them. At the beginning we find the Disciples “continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple,” although they met, also, by themselves for social worship (Acts ii. 46, Revised Version). If they were, in a sense, to borrow a phrase now current, “church-goers,” they were likewise “temple-goers.” They were like other Jews; only they believed that the Messiah had come, and, although he had been rejected and crucified, they looked

for his second appearing in power and splendor. The daily devotions, the solemn festivals, the smoking altars of the Jewish system, were as dear and sacred to them as they had ever been. The converts were to be baptized, but baptism did not supersede the necessity of circumcision for admission into the Judaic-Christian fraternity. But pass over a few decades of years and we discover that this conformity to the old system has vanished. Numerous Christian churches are planted in which the Mosaic ceremonies are not practiced. In process of time the revolution is complete. The synagogue is no more a place of resort for Christians. Their fellowship, such as it was, with disbelieving Jews, who formed the bulk of the Jewish people, is broken off. The rupture is absolute. The opposition is mutual. The Jews pursue the Christians with bitter maledictions. The Christians are of one mind in discerning that the old ritual with its burdensome yoke of ordinances is obsolete. They no longer tolerate the observances which at first they expected all of their number to practice.

This revolution was the consequence of no injunction of Jesus. He himself kept the law in its ceremonial as well as in its moral parts, notwithstanding that he protested against the over-rigid interpretations of the Pharisaic school. He distinguished between the laws themselves and the “traditions of the elders”—the glosses and additions which the doctors had affixed to the Old Testament legislation under the pretext of expounding it, or of applying it to unforeseen cases. He denounced the pernicious casuistry which brought in now an evasion of moral duties, and now an imposition of ceremonial performances which the spirit of the law did not exact. He taught that the value of institutions consisted in their usefulness. They were not an end in themselves, but a means for attaining a good beyond them. Rules were not framed for their own sake. Even the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. While Jesus encouraged no revolt against the ritual system, while he even enjoined conformity to it according to its proper meaning, and himself set an example of such conformity, the spirit of his teaching and the work done by him undermined it. They could not fail to lead to the discontinuance of the Jewish cultus. Eventually it would

be seen to have no longer a *raison d'être*. It would come to be felt to be as needless a burden as winter garments in the mild air of summer. The time must arrive when the Jewish system would be consciously outgrown. To keep it up would then be like the attempt of an adult to wear the clothes of a child. Jesus did not decree the subversion of the Jewish cultus, that ancient fabric which had sheltered religious faith in the days of its immaturity, when the community of God was waiting for a full disclosure of his purpose of mercy and of deliverance for the race. He did not by one sudden stroke demolish that system, but he put gunpowder under it. And yet this is not an apposite simile. We should rather say that he prepared the way for the gradual, intelligent abandonment of it. There might be temporary confusion and even occasional contests; but on the whole the change was to be in a true sense natural, like the melting of the winter snows and the coming out of the leaves and blossoms under the increasing warmth of the vernal sun. Jesus taught that religion is spiritual. He showed, as the prophets before him had proclaimed, how empty is a round of observances into which the heart does not enter, and which are not accompanied by righteousness of conduct. "Mercy is better than sacrifice." He said of one that he was not far from the kingdom of God because he discerned that the love of God and man "is more than all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices." The illustrations in the Sermon on the Mount of that fulfillment of the law which he came to secure all relate to moral tempers and moral conduct. He taught the infinite worth of the soul, the impartial benevolence of God, and that love is the substance of the law. His teaching was void of sympathy with Judaic exclusiveness. That the institutions of the Gospel could not be identical with those of the old system, he taught when, in answer to the question why his disciples did not fast, he said that "new wine must not be put into old bottles." He said that not what goeth into the mouth defileth a man. This he declared, the Evangelist adds, "making all meats clean." He laid down the principle that defilement is from the heart alone, from bad feelings and motives—a principle which cut the ground from under the ritual as far as it related to meats and drinks. Jesus implied that he was conscious of an authority higher than that which prescribed the laws of the Old Testament, when he superseded the Mosaic precept concerning divorce (Matt. xix. 8, Mark x. 5); when he declared the Son of man to be "the Lord of the Sabbath" (Mark ii. 28, Luke vi. 5); when he affirmed that he and his disciples were not under an obli-

gation to pay the tax to the temple (Matt. xvii. 24-27). "In this place," he said, "is one greater than the temple." The priests, it had been understood, were absolved from the strict observance of the sabbatical law. They might on any day offer their sacrifices; they might "profane the Sabbath" without guilt. The thought was not so remote that he who was greater than the temple might supersede the temple. To the woman of Samaria he said that worship was confined to no local sanctuary (John iv. 23, 24). There were predictions of a downfall of the temple, of the letting out of the vineyard to other husbandmen (Matt. xxiv. 2, Mark xiii. 2, Luke xxi. 6, John ii. 19, Matt. xxi. 41, Mark xii. 9). Then he made everything turn on the relation of men to himself. The test of character was belief or disbelief in him. The one condition and source of communion with God was personal communion with him whom God had sent. When this last truth should be fully apprehended, what space would be left for any other priesthood or sacrifice? At the Last Supper he so connected his death with the forgiveness of sins as virtually to dispense with the need of any other offering or intercession than his own. In fine, the large and spiritual view of the nature of religion which Christ presented, together with the sufficiency which he ascribed to his own work as a reconciler, made the cultus of the Hebrews, including the national rite of circumcision, superfluous. But how should the free and catholic spirit of the Gospel come to be recognized? How should the fetters of custom, and ingrained reverence, and national self-esteem—the claim on the part of the Jews to precedence and to some kind of perpetual sway in the concerns of religion—be broken? For so great a change time was required. In matters where feeling is strongly enlisted, where lifelong prejudices are to be overcome, where usages are closely linked, from long association, with devotional sentiment, there is often between the premises and the legitimate conclusion a long road to travel.

The purport of the Gospel in the particulars to which I have referred was discerned by the Apostle Paul at an early date, and it was more clearly and vividly perceived by him than by any other. Whether Paul had in his hands written accounts of the teaching of Jesus we are not informed. For what he says of the institution of the Lord's Supper (1 Cor. xi. 23 *seq.*) he had in some way the direct authority of the Lord. He refers it to a direct revelation; for so we must interpret his language. On the contrary, what he says of the appearances of Jesus to the other Apostles after his resurrection (1 Cor. xv. 1 *seq.*) he had ascertained from

them. We cannot be mistaken in supposing that Paul was acquainted with teachings of Christ which, in his judgment, contained an implicit warrant for that broad interpretation of the Gospel and of the privilege of the Gentiles under it which he adopted; such teaching of Jesus as we have cited above from the Evangelists. In his intercourse with the other Apostles—it is important to remember that Paul spent a fortnight with Peter—he had the best opportunity to rectify any mistake, if he had fallen into any mistake, in respect to this part of the Saviour's teaching.

It has been sometimes said that Paul himself professes not to be acquainted with the facts of the ministry of Jesus. This strange statement is founded on a misunderstanding of his meaning when he says that he did not receive the Gospel from men, but "through revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. i. 12). This direct relation to Christ, who revealed himself to him and called him to be an Apostle, does not preclude the obtaining of knowledge through secondary sources. That he did not care to learn what Christ had taught and done during his earthly life is something quite incredible in a man of his active intelligence and Christian feeling.

That Paul became the leader in the work of emancipating the Church from Judaism has been sometimes attributed to the liberalizing influence of culture and learning. He was that one of the Apostles, we are reminded, whose mind had been expanded by study, and whose intellect had been invigorated and widened by a scholastic training. But on this subject of the education of the Apostle to the Gentiles there are prevalent mistakes which require to be corrected. One of them is the ascription to him of a familiarity with Greek classical writers. This idea is based partly on certain utterances of his which correspond to sayings of Greek authors. There are three of these passages. The first is in the Apostle's speech at Athens: "As certain even of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring" (Acts xvii. 28). The quotation is found in Aratus, a poet who belonged to Soli, a place near Tarsus, and it occurs, also, in that noblest example of devotional poetry that has come down to us from a heathen source, the Hymn of Cleanthes. Both Aratus and Cleanthes belonged to the Stoic sect. The second passage of this kind is an Iambic verse: "Evil company doth corrupt good manners" (1 Cor. xv. 33). This has been referred to Euripides by many, including John Milton, who remarks that "Paul thought it no defilement to insert into holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian." But the passage is traced by scholars at present to the

"Thais" of Menander. The third of the passages traceable to heathen sources is the unflattering description given of the Cretans (Titus i. 12): "Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons." The words form a hexameter and are from Epimenides, a Cretan poet, whom Plato styled a "divine man," and whom Paul does not scruple to call a "prophet"—recognizing in him, as regards this particular saying at least, a remarkable divination or foresight. But probably all these passages were proverbial sayings, and as such were caught up by the Apostle from the conversation of the day. According to the correct reading of the passage from Menander, Paul deviates from the metrical form; which indicates that, unless he did not know what the original was, he preferred to give it in the shape in which it passed current as a proverb. There is really nothing either in the style of Paul's writings, or in their contents, to show that he was versed in the Greek classical authors. As to his style, it is unlettered Greek. It is not likely that a man of his high intellectual qualities could have read an author like Plato without distinct traces of the fact being evident both in his language and in his thoughts. On a mind of an inferior order a feeble impression might have been left by the masters of Greek philosophy, poetry, and eloquence, but not on a mind like that of Paul, in case he had been conversant with them. He was born, to be sure, in a city where Greek was familiarly spoken—although the inscriptions discovered recently in that region do not indicate that the Greek in use there was of a choice character. Tarsus was a seat of Stoic philosophy. It must be remembered, however, that Paul was the son of a Pharisee, that he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and was no doubt brought up after the strict method of Pharisaic training. Such a father as he had would not have put pagan authors into his boy's hands. He had for his teacher at Jerusalem the rabbi Gamaliel. The advice which, according to Luke, was given by this noted rabbi to his fellow-members of the Sanhedrim reveals a certain moderation and sagacity. He dissuaded them from using force against the Apostles, for the reason that, if their cause was right it could not be put down, and the attempt to put it down would be impious; while, if their cause was wrong, it would come to nothing all the sooner for being let alone. His appeal to the instances of Theudas and Judas of Galilee, fanatics who raised a disturbance which lasted but a little while, would seem to indicate that he anticipated a like failure for the new enterprise which the Apostles were trying to promote. Whether Gamaliel was simply politic, or had some genuine tolerance in his temper,

may be a question. This we know very well, that his ardent pupil did not share in any sentiment of this kind. He was an approving spectator of the killing of Stephen. He plunged into the work of a heresy-hunter and inquisitor. He seized on the disciples of Jesus and shut them up in prison. He tried in the synagogues to force them to recant. He chased them from one place to another; for he was "exceedingly mad against them" (Acts xxvi. 11). It is certain, therefore, that Paul had not imbibed any lenient sentiment towards dissentients from the standards of orthodoxy; and it would be irrational to credit him with feelings of this kind towards the heathen. His education was rabbinical; and traces of its peculiar character crop out occasionally in his way of arguing and of illustrating truth, even after he had been lifted into the higher atmosphere of the apostolic calling.

Nevertheless, there exist in the writings of Paul striking coincidences with Stoic philosophic teaching. The correspondences between New Testament passages and Stoic maxims and precepts is a fact that calls for explanation. It is more marked in relation to Seneca, the Roman Stoic, the preceptor of Nero, than in regard to any other of the philosophers of the Porch. The similarity in his case extends to numerous sayings of Jesus as well as to other portions of the New Testament. The theory was broached by several of the ancient fathers that Seneca was a Christian convert. There appeared a forged correspondence between him and the Apostle Paul. From the time of Jerome, it was taken for granted that Seneca had been won over by the Apostle to the Christian faith. There is nothing to disprove the supposition that Seneca may have gathered up, perhaps from slaves of his household, fragments of the teaching of Christ and of Paul. Yet it has been observed that some of the most striking parallels are with the Epistle to the Hebrews, and this Epistle was written after Seneca's death. The whole basis of Seneca's philosophical view is utterly at variance with the Christian system. This circumstance is fatal to the hypothesis that he was connected with Paul, as the legend represented.

But how shall we account for the Stoic phraseology which is undeniably found in Paul's speeches and writings? The Stoic ideal of the sage painted him as lacking nothing, as the possessor of all things, as alone free, as alone happy, as alone rich, as the true wise man, the true priest, the true king. In similar terms the Apostle delineates the Christian believer. We seem to be hearing echoes of Stoic sayings. The Stoic system was cosmopolitan in its character. The kinship of mankind, that the Stoic is a citizen of the

world, a denizen of all lands, are frequent affirmations of Seneca, of Epictetus, and of the imperial philosopher, Marcus Aurelius. This universality of fellowship the Apostle affirms of the Christian believer. In it the boundaries of race and nationality are effaced. Such ideas in Paul are presented in an original, entirely different setting. There is a groundwork for them in Christ and his kingdom, which was wanting to the Stoic, with whom these lofty distinctions could have but little more than a negative import and value. However, the verbal resemblance remains. This is best accounted for by the intercourse into which the Apostle was brought with Stoics, both at Tarsus, where he dwelt for a considerable time after his conversion, and in other cities which he visited. At Athens, as we are told, he disputed with Stoics and Epicureans. These were the popular philosophical sects at that time. With the Epicurean tenets he could find few points of contact. But in the ethical ideas and maxims of the Stoics, although they rested on no basis of fundamental truth that was satisfactory, and although the Stoic ideal, for this reason, could not be realized, the Apostle discerned features which he, from his higher point of view, could appropriate. He could take them up and infuse into them both a significance and a worth which they had not before possessed. The relation of Paul to certain Stoic terms and phrases was somewhat like that of the Apostle John to the term *Logos*, or Word, and possibly to some other phrases in his writings. Terms in current use in the discussions of the day John could take up and transfigure, as it were, so that they became a fit vehicle for expressing the higher truth which was derived, not from any philosophical source, but from revelation and from the direct impression made by Jesus upon the susceptible spirit of his disciple.

The reason, certainly the main reason, for the exceptional liberality of Paul, or his complete emancipation from Judaic prejudice, is not to be found either in his learning, or in his marked perspicacity. His mind was no doubt disciplined and made capable, above most others, of looking into a question to its very core. He had no need of an acquaintance with Aristotle in order to grasp a doctrine in its logical relations, and to carry it out to the legitimate inferences. And he had a superiority in knowledge—not merely in that sort of knowledge which an eager scholar of the rabbis would of course acquire. He had a store of knowledge, constantly increasing, drawn from observation and from contact with adherents of differing schools of opinion in the places where he sojourned. But the secret of his catholicity, as we have

seen, is not to be found either in his talents or in his culture. To discover that secret we must turn to the history of his conversion. Great as the transformation was at that crisis, yet in important respects he was the same man after as before. If we look at him first on the day when he was on the road to Damascus, armed with credentials from the high priest, and then look at him again when he was on one of his great missionary journeys, we behold the same energy, the same aggressive, conquering force. He was a crusader from first to last. No revolution of motive and of moral temper could be greater. He had become humane, loving, willing to give up his life, and even his own salvation, for the sake of the Jewish countrymen who detested him as an apostate. And the end in view—how different! Then he was bent on exterminating the class whom now he regards with an almost motherly tenderness. Then it was to extirpate a faith which now he cherishes, and for which he is ready to be offered up! Nevertheless, the natural qualities of the man, the qualities that made him a leader and, when consecrated to the service of the Gospel, a Christian hero, were his in the first as well as the last of the eras into which his life was divided, and between which seemingly a great gulf was fixed. There is one other element of resemblance, or thread of continuity, of more consequence still. His ideal from the beginning to the end of his career was righteousness. To stand right before God, acquitted, with no accusation lying against him at the bar of the Judge and in the forum of conscience, was always to his mind the one inestimable good. He attached the same value to it after his conversion as before, the same before as after. As to what is involved in being righteous, and how righteousness can be attained, these were points on which there was a world-wide difference between the earlier and the later conception. But the aim in its generic character was unaltered.

In the attempt to explain the conversion of Paul in such a way as to eliminate the miraculous elements in the event, a naturalistic solution has been suggested. The persecutor, it is said, was probably haunted with misgivings in reference to the course that he was pursuing. He had heard of the moral excellence of Jesus; perhaps he had seen him. He had been touched by the forgiving, heavenly spirit of the dying Stephen. The meek demeanor of the harassed disciples was not without its influence. In short, there was a conflict arising in his mind; there was inward anxiety, amounting to self-reproach. Here, it is urged, was a state of feeling which might give rise to hallucination—to the imaginary vision of Jesus. The

trouble with this theory is that not only is there no evidence that Paul felt any such disquiet respecting the rectitude of the errand on which he was bent, but there is decisive evidence that he did not. The phrase "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks" means nothing more nor less than that he was engaged in a futile enterprise. It has no reference to any feeling of compunction. He was like an animal kicking against the goad. That is to say, his undertaking against the Christian faith was a hopeless one. But he says: "I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth" (Acts xxvi. 9); "I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief" (1 Tim. i. 13). There was no insincerity, no inward halting, no doubt as to whether Jesus might not after all be the Messiah. There was no psychological state of the kind which would pave the way for an illusive vision of Jesus. In epistles the genuineness of which is beyond dispute, the Apostle attributes his conversion exclusively to the grace of God and an act of revelation (Gal. i. 12, 16). "While," writes Weiss, "he constantly accuses himself of persecuting the Church, as being the greatest sin of his life, he never intimates that he struggled long against better knowledge and conscience, in opposition to the testimony of the truth." He never ascribes the revolution in his convictions, which was accomplished at a single stroke, to proofs appealing to his understanding, but always to facts accepted in faith, "on the believing acceptance of which his peace of soul and his eternal salvation depend." Hence if it was a vision that produced the change, it was a real vision, and no product of illusion. It was a vision that convinced him not only that Christ continued to live, but that he had risen in bodily form; so that, if this was an error, "it was God himself, by causing this vision, who led him into the error." This perception of Christ, while he was on the way to Damascus, stands apart from other visions, of which he did not care to speak. On it he rested as the guaranty of his apostolic office (1 Cor. ix. 1). There was included in it not only his commission to be an Apostle, but more specifically, to be an Apostle to the heathen.

The sight of Jesus in the glorified state swept away the "stumbling-block" which was contained in the idea of a crucified Messiah, and served to demonstrate the fact of his resurrection. But into the conversion of Paul there entered something more than the giving up of disbelief in the divine mission of Jesus. That, in itself considered, might not have carried with it any great spiritual change. In the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans the veil is drawn aside, and we have

glimpses of the course of his inner life. Without doubt he speaks of his own personal experience, although he speaks as in this matter consciously the representative of human nature. He shows how the attempt to get inward peace by the method of law had collapsed. The seeking for righteousness on this path had brought him to utter despair, to a sense of helplessness. At the outset, as we may suppose,—in his younger days,—he was "alive." His natural feelings and desires were in full activity, with no painful consciousness of wrong. But "the law came." There came a time when the holy ideal of duty to God and man rose before him in the rigor of its perfection. Then he "died." His peace of mind was gone. The conflict between the desires on the one side and the restraints of law on the other produced a schism in the soul. A distressing battle raged within, in which the better nature was felt to be powerless, felt to be a slave panting for liberty, but struggling in vain to free itself. To what extent this feeling of condemnation and of bondage was experienced by him when he was on the way to Damascus—whether this consciousness of guilt and of weakness was not greatly intensified in the days that immediately followed—he does not tell us, and we have no means of knowing. But this moral conflict it was that prepared him to welcome the gospel of deliverance. There was a better way to attain to righteousness; namely, a free pardon from God, and a new life in the spirit, a heart-fellowship, a grateful feeling, a filial relation which made obedience easy. He learned by experience that a legal system had in it no life-giving power. It could only condemn. It could only make one aware of his need of help from some other quarter. When it had done this work it had fulfilled its office, and was superseded by those forces of spiritual aid and healing which are contained in the gospel of grace.

Now what must be the effect of this experience on Paul's view of the Old Testament legal system, including the ceremonial features? He could look on that system only as something preparatory and provisional. It was like the ancient pedagogue, whose business it was to lead boys to school and leave them there. Law and grace, the old dispensation and the new, appeared to him in the sharpest contrast. In his philosophy of religion, ceremonial prescriptions, as means of salvation, were "beggarly elements"; that is, rudiments which had had their day. The other Apostles, the original Disciples, had not passed through a like spiritual crisis. They had been led on, step by step, in the company of Jesus, into a full sympathy with him and trust in him as a Saviour. They knew that, believing in him, and follow-

ing him with a loyal spirit, they were forgiven and saved. In common with Paul they held with one accord that reconciliation was through Christ, and that the humility of the publican in the parable was the temper of mind alone becoming a sinful man. The gradualness of their religious progress, the absence of a momentary, decisive turning-point, prevented them from seeing at once, and from seeing so distinctly, that relation of the new to the old, of gospel to law, which Paul's experience made as clear to him as sunlight. Their minds were open; they were ready to be guided by the Spirit, and they were thus guided; but, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, it was Paul who led the way.

What effect on his mind had these new perceptions, the outcome of a living experience? They could have no other effect than to level the barriers of race and nationality. Where were now the privileges on which the Jew plumed himself? Sin was a characteristic equally of Jew and Gentile. The same divine law which through Moses and the prophets had been revealed to the Jew had been written on the heart of the Gentile. Both rested under the same condemnation. It was not on the Gentiles exclusively, it was on "the world," that the burden of guilt rested. And what could circumcision, lustrations, the sacrifice of animals, do to deliver any from the double yoke of self-accusation and evil habit? There was only one means of deliverance, one remedy for heathen and Hebrew alike. It was the Christ and faith in him. Moreover, Paul had seen the Christ on a heavenly throne. His kingdom was evidently not a temporal one having its seat in the city of David. Even when he should come again, the kingdom was not to have this earthly character. The Apostle no more knew Christ "after the flesh," as belonging to one nation and leading here among them a human life. He says, "Our citizenship is in heaven" (Phil. iii. 20). There Christ is, and there, for this reason, is the center of our polity. There is the seat of authority in the commonwealth in which we are citizens. When the Lord comes, the "body of our humiliation"—the mortal body, borne down by persecution, privation, suffering—is to be assimilated to his glorified body, to that heavenly mode of being that belongs to him. Paul's conception of the kingdom is changed. His idea of it is wholly different from that of those who had not shaken off the associations of a political theocracy, with Jerusalem for its capital and with the temple on Mount Zion for the place of resort for all nations. When we consider the birth, and education, and earlier characteristics of this Pharisee, this inquisitor, thirsting for the blood of heretics, how astonishing is

the declaration, "There is no distinction between Jew and Greek" (Rom. x. 12)! Few more remarkable utterances ever fell from human lips. Yet the reason which is connected with it explains all: "For the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him." There was but one Lord, and there was not less mercy in his heart for the heathen than for the Hebrew. In a religion that is spiritual, where there is but one Lord, and salvation is a free gift from him, there "cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all."

We pause for a moment to point out a profoundly interesting parallel between Paul's conception of the death of Christ as bringing Jew and Gentile together, and certain most instructive and pathetic words of Jesus. At the last Passover, we read in John's Gospel, certain "Greeks,"—who were not Jews, but heathen, probably proselytes of the gate,—who had come up to the festival to worship, came to Philip, one of the twelve, and expressed their wish to see Jesus (John xii. 20, *seq.*). Philip reported this to Andrew, and then both carried the request to the Master. It is one of those circumstantial accounts which in its manner, not to speak of its contents, shows the truthfulness of the Gospel narrative. When the two Disciples delivered their message, Jesus exclaimed: "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." The visit of the Greeks, heathen, proselytes of the gate, and their request, was a suggestion to Jesus that the time had come for him to die, and thus to open the door for the wide extension and growth of his kingdom beyond the limits of Judaism. That very idea of the significance of his death is intimated which is clearly brought out by the Apostle Paul.

THE first sign of a disposition to break through the wall that fenced off the Gentiles appears in the liberality of tone which was manifested by Stephen. It drew on him the charge of having threatened with destruction the whole Mosaic system of worship. His death dispersed the Church and sent abroad many to engage in missionary work. Philip, one of the deacons, preached with success in Samaria, and the Samaritan converts were recognized by the Apostles. The Samaritans, however, were among the circumcised. But the Ethiopian chamberlain, the eunuch, was only a proselyte of the gate, if he was even that. It required supernatural communications to Peter

to induce him to receive the Roman centurion Cornelius, and others with him, as disciples, and to sit at the same table with them. But Peter, when he returned to Jerusalem, was taken to task for his proceeding. When he told his tale the accusers were quieted, and there was joy over this accession of Gentile believers. The illiberal spirit was quelled, but only for a time. It was not at Jerusalem, but at Antioch that the catholic interpretation of the Gospel first gained a foothold. There some of the dispersed disciples, Hellenists, or foreign Jewish converts, preached the new faith to the heathen. There in that great city, which was one of the three principal cities of the Roman Empire, Rome and Alexandria being the other two, the message of the Gospel met with a quick response in heathen souls that found in it satisfaction for their spiritual hunger. Barnabas, himself a foreign-born Jew, a native of Cyprus, was sent by the Jerusalem church to look after this new movement.

For a number of years after Paul's conversion he is almost lost to our knowledge. There was a sojourn in Arabia; and then, after the lapse of three years, a return to Damascus. From there he was soon obliged to flee. Then followed a visit to Jerusalem to see Peter, with whom he spent fourteen days. After this visit he went into "the regions of Syria and Cilicia." The churches in Judea had not met him, but had only heard that he who had been a violent enemy of their cause had now become a preacher of the faith which he had persecuted. Later, he is found at Tarsus, and thence he is brought by Barnabas, who needed his help, to Antioch. They "taught much people" there, and there the disciples were first called "Christians." There is a coincidence between the ceasing to be a Jewish sect and the acquisition of the new name by which believers in Jesus were thenceforward to be designated. Up to this time they had been called "Nazarenes," "Galileans," or "Ebionites." Paul and Barnabas, according to Luke, were sent upon the occasion of a famine in Judea with contributions to the Jewish Christians there; but as Paul makes no allusion to his being there on this errand, it is probable that by some accident he was hindered from accomplishing it.

So vigorous was the Antioch church that it sent missionaries into Asia Minor. On the return to Antioch of Paul and Barnabas from their missionary journey, they found the church in a ferment. Men from Judea had arrived and had raised a disturbance by warning the disciples that they must conform to the Jewish law and be circumcised, or give up the hope of salvation. There was discussion and debate between Paul and his companion on one side and the Judean visitors on the other.

Finally it was resolved that the two Antioch leaders should depart at the head of a deputation to confer with the Jerusalem church on this all-important subject of dispute. In that church there had been an addition of members from the Pharisaic sect who were opposed to conceding liberty to the Gentile converts in this controverted matter. The rapid growth of the Antioch church, the multiplying of heathen converts, might naturally awaken anxiety and give rise to misgivings among many who had given way under the peculiar circumstances in the case of Cornelius. It was not now a question about a few individuals. Here was an organized church, on the basis of absolute freedom from "the law," and engaged in a successful work of propagandism. What was to become of the distinctive privilege of the Jew? Was the new kingdom to abolish the old cultus? Was it to be composed largely, and perhaps predominantly, of uncircumcised heathen? The turn of events brought up afresh a question of vital moment. Paul, on his side, had a full sense of the importance of the crisis. He resolved to meet it in the frankest and most direct manner. He would go to Jerusalem and meet the Apostles and the church there, face to face. He went up, he tells us, by "revelation" — by divine sanction; but he went, as Luke states, with the sanction of the Antioch church and as their commissioner. Fourteen years had elapsed since his visit to Peter; seventeen years had passed since his conversion.

We are brought to the memorable occurrences of which we have accounts in the fifteenth chapter of Acts and the second chapter of Galatians. At Jerusalem the demand was made of Paul that Titus, a Greek convert who accompanied him, should be circumcised. Here was a practical test that would decide the point in dispute. This demand the Apostle met with a resolute denial. That there was a pressure upon him which it was not an easy thing to withstand is evident from his language. At that supreme moment he did not flinch. The intense agitation which the recollection of the crisis stirred within him is betrayed in his language. It causes him in referring to it, as Lightfoot remarks, to make shipwreck of grammar. We can well believe that his voice trembled as he dictated the passage to his amanuensis. Did the other Apostles join in this request, so repugnant to his views and feelings? We are not justified by anything that he says in inferring that they did. Yet it would appear that Paul was left to stand alone, with no outspoken sympathy from any quarter. It is not improbable that even the Apostles, at that moment, under the circumstances, recommended him to yield, and to make the required concession. But he felt that the principle was at stake.

The very meaning of the Gospel, the breadth of its grace, the liberty of the Gentile, hung on a pivot. The Apostle took a stand like that which Luther took at Worms; but with a difference. But for Paul, there would have been no Luther; unless, indeed, it should have pleased God to raise up, in the room of Paul, another equally clear-sighted expositor of the truth and intrepid leader in the Church. There was another difference. There were numerous friends at Worms to sympathize with Luther's position. Paul was alone.

Paul and Barnabas took the precaution to have a private conference with the leading persons in the Jerusalem church before they should meet its members as a body. Paul laid before the select company the substance of his preaching, the Gospel as he understood it, in order that his career as a missionary might not be interfered with by a division among the Apostles themselves, and an opposition to him, the fruit of misconception. The other Apostles were told not only what Paul and Barnabas had preached, but also the result of their preaching — how that among the heathen Paul had been as successful as Peter had been among the Jews. No further persuasion was needful. Peter, James, and John had nothing to add to Paul's teaching by way of correction or amendment. On the contrary, they extended to the Antioch leaders the right hand of fellowship, with the understanding that their work was to be among the heathen, while their own work should continue to be among the circumcised. There was a cordial fellowship, as was implied in the engagement of Paul to collect alms from the Gentile converts for the poor disciples of the mother church. The danger of a rupture was now over. It was settled that the heathen were not to be driven to become Jews in order to be Christians. But it remained for the apostle of liberty to meet the Jerusalem church as a body. Our knowledge of this public gathering we owe to Luke. At the meeting the recruits from the Pharisaic sect renewed their demand. Peter opposed it in a characteristic address wherein he referred to what had occurred in relation to Cornelius. James spoke the final word, quoting, as he naturally would, passages from the prophets. He gave his voice in behalf of catholicity, but recommended that the heathen converts should be enjoined to abstain from certain practices which were especially obnoxious to men of Jewish birth, who had been trained to observe the laws of Moses and were to continue to do so. These articles of peace clashed with no principle which Paul valued. They included nothing that could fairly be called a modification of his teaching. They probably put in a definite form what was already a custom of the Gentile converts. They

are based on the injunctions, imposed alike on Israelites and strangers among them, which are set forth in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Leviticus, and included the usages which were practiced by proselytes of the gate. The agreement of the Jerusalem conference, therefore, was not a compromise or concession to Jewish prejudices. It served to keep the peace among the disciples in Syria and Cilicia, to whom it was addressed. At a later day, when Gentile churches were independently established and in remoter places, the Apostle does not feel himself bound to refer to this pastoral letter of the Jerusalem conference. In writing to the Corinthians he considers the question of "meat offered to idols" on its own merits; just as he calls for gifts of money for the Jerusalem Christians without referring to the stipulation that he should make a collection for their benefit. Yet he teaches nothing at variance with the essential purport of the instructions given to the Gentile converts. We may be sure that James would have been content with nothing less than these "necessary things," and that Paul would not have consented to go farther in the path of concession. To the fact of their harmony and satisfaction with one another Paul himself testifies. That he did not go to the extreme attributed to him by Baur and his fellow-critics is clear enough from his express recognition of the "gospel of the circumcision" as having been committed to Peter, and of the divine blessing which had been accorded to Peter in his work (Gal. ii. 8).

Ecclesiastical settlements were not then more certain to be final than in later times. It was understood on all hands that the Gentiles were to be left unmolested. But it was expected that Jewish Christians, whoever they were, would continue to conform to the old observances. To this Paul felt no objection. What he refused to do was to impose an obligation of this sort on the heathen; he would not allow it a place among the terms of salvation. If in the consultation of the Apostles at Jerusalem his own work had been approved by Peter, he in turn had approved Peter's work as the Apostle of "the circumcision." It was enough for him that the legal observances were not made the foundation of the disciples' hope in Christ. As regards outward things, he was no revolutionist. He let the Jewish national usages remain as they were. He willingly conformed to them himself. Not needlessly to offend Jews, he caused Timothy, whose mother was a Jew, to be circumcised. But still there were points which the Jerusalem conference left undetermined. So the controversy was reopened at Antioch in relation to one of these unsettled points. The Jewish and heathen converts there mingled together freely

and sat down at a common table. Peter, as well as Paul and Barnabas, had no scruples of conscience respecting this kind of free intercourse. But at length certain persons came from James. We are sure that they were persons of influence; for when they objected to this liberality on the part of Jewish Christians, not only Barnabas, but even Peter, deferred to them, and "drew back and separated" themselves. The rest of the Jewish Christians followed them. Here there was suddenly drawn a new line of division between the two classes of Christians. Once more Paul had to stand by himself. He sharply and publicly rebuked Peter for timidity and unfaithfulness to principle. He, a Jew, had been living as a Gentile himself, and now he was trying, so far as his example went, to bring the Gentiles to live as if they were Jews. The authors of this trouble came from James. It is not safe to conclude that they came expressly on this errand. Yet it may be that the liberal course taken by Peter was the occasion of their mission. It is, on the whole, probable that their view of the subject was one in which James participated. He had given to Paul and Barnabas, in all sincerity, the right hand of fellowship. It does not follow that he expected the old restrictions as to eating with the Gentiles, and their social relations in general, to be swept away. It is likely that he did not interpret the Jerusalem arrangement in so broad a way as Paul construed it. A church made up, as at Antioch, of Gentiles and Jews together, presented a case which in the conference had not been definitely considered. The tradition about James as it was given by Hegesippus, the Jewish Christian historian, in the middle of the second century, represents him as an ascetic, observing the Nazarite rule, strict in all his ways, frequently resorting alone to the temple, "praying for the forgiveness of the people until his knees grew hard and thin." We see him, on the occasion of Paul's last visit to Jerusalem, receiving the Apostle to the Gentiles with fraternal cordiality, to be sure; yet advising him to make a further manifestation of his respect for the ritual by taking on himself a vow, which involved the shaving of the head. The motive of James's counsel is thus explained in his own language: "That . . . all may know . . . that thou thyself also walkest orderly, and keepest the law" (Acts xxi. 24). The occurrence shows how strenuous James was for the keeping up of the Mosaic ceremonies by the Jewish Christians, and how anxious he was that Paul should do something to efface a prevailing impression that he had tried to induce Jews to discard them.

The spirit of James is clearly disclosed in the Epistle which bears his name. It was in-

cluded in the ancient Syriac canon, and as it was addressed to Jewish Christians outside of Palestine, it was not improbably intended to be read primarily by Syrian disciples. The law, in the spiritual import given to it by Jesus, is prominent in the writer's esteem. We observe in the Epistle not a few echoes of the teaching of Christ. The practical tone, averse to all theory and theologic disputation, is obvious. Its doctrine is not contradictory to that of Paul, but moves in a different line. As Jesus had taught, it is said that men are to be judged by their works. There is a verbal contrast with sayings of Paul; for example, in the definite assertion that Abraham was justified by works. Whether or not we are to conclude that the author had in mind a current use and misuse of Pauline phraseology, depends on the date to which James's Epistle is to be assigned. Some would place it too early to admit of any reference to Pauline theology. There is much in the peculiarities of the Epistle—as in the application of the name “synagogue” to the meeting-place of Christians—to favor the supposition of a very early date. Could it be shown that it was written by James at a later point of time, the opinion that it refers to Pauline language would be more probable.

What was the immediate outcome of the renewed controversy at Antioch, the Apostle in his letter to the Galatians does not inform us. Taken up with his theme—salvation by faith alone—he drops the consideration of personal matters. About seven years after the Apostolic conference at Jerusalem and the subsequent rebuke of Peter, we find Paul writing an epistle to the Christians at Rome. During this interval he had been pursued with animosity by the Judaizing faction, of whose malignity he repeatedly complains. Nowhere does he imply that the other Apostles are in sympathy with these enemies of himself and of the Gospel. On the contrary, his references to the other Apostles imply the opposite. Yet the reports which the Judaizers set afloat concerning him, to which a reference has just been made, might easily excite a certain degree of alarm and uneasiness even among the Apostolic leaders who had extended to him the right hand of fellowship. We must bear in mind that the disturbance at Antioch had followed. Whether the separation of Paul from Barnabas, the immediate occasion of which had reference to Mark, had any connection with that incident, we are not informed. At all events, when Paul writes to the Romans, he is looking forward to another visit to Jerusalem, not without some anxiety about the reception that will be accorded to him. He asks for the prayers of the Roman brethren not only that he may be delivered

from the hostility of the unbelieving Jews in that city, but also that his “ministration” might be acceptable to the “saints” there. There was some apprehension in his mind lest the collection which he had been making for the poor in the Jerusalem church might be unwelcome (Rom. xv. 31), gathered as it was from churches composed of heathen converts, and while the accusation of being hostile to the observance of the Mosaic rites by anybody was circulated against him. His kind and fraternal reception by James and his associates dispelled this apprehension. The mob of Jews that assailed him, notwithstanding the precautions taken to appease their wrath, showed the hatred which had been accumulating against him in the course of the missionary campaigns in which he had spent the later eventful years.

The Apostle now passed into the custody of Roman officers. At the end of about two years he was conveyed to Rome. After the lapse of another equal interval, he appears to have been set free for a time. Once more a captive, it was in the closing part of Nero's reign, the period of the tyrant's unbridled cruelty, and in the year 66 or 67, that he fell under the sword of the executioner. If the name of James is not an interpolation in a passage of Josephus, James perished in the interval between the death of the procurator Festus and the arrival of his successor, or in the year 62. As to the main fact that James was stoned to death, the traditions agree. It is evident that the animosity of the Jews even against the most conservative—if the term may be allowed—of the followers of Jesus was growing fierce. The lines between the adherents of orthodox Judaism and the believers in the Nazarene were more and more sharply drawn. At length, in the year 66, the great insurrection against Rome burst out. In the blaze of the popular fanaticism there was no safety for Christians within the walls of Jerusalem. The church there was broken up. When the epoch of the mortal struggle of Judaism with Roman power was fast approaching, the Jewish Christians must necessarily find that the middle position which, in a certain sense, they had held, was no longer tenable. There were circumstances which might tempt them to give up their faith in Jesus, and to find their comfort exclusively in the old system in which they had been bred and whose ceremonies they still observed. They had hoped for the conversion of their countrymen, but that hope grew more and more faint. They had hoped for the reappearance of the ascended Messiah, but where was the promise of his coming? Patriotic instincts might naturally awake to a new life, and sympathy with the national enthusiasm impelling to a revolt against

foreign domination, might find a lodgment even in Christian hearts. There stands in the canon an Epistle to the Hebrews, concerning the authorship of which opinion has been divided from ancient times. At the present day there are few scholars who attribute it to Paul. Some, with Luther, ascribe it to Apollos; others to Luke, or to Barnabas. Whoever the writer was, it is certain that it was addressed to Jewish Christians. The purpose of the author, moreover, is clear. He sees a danger and he is striving to ward it off. He seeks to deter Jewish believers from lapsing from their faith and returning to Judaism. He is anxious to show them that they have in the Gospel a treasure infinitely more precious than anything offered them in the old ritual, and that the ordinances and ceremonies of the ancient Covenant are but types of blessed and enduring realities brought to them through Christ. To go back to the old sacrificial system is to give up the substance for the shadow.

If there was a retrograde movement, a reactionary tendency in some minds at this critical era, when the fate of the Jewish state and the Jewish religion hung in the balance, the same circumstances would engender in another class an opposite feeling. They would cling to the Christian faith with redoubled ardor and firmness. The tie that still held them to the old ceremonies would be loosened. The rejection of the Messiah by the Jewish people, and the persistent rejection of him, with the attendant fact of the astonishing spread of the new faith among the Gentiles, must have tended to open the eyes of many to a more just and liberal interpretation of the purpose of God. A fatal blow was dealt at Jewish Christianity by Divine Providence — the same Providence which had been the teacher from the beginning, removing, step by step, prejudice and misconception. No doubt there were those with whom the legions of Titus were more effective than persuasion and argument. The "logic of events" could not be disputed. Many Jewish Christians must have seen in the ruins of the Temple a sign of the passing away of the ancient system of worship. When the Jewish rites were wholly forbidden in Jerusalem, and it was converted by Hadrian into a heathen city (A. D. 135), the lesson was taught afresh with an irresistible emphasis.

It was probably about the time of the beginning of the Jewish war, and after the death of the Apostle Paul, that there was a migration of a number of Jewish Christians to Asia Minor. Among them were the two Apostles Andrew and Philip, and among them also was the Apostle John. John took up his abode at Ephesus. Traditions of his life and teaching and traces of his influence remained in all that region. There, in his serene old age, he wrote his Gospel and Epistles. From one of his pupils, the martyr Polycarp, Irenæus in his youth heard personal reminiscences of the Beloved Disciple. It is the same Apostle who, long before, had given to the Apostle to the Gentiles "the right hand of fellowship." After all these years, after the providential occurrences which had swept away the hope of the conversion of the Jews as a body, it would be strange indeed if no further advance had been made in catholicity of perception. The sayings of Jesus, which indicate the spiritual and universal nature of the Gospel, are present in John's recollection. He remembered that Jesus had said that the worship of the Father was not to be confined to Mount Gerizim or to Jerusalem. Christianity was now set free from Judaism, and in the second century Judaic Christianity survived only in sects beyond the borders of the Church.

To revert for a moment to the causes which brought on this result, the historical events to which reference has been made have an important place. The subjugation of the Jews by Hadrian and the exclusion of their worship from the Holy City were of especial consequence. An essential condition on which the result depended was the multiplying of churches made up of Gentile converts. The rapid spread of the Gospel in the Gentile world and the comparative fewness of its Jewish adherents excited surprise even in the lifetime of Paul. It was to him a mysterious fact, a fact that called for explanation. It had a great influence in molding the institutions of the Gospel. But underlying all these agencies was the leavening influence of the teaching of Jesus. The catholic elements of that teaching produced their legitimate effect. They were the warrant for the doctrine of the Apostle Paul. It was Jesus and the teaching of Jesus that liberated Christianity from the entanglements of Judaism.

George P. Fisher.

TO YOUTH.

TOUCH love with prayer.
It is a holy thing;
No dove with snowier wing
Fanned Eden air.

To mortal care
Heaven's whitest angel, Truth,
Intrusted it. O Youth,
Touch love with prayer!

Orelia Key Bell.

THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.

XIV.

WHAT GRISCOM BROTHERS GOT OUT OF A
PUMPKIN PIE.



BY the bright light of the fire I took a good look at Griscom Brothers. He appeared to be about fifty years old, with a merry countenance, small eyes, grizzly side-whiskers, and below his white paper cap a little curly grizzly hair. It was plain that he liked to talk, and that he was well satisfied with his present position.

"Now," said he, looking from side to side, "I know who you all are. You are the people from the schooner out here in the bay; and as I've told you who I am, we may call ourselves ac-

quainted, and I'll go on and tell about the ghost business without asking any questions of you; at least not now.

"I've often noticed," said he, giving himself a little twist in his chair, "that when a man sits down, fair and square, to tell a story, it happens time and again that the story don't step up to the mark as lively as it ought to; and when it does show itself, it is n't as much of a story as it was expected to be. I should n't wonder if my story should be that way; but I'll take it by the nape of the neck and bring it right in, and let you folks see all there is of it.

"It was about twelve year ago, when my brother died and my family got to be only me, that I found I did n't get sleep enough. You see that being a baker I am obliged to go to my work very early in the morning, mostly about three o'clock, and that if I don't get a good sleep in the first part of the night, it will tell on me. You know that sort of thing will tell on people. Now the room I slept in after my family became so small was Mrs. Springer's second floor back, and every Tuesday night the Dorcas Society used to meet there, and them women kept up such a chattering from before dark to nobody knows how late at night, that I might as well try to make

good bread of brick clay as to sleep; meaning no offense, of course,"—turning from one to the other of the ladies,—“if either of you belongs to a Dorcas Society.”

"Which I do not," said Doris; "and if I did I would n't mind."

"Now, you see," continued Griscom Brothers, "when a man loses his night's sleep on one night in the week, he is very like to get into the habit of losing it; that's what I did, and could n't stand it. At that time this house was empty, the law having not decided who it belonged to, and it came into my head that it would be a good thing to come over here and sleep. There would be no Dorcas Society here, or anything else to disturb me. So here I came, finding it easy to get in at one of these kitchen windows; and I fixed up a bed in an upper room, and there I could sleep like a toad in a hole. Of course I did n't want to hurt Mrs. Springer's feelings, and I never said nothing to her about my not sleeping in the house. I went upstairs every night at my reg'lar bedtime and I rumbled up the bed and went away, Mrs. Springer not knowing whether I left the house at three o'clock in the morning or nine o'clock at night. You see I'm very spry at getting about without people seeing me; and to this day Mrs. Springer does n't know that for the last twelve years I have n't slept in her house except on some very stormy nights."

"Paid for your room straight along, I guess," remarked the butcher.

"Yes, sir! As I did n't pay nothing here it was all right I should pay there. Well, after I had kept up this thing for two years, you and your sisters," turning to Dolor Tripp, "came here to live, and then you may be sure I had a hard nut to crack. I had become so accustomed to this big, quiet house that I did n't believe I could sleep under any other roof, and so I said to myself, 'I'll stay here, and these people sha'n't know it any more than Mrs. Springer does.' There's a loft over this kitchen which you can't get into except by that trap-door and a ladder, and so before you came here I put the ladder up into the loft, and put a bolt on the other side of the trap-door, which kept me private. I knew you would n't want to use the loft, and I thought I might as well have it as not."

"And you've been sleeping there for ten years!" exclaimed Dolor.

"That's about the time," said Griscom Brothers. "I put everything into that room to make myself comfortable,—not your things, but my things,—and I got in and out through a little window in the roof. There are some strips nailed on for a grapevine, and these I used for a ladder. I can go up and down in the darkest night just like stairs. I can get into the house just the same as I used to, because the lock on the back door of the main house is one I put there myself, years ago, and of course I've got a key to it. Not long after you came I got to going over the house again, principally to see if the doors and windows were all shut and fastened. You was a little girl then, and you had a way of going out of doors after your sisters had gone to bed. You never thought of shutting up when you came back. When you got to be a big girl, and even a young woman, you did the same thing. So I kept on taking care of things."

"It strikes me," said Lord Crabstairs, who had been listening very attentively to the baker's story, "that you had rather an odd way of getting a night's sleep. Rambling through a house and playing ghost is n't the way to refresh a man, I take it."

"Now, you see," said Griscom Brothers, "the p'int of it is this. When I was at Mrs. Springer's I could n't sleep if I wanted to, but in this house I could go to my little room and sleep whenever I felt like it; that makes all the difference in the world."

"Yes," said the butcher; "being able to do a thing is often just as much good to a person as doing it."

"Now tell me another thing," said Lord Crabstairs. "What did you mean by that pumpkin tart?"

"Tart!" exclaimed the baker.

"That's all right," said the butcher. "We tossed up, and tart it is."

Griscom Brothers did not seem to understand, but he went on to explain.

"That was an ordered punkin pie. It is n't the season for that sort of thing, and nobody but me has got any punkins kept over. But old Mrs. Gormish ordered the pie for her grandchild's christening, but when they sent for Mr. Black he could n't come, and they had to have Mr. Startling, and he's a dyspeptic, and so the old lady sent word to me she did n't want no pie, and it was left on my hands. I always like to have something to eat before I start out in the early morning, so I brought this with me, for there is n't no call for them. When you people came into the kitchen I was fast asleep, but I jumped up quick enough and hurried down to see what

was the matter. I was at the window seeing and listening to pretty nearly all you did and said; and when I heard you talking about being so hungry I thought of giving you that pie, and I locked the door to keep you in the kitchen until I thought I had done my duty by you."

"You did it well," said Doris, "for that was a good pie."

"I dare say," said Lord Crabstairs, "that in this country bakers don't sell meat."

"No," said Griscom Brothers; "as a rule they don't."

"Well, then," said his lordship, "as we are pretty well dried and warmed, and as there is nothing more to eat, we might as well be getting back to the ship."

We all agreed that this was the proper thing to do, and we rose from our seats.

"Before you go," said Griscom Brothers, addressing Dolor Tripp, "I want to settle one thing. Do you object to my staying on in that little loft, or must I go back to Mrs. Springer?"

"I think," said Dolor Tripp, "that it would be much better for you to stay where you are for the present. I am going to Boston, and when I come back I will speak to my sisters about it."

"Then I'll pack up my goods," said Griscom Brothers, "the day you come back, for I know what your sisters will say."

As the baker finished speaking he turned suddenly, and his eyes fell upon the schoolmaster, who until this moment had been keeping well in the background. For an instant the two gazed steadily at each other, then Griscom Brothers exclaimed, almost screamed:

"Johnny!"

The schoolmaster, with his long arms extended, rushed upon the other, and in a moment they were folded in a close embrace.

The pie-ghost was the schoolmaster's father.

For a few moments nothing was said, and we gazed in amazement upon the embracing couple. Then the butcher beckoned us a little apart and said in a low voice:

"That young man ran away from home more than twelve years ago. I did n't know him, for all that happened before I came to these parts, but I have often heard the story. I should n't wonder if he has been as much afraid of meeting his dad as of running afoul of Mrs. Bodship."

Griscom Brothers now stepped forward, holding his son by the hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "who could have thought it, that old Mrs. Gormish's punkin pie should have given me back my son! For if it had n't been that she threw the pie on my hands I should n't have brought it here, and if it had n't been here I should n't have tried to give it to you, and if I had n't

done that you never would have ketched me, and if you had n't ketched me I should n't have known that my Johnny was with you."

"It strikes me," said Lord Crabstairs, "that you ought to thank the clergyman who ate his meals so fast that he gave himself dyspepsia. If he had been able to eat pumpkin tart you would n't have found your son."

"Tart!" ejaculated the baker.

"Tart it is," said the butcher; "tossed up all square. And now I think it is time for us to be moving."

"Johnny," said Griscom Brothers, "won't you stay with me to-night? My bed is wide enough for two."

But the schoolmaster hesitated, and finally said he thought it would be better for him to go back to the ship, for he had certain work to do in the morning.

We should have exclaimed against any ship work taking this new-found son from his father, but it was quite plain that the schoolmaster did not wish to stay. Perhaps he thought that if he walked across the country in broad daylight and without the protection of our company Mrs. Bodship might pounce upon him in spite of his disguise.

"Very well," said his father. "Perhaps it's better for you to go; for if you staid here we should talk all night, and neither of us get any sleep."

The schoolmaster now took his butcher's gown from the crane, where in the course of its frequent shiftings it had received a number of broad black stripes, and put it on.

"I suppose there are reasons for your wearing that," said his father, "but I won't ask them now. If you don't sail too early in the morning, I'm coming to see you on board the ship."

"We shall be delighted to have you visit us," cried Doris; "and the ship shall not sail until you arrive."

Preceded by Griscom Brothers, who carried the candle, we now left the kitchen. When we reached the long hallway our leader stopped, and, addressing Dolor Tripp, said that before she went away he would like to show her the picture that her sister was painting of her.

We all declared that we should like to see that picture, and the baker led us into the dining-room.

"You need n't be afraid," he said, as we walked after him, "of waking up Alwilda and Lizeth; I never knew two women sleep like they do. I believe their eyelids shut with a snap at nine o'clock, and open with a click at six in the morning."

The dining-room was large and high, with plain, smooth walls entirely unadorned except by a row of pictures painted on the smooth

plaster, at about the eye-line, and intended to extend all around the room. The line on three of the walls was nearly completed. These pictures had all been painted by Alwilda, and the style of them proved that she had been to a great extent her own teacher. The subjects were various, and some of them quite astonishing. We did not examine the whole gallery, but proceeded to the latest picture, which was yet unfinished.

This painting, about a yard square, represented Dolor Tripp lying drowned by the seashore—this being the fate which her sister expected would befall her while voyaging to Boston. The wretched plight of the recumbent corpse made us shudder, and the subject of the sketch covered her face with her hands.

"It is outrageous! it is shameful!" cried Doris. "Such a thing ought not to be allowed to exist!"

"Which it should n't," said Lord Crabstairs, "if I had a pail of whitewash."

"And a brush," added the butcher.

"I have that," said Doris, who had been looking about her, and had perceived the artist's materials near by.

Doris was an amateur artist, and, moreover, was quick to think and act. With a palette, a few colors, and some brushes, she stood before the picture, Griscom Brothers holding the candle. The pallid features of the drowned maiden soon began to glow with rosy health; her eyes were closed, but it was plain she slept; the sands and shallow water about her changed into soft, green grass, and the tall, slimy weeds which had thrown themselves about her form were now green, wavy stems with somewhat too brilliant blossoms. Even the rocks were covered with soft moss, and the whole scene changed so rapidly under Doris's brush that we were filled with an admiration we did not hesitate to express.

"I am glad you like it," said Doris. "I am sure there 's nothing soaked or dead about Dolor Tripp now."

"When Alwilda Tripp sees that," said Griscom Brothers, "she 'll think there 's been a miracle."

"Which there has been," remarked the butcher; "an out-and-out square miracle."

"I don't know what she 'll think," said Dolor Tripp, "but I know what I think"; and she kissed Doris.

I think we all would have been delighted to be in that room when Alwilda came down in the morning, but we spoke no more upon the subject, and quickly left the house.

"I 'll lock the door and make everything all right," said Griscom Brothers, "and soon after breakfast I shall be down at the shore ready to be took on board."

The schoolmaster picked up his tall silk hat, which still rested on the top of the sandpiper's cage, and put it on; then he took up the cage, looked in at the bird, and was ready to go.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Griscom Brothers, "you look like a holiday butcher that 's been half broiled. If you are going to slaughter that bird, don't do it until I come in the morning."

We now took leave of the baker and left the yard by the opening in the fence, after which the loose palings were restored to their proper position by the butcher. Though the moon was bright, we had some difficulty in finding our way on account of the fog which was coming in from the sea; but the butcher was now our guide, and without serious mishap or much detention we reached the shore, where we had left our boat. But when we had embarked we found the fog on the bay so thick that we could not see a boat's length in any direction. The schooner, however, was not far from shore, and we thought we could easily reach her; but in this opinion we were mistaken. We rowed and rowed, and still did not reach the ship. How we could have taken a wrong direction none of us could imagine, but we turned the boat and rowed and rowed again.

"Can it be possible," cried Doris, "that our ship has sailed away?"

"Absolutely impossible," said the butcher, with much fervency.

We now rowed about, this way and that, for at least half an hour, and I think we all began to be afraid that perhaps we had drifted out to sea. Suddenly the butcher laid down his oars and requested us all to be quiet; then standing up in the boat he flapped his elbows two or three times and gave forth a loud cock-a-doodle-do! There was an instant's silence, and then not far away from the stern of the boat there came an answering cock-a-doodle-do!

We all knew that this came from the cock in the rigging of the *Merry Chanter*.

In five minutes we were on board.

"Past midnight," said Captain Cyrus, whose watch it was.

XV.

WE ARE LOYAL TO THE "MERRY CHANTER."

EARLY the next morning the fog cleared away, and soon after breakfast we heard a hail from the shore.

"It 's father," cried the schoolmaster, who was engaged in giving the usual morning attentions to the sandpiper.

And, sure enough, looking shoreward, we saw Griscom Brothers waving something white in his hand as if it were a flag of truce.

Captain Cyrus went after him in the boat, and very soon the good baker was on board.

Bidding us all a cheery good-morning, he handed the white article to the butcher.

"Here is your gown," he said, "which you left on the grass last night; and it 's a very good thing you did so. If you want to know why, I 'll tell you."

We all wanted to know why, and he told us.

"You see," said he, "we always serve the Tripp family with bread on Saturday morning, and this morning I thought I would deliver it myself. I found Lizeth Tripp at the chicken yard, and she was looking as if she had had a bad night.

"Did you sleep well?' I asked, feeling a little nervous, I must say, fearing she had heard something in the night.

"Oh, I slept well enough," said she, 'but I've seen sights this morning.' 'What sights?' says I. 'Just listen,' says she. 'When I opened the window early this morning the first thing that I saw was something white lying flat on the grass, with its long arms stretched out, as if it was dead. It made me jump, I tell you, for at first I thought it was a spirit, but it was so flat and thin that I next thought it was only the skin of a spirit.' 'Which I did n't know they shed them,' says I. 'Nor I neither,' says she. 'But I tell you it frightened me, and I jumped back from that window and went downstairs; and something seemed to move me to go into the dining-room and look at the picture Alwilda was painting, and when I saw it I was struck worse than ever. I tumbled back into a chair, and for ever so long I could n't move for staring. By good luck Alwilda did n't come into the room, being busy with breakfast. And now I have just come out to ask the hired man to take a pitchfork and carry off that skin or whatever it is, but he has gone away, and I'm mighty glad to see you. I wish you 'd come into the dining-room and look at the picture.' So, as innocent as a lamb, I followed her into the dining-room, and looked at the picture which you, madam, touched up last night. I must say that, seeing it in the daylight, the young woman in the grass looked as if she had died of a raging fever in the middle of a lot of red-hot flowers. 'What 's the matter with it?' says I, as innocent as if I had n't seen the thing done. 'It 's been changed,' says she. 'It was a picture of a soaked corpse, and now it 's a sleeping beauty; and if the spirit of Dolor Tripp did n't change it, I 'd like to know what spirit did. If she was really lost at sea that 's just the way she 'd come back to comfort us.' 'Now look here,' says I, 'I don't believe in spirits anyway, and if there was any, they could n't paint.'

"Having been a ghost myself," he said, look-

ing round the company with a smile, "I ought to know what they can do.

"Now then," says I to Lizeth Tripp, 'it's my opinion that your sister Alwilda began to feel bad about this picture, and so she altered it herself. Now if I was you I'd rub out the whole thing—that is, if it can be rubbed out.' 'I can clean it all off the wall,' says she; 'for I've often seen Alwilda do that thing when she did n't like a picture and wanted to paint it over again.' And with that she went and got a steel thing like a hoe, and scraped every scrap of that picture off the smooth wall. 'There should n't be no such picture in the house,' says she, 'whether it's of a drowned sister, or of one asleep on the broad of her back in the middle of a field; and as fast as Alwilda paints them I'll scrape 'em out.'

"Now it seems to me," said Griscom Brothers, "that I got us all out of that scrape pretty well."

"That's your way of looking at it," said Lord Crabstairs; "but it strikes me that that Lizeth Tripp is going to get herself into a lot of scrapes if she keeps on scraping out her sister's pictures."

"Well," continued the baker, "there was n't nothing left to clear up but that white thing on the grass, and when I looked at it I told Lizeth it was nothing but a butcher's gown, that most likely had blown over there in the storm. I did n't know it was yours until I picked it up and saw your name on it. So I said I'd take it away with me; and I left as quick as I could, for I did n't want to have to clear up anything more."

We all agreed that Griscom Brothers had done his part well, and he now retired to the bow of the ship to hold converse with his son.

Dolor Tripp was very anxious that this conversation should be speedily terminated, so that we might sail away. She feared that if there should be a quarrel between Alwilda and Lizeth on account of the one scraping out the pictures of the other, it might become necessary for her to go home and act as peace-maker; but if she were actually on her way to Boston, this of course would not be possible.

Captain Timon, however, assured her there was no hurry, and that Griscom Brothers would have time to talk with his son as long as he liked.

In half an hour the baker left us.

"I don't suppose you'll sail on Sunday," he said; "and if you don't get off to-day, I'll come on board again to-morrow."

"We shall never sail on Sunday," said the butcher, speaking very positively indeed.

I looked at the butcher, and he looked at me, and we both looked at Captain Timon, who looked out over the sea.

We did not sail on Sunday, and on Monday evening Doris took me aside for what she called a serious conversation.

"It seems to me," she said, "that as owners of this ship we are not doing our duty by our passengers. The butcher came on board and paid his passage to Boston; we are not taking him to Boston. Lord Crabstairs came on board to go to Boston; he paid his passage, and we are not taking him there. The schoolmaster came on board to go somewhere, and we are not taking him anywhere. It is true he paid for no passage; but we promised to take him to Boston, and we are not taking him. Dolor Tripp is worse off than the others, because she is really afraid that if we do not soon start something will make it necessary for her to go home. As for ourselves, we have taken our chances, and must be content; and as to the four captains, they also have taken their chances. They undertook to sail the *Merry Chanter* to Boston, and if they are delayed on the voyage it is no more our affair than it is theirs. But when people pay money for their passage it is a different matter."

I had been fishing that day with Lord Crabstairs, and had had very good luck. I expected to go out again the next day, and I said to Doris that for the present I thought we were all very well off as we were.

"I am very well satisfied to wait," said Doris, "for it is very pleasant here and our living is certainly cheap; but that has nothing to do with our duty towards our passengers."

"What can we do for them?" I asked.

"We can do one of two things," answered Doris. "We can pay them back their passage money, or send them to Boston by rail."

"Either one of those things would be pretty hard on us," I said, "especially after having boarded and lodged them all this time."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Doris. "Justice is justice, and we should not take their money and keep them waiting and waiting here for an exceptional high tide."

I reflected a few moments. "It would be well," I said, "to find out what they think about it. Let us call a meeting of the ship's company."

"Good!" cried Doris; "and you must preside. You are the proper person to take the chair."

After supper the meeting was called, and the whole population of the ship, including Griscom Brothers,—who had come on board for an evening visit,—attended.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I,—and the moment I had uttered these words I knew that I had made a mistake. I should have said "shipmates," or something of that sort, but I went on,—“my wife and I have concluded that

we are not doing our duty by you. We do not know exactly when we shall be able to sail, and we have thought that it might be better to send you to Boston by the railroad."

At this a little murmur seemed to run through the company, and Doris interrupted me.

"My husband does not mean," she said, "that we have decided to send you to Boston by rail. What we desire is, to give you an opportunity of expressing your feelings in regard to the situation. You have paid your money, and you are entitled to a passage on this ship to Boston; but if you think you would rather not wait any longer, we will consult together and see what it will be best to do. It may be that you would like to go to Boston by rail."

At this another murmur, louder than the first, was heard from the company, and the butcher rose to his feet.

"Is a motion in order?" he asked.

"Yes," said Doris.

I felt that I was presiding over this meeting in rather an odd way, but the oddity did not seem to strike any one else, and the butcher put his motion.

"I move that we stick to the ship," said he.

Lord Crabstairs leaned towards Dolor Tripp. "What do you think about it?" he asked.

"If I do not go to Boston in this ship," she answered, "I shall not go at all."

"Second the motion," called out Lord Crabstairs.

"Before the motion is put," said Doris, "we ought to hear what the captains have to say about it."

The four captains stood in a row on the starboard side of the deck. Being older and more accustomed to speak, Captain Timon answered for his fellow-mariners.

"Well," said he, "each of us puts some money into this venture, and of course we don't want to lose it. If we don't get to Boston our money is lost. If that money is lost, we want to be able to say that it was n't lost because we gave up the v'yage too soon, but we want to be able to say it was lost because a gale of wind and a high tide did n't come into Shankashank Bay together. Of course that gale and that tide may never come in together, but we're in favor of givin' them a leetle longer chance. A good many things in this world would do a sight better than they do if they had a leetle longer chance. So we four are in favor of stickin' to the ship."

He looked at his companions, and each one gave an affirmative nod.

The question was put, and it was unanimously resolved to stick to the ship.

"Three cheers!" cried Doris. And the ship's company gave three hearty cheers.

During the meeting Griscom Brothers had

neither voted nor spoken, but he cheered with the others.

"Not being an owner, a passenger, or a captain," said he, "of course this is n't my business, but I'm mighty glad to see you're going to stand by the ship. It is n't everybody that's got a ship to stand by. That's what I said to my Johnny. 'Stand by the ship. If you're going to Boston, go. When you come back, I'll take you into the baking business, or you can keep on with your schoolmastering; but whatever you do, you must stick to it.' That's what I said to my Johnny. And now I say to the rest of you, if you don't sail to-morrow morning I'll drop in and see you in the afternoon."

"It's my opinion," said the butcher to us when Griscom Brothers had gone on shore, "that the schoolmaster would rather go to baking than go to sea, but he's afraid to show himself on land till his father has settled matters with Mrs. Bodship. If any man can do it Griscom Brothers can do it, and he's promised to try."

XVI.

DOLOR TRIPP SETS SAIL.

THE very next day a gale came into the bay with a flood tide; but although the wind was strong enough to stir up a very fine storm, it did not blow enough water into the bay to float the *Merry Chanter*.

Our four captains were all ready to take advantage of the first indication that our ship was free to ride the waves; but no such indication came.

"I'm afraid she's voted to stick to the sand bar," said the butcher, when the tide began to ebb.

With this exception, none of us showed any signs of giving up hope. There would be another high tide in twelve hours, and the gale might increase in violence.

But although the storm did not move our ship, it greatly delighted some of our company. The bow of the vessel pointed out towards the sea, and for nearly the whole day one or the other of the ladies stood there enjoying the storm. When Doris occupied this post I was with her, and when Dolor Tripp was there the butcher stood on one side of her and Lord Crabstairs on the other.

They could have had no better opportunity of thoroughly enjoying the storm. The waves rolled in, sometimes dashing up to the very feet of the figure of the *Merry Chanter*, and sometimes throwing the spray over his head and into our faces. The wind whistled through the cordage and blew the cock from the rigging. Fortunately he alighted upon the deck, where he had not set foot since he had been brought

to the ship, and he ran screaming and flapping to the coops where the other fowls were sheltered.

It seemed to me that Doris and Dolor Tripp could not get enough of this turmoil of the elements.

"To see it all and be in it," said Doris, when we had gone down to the cabin for a brief rest; "to feel the storm and not to be afraid of it; to look upon the rolling, tossing waves and yet feel the deck as immovable as a floor beneath our feet; to fancy we hear the Merry Chanter shouting his sea-songs into the very teeth of the storm—it is grand! it is glorious! and it is perfectly safe!"

For my part I very soon got enough of the turmoil of the elements, and I fancy that the butcher and Lord Crabstairs were satisfied as easily as I was; but although I frequently entreated Doris to shorten the time of her observations at the bow, I do not believe that the supporters of Dolor Tripp gave the least sign that they did not like the sea wind almost to take away their breath, or the sea water to dash into their faces and drench their clothes. The young woman was enveloped in a waterproof cloak and hood; and although the butcher possessed a garment of this kind, he would not put it on, because by so doing he would have confessed himself less able to endure bad weather than Lord Crabstairs, who had forgotten to provide a mackintosh for the voyage.

Once I proposed to Doris to allow the schoolmaster to have the pleasure of gazing at the storm with her, but she indignantly repudiated the proposition.

"Look at those two men," she said; "do they flinch from the side of the woman they love?"

And of course after that I had nothing more to say about a substitute.

The storm did not increase in violence, but gradually subsided, and the next day was pleasant and clear. Doris occupied herself with her little chicks. The schoolmaster opened the cage of the sandpiper, which had become quite tame, and allowed the bird to take a constitutional upon the deck. The cock flew back to his old position in the rigging and crowed aloud his satisfaction at again feeling himself above us all. Everything seemed to be going on in the same quiet and pleasant methods to which we had become accustomed before the gale had tantalized us with a half hope of Boston.

But in fact everything was not going on quietly and pleasantly. Lord Crabstairs and the butcher were unquiet and unpleasant; that is, to each other. By the advice of Captain Timon they had established a system in regard to Dolor Tripp. After breakfast one of them would take the first watch, and at the end of an hour would relinquish his position by her

side to the other. When the second watch of an hour had ended, each of the men would give the lady an hour to herself, thus allowing her to be undisturbed until noon; after dinner each man went on watch for an hour, and then Dolor Tripp had two hours to herself. After supper there were no watches, because Captain Timon declared that as long as he commanded the ship he would see no woman overworked.

But this apparently amicable arrangement did not serve its purpose. It gave each man a fair chance, but each man wanted more. They had become of little social advantage to us, for the one who happened to be off duty was inclined to be silent and was continually looking at his watch.

As for Dolor Tripp herself, Doris and I could see no reason to suppose that she liked one man better than the other. With Crabstairs she was lively and beaming, and apparently delighted that it was his watch. With the butcher she was lively and beaming, and delighted that he was on duty.

"What 's wanted on this ship," said Captain Timon to us, "is one man less, or one woman more. If each of them fellers had a gal it 'd be all right, but one gal is n't enough for two of 'em."

"What would you do about it?" asked Doris, who was beginning to be disturbed at the turn things had taken.

"I 'd chuck one of them overboard," said the captain, "and let him swim ashore."

"Which one would you chuck?" I asked.

"The Englishman," said the captain. "If I 've got to haul down any flag, I 'd haul down the Union Jack before the Stars and Stripes."

"That would n't be fair," said Doris. "One has just as much right as the other."

"I suppose that 's so," said Captain Timon, with a grin; "and as we can't chuck the young woman overboard, I guess we 'll have to let the matter settle itself."

"It seems to me," said I, when the captain had left us, "that a marriage with a British peer would be of much more advantage than a marriage with a butcher."

"I don't agree with you," said Doris. "Lord Crabstairs has repudiated his peerage, and the butcher has repudiated his butchery; they now stand on equal ground. Before Lord Crabstairs was overtaken and crushed by his title he was quite as free and independent a man as the butcher is, and now that he has escaped from his peerage he is again just as good as the butcher. He has told us he has a small income not derived from his father's family, and the butcher has saved money, so in every way they are even, and Dolor Tripp ought to be allowed to take her choice between them."

"The trouble will be," said I, "to induce her to make a choice. I think she likes to have two men courting her, and the affair will probably end in a fight on the *Merry Chanter*."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Doris. "Neither of those men would so far forget himself as to fight on my ship."

"Your ship!" I said.

"Oh, I meant to say ours," she answered.

The next day the butcher took the first watch with Dolor Tripp. At eight o'clock precisely he offered her his arm, and invited her to walk the deck with him. I noticed that his face wore a serious expression, and that he was extremely deferential and polite to his companion, guiding her carefully around the wet places on deck, which were still damp from the morning's swabbing, and apparently paying the strictest attention to what she might be saying, as if he was anxious not to lose a word of her sweet speech.

In the mean time Lord Crabstairs appeared to be in a very unquiet mood. He was restless and excited, and finally filled his pockets with corn and ran up into the rigging, where he fed the cock, who for some time had been crowing for his breakfast. The moment that the butcher's watch had come to an end Lord Crabstairs scuttled down the rope ladder so fast that we were afraid he would slip and break his neck. In an instant he was at the side of Dolor Tripp, and, giving her his arm, rapidly conducted her to the bow of the ship, this portion of the deck being now untenanted. The butcher walked slowly towards us as we sat in our customary seats at the stern.

"You are going to lose a passenger," he said.

"Which one?" we cried.

"That depends on circumstances," said the butcher. "You see I made up my mind last night that things could n't go on as they were going on, and so right after breakfast I proposed to him that we should toss up and decide which should put the question to her. You see we'd agreed that neither of us should do that without giving the other notice. He was ready quick as lightning, and we tossed. He called 'heads,' and heads it was twice. And he's got her."

"But she may not accept him," cried Doris.

"Oh, she'll take him; there's no doubt about that," said the butcher, looking solemnly down at the deck. "If he proposes first she'll take him, and if I had proposed first she would have taken me. Neither of us had any doubt on that point."

Fifteen minutes later no one on board could have had any doubt on that point, for Lord Crabstairs and Dolor Tripp walked towards us, the one with a downcast, blushing face, and

the other with the most beaming, joy-lighted countenance I ever saw.

"You see," said Lord Crabstairs, "we have just stepped aft to announce our engagement. We did n't think it exactly the square thing in a small party like this to keep dark about it even for a short time."

"As if you could do it!" cried Doris. And then we congratulated the happy couple, the butcher shaking hands with each of them with a degree of earnest solemnity not common on such occasions.

Lord Crabstairs and his lady-love now went below to acquaint the schoolmaster and the four captains with what had occurred.

"And now," said Doris to the butcher, "what were you going to say about our losing a passenger?"

"Well," said he, "if they stay on board I go, but if they go ashore I'll stay here. I don't want to go back on my word about sticking to the ship, but circumstances often give a new twist to things."

"Indeed they do," said Doris, speaking in a very sympathetic tone and offering her hand to the butcher.

"I'm mighty glad of it," said Captain Cyrus to us a little while afterwards. "I don't know when I've heard anythin' that's pleased me better. For the life of me I could n't see how they were goin' to get out of that fix without its endin' in a row. It was only yesterday, madam, that I thought that if you was only disengaged it would be all right, for then there would be two young women, one for each of them; but you was settled for, and there was only one young woman for the two men. But now it's all straightened out and we can have peace on board."

I wish here to record the fact that from that moment I never made a voluntary observation to Captain Cyrus Bodship.

XVII.

HOW LIZETH AND ALWILDA TOOK IT.

WHEN Griscom Brothers came on board that afternoon and heard the news he was delighted.

"I thought it would come to that," he said. "Title is bound to get ahead of meat. And what do the happy lovers intend to do? Will they remain on board and go to Boston?"

"No," said Doris; "they leave us this afternoon. Dolor Tripp is in her cabin packing her trunk. She will go home to her sisters, and Lord Crabstairs will lodge in the village, where he can go and see her every day. They are to be married as soon as possible."

"I am mighty glad," said Griscom Brothers, "that Dolor Tripp is going home; she's needed there. Ever since Lizeth scraped out Alwilda's

picture them two sisters have n't spoke. That sort of thing has happened before. As much as six weeks or two months has passed without either of them speaking a word to each other, and at such times Dolor has to be a sort of go-between to tell one what the other wants. They 've had a pretty tough pull of it this time without her."

"What do they do," I asked; "make signs to each other?"

"No," said the baker. "When one of them has to ask something of the other, she goes out to the hired man and tells him to go into the house and speak to her sister. But his boots are so dirty that they never do this unless they are positively obliged to. Lizeth told me that yesterday she was nearly starving for butter because she could n't make up her mind to tell that man to ask Alwilda where she had put the milk-house key."

Dolor Tripp now came on deck ready to go ashore, and in a few moments Lord Crabstairs appeared, glowing with ruddy joy, and loaded with a huge valise, a bundle of rugs, a hat-box, and a collection of umbrellas and canes.

Their intention was to go together and acquaint the sisters of Dolor Tripp with what had happened, and ask their blessing. Doris thought it was the proper thing for her to go with Dolor, and as it promised to be an interesting occasion I thought it the proper thing to go with Doris. Griscom Brothers said that on his way to the village he could stop at the Tripp house just as well as not, and that he would do it; whereupon the schoolmaster remarked that as the party would be so large he would not be afraid to go with them himself. At first the butcher seemed inclined to stay on board, but after taking me aside and remarking that if he did not go with us it might look as if he were showing bad feeling in the matter, he joined the party.

Only the four captains remained on the *Merry Chanter*. These faithful mariners must be at their posts in case the exceptional wind and the exceptional tide came into the bay together.

Our boat had to make two trips before we were all landed, and then we walked to the house. Griscom Brothers and the schoolmaster carried the huge valise, in order that Lord Crabstairs could give one arm to his lady-love; and the butcher, to his honor be it said, relieved his late rival of the hat-box and the package of umbrellas and canes. Dolor Tripp said she could send the hired man for her baggage.

We found Lizeth in the poultry-yard.

"Lizeth," said Dolor Tripp, blushing a little, "this is Lord Crabstairs."

"Lord which?" exclaimed Lizeth.

"Crabstairs," replied her sister; "and we are going to be married."

Lizeth looked at them in astonishment. "You two!" she exclaimed.

"Only the two of us," said Dolor. "And I want you to like him, Lizeth; you ought to like your brother-in-law."

"Do you mean to say," said Lizeth, speaking slowly, "that this man is a sure-enough foreign lord?"

"Yes," said her sister; "he's an out-and-out peer of the British realm."

Lizeth looked as if she were going to whistle, but she did not.

"It is a fair and square thing for me to say," remarked Lord Crabstairs, "that I am a lord against my will, and my title brings me no property except two centuries of debts."

"But you really are an English nobleman?" asked Lizeth.

"Yes," said Lord Crabstairs, "I am."

Lizeth now looked steadfastly at her sister and at the sturdy Englishman by her side. Then she looked at the rest of us, and then spoke.

"I don't believe in monarchies," she said, "nor in kings, nor in crowns and scepters, nor in aristocracies, nor in peers and realms. I am a plain, free-born, independent republican, and look down upon empires and thrones. My ancestors did not come over in the *May-flower*, but I am quite sure that they came in a plain wooden ship, and did n't put on any airs. As I said before, I've nothing to do with peers and peeresses, nor kings and queens. I am a free-born American, and a free-born American I shall die, but if he really is a lord I suppose he can have you." Dolor Tripp hung upon her sister's neck and kissed her, and then we all went to make the announcement to Alwilda.

We found the elder sister in the dining-room painting a picture upon the wall. She was at work upon a small blue house, surrounded by flowers and shrubberies of the brightest and gayest colors. Birds with brilliant plumage were flying through the air; there was a sunset glow in the sky; and a young woman with a red shawl and a yellow petticoat was playing a harp in the foreground.

Dolor Tripp was so struck by this work of art that she was obliged to satisfy her curiosity about it before stating the object of her visit.

"What in the world is that, Alwilda?" she exclaimed.

"That," said the artist, stepping back from the wall, but taking no notice of the presence of our party, "is a home in the midst of all sorts of things that are joyful to look at or to listen to or to smell; but in spite of all that the person that lives in the house is blue, and everything in it is blue, and the very house itself is blue."

"Do you live in that house?" asked her sister.

"At present I do," was the answer.

"Well, I am come to make your house a livelier color," said Dolor Tripp. "Alwilda, this is Lord Crabstairs."

The tall woman turned the front of her black-and-white sunbonnet upon his lordship. "What does he want," she said; "some more chickens?"

"No," said Dolor Tripp; "he wants me."

Alwilda looked steadfastly at the couple, now holding each other by the hand.

"A lord?" she said.

"Yes," said her sister; "really and truly an English lord."

"You are quite sure," asked Alwilda, "that he is n't a German count?"

"Of course not," replied her sister, hotly.

"Or a Spanish duke?" asked Alwilda.

"Ridiculous!" said Dolor. "How could he be?"

"Or a Highland chief, or an African king?" asked the other.

And at this we all laughed.

"Well," said Alwilda, "they are just as likely to say they are one of these things as another, and I don't suppose it makes much difference which it is. But if you two are really going to be married there is one thing I want to ask you. When you set up house-keeping, do you intend to have one single bedstead, and no more, in your spare room?"

"What in the world do you mean by that?" cried her sister.

"I mean," said the other, "that I want to know, when I come to see you, if I'm to have the spare room all to myself, or if there's to be somebody else there at the same time with me. If she's to be there," motioning out of doors, "at the same time that I am, then I don't want to go, and I don't want to have anything to do with your marrying, or your housekeeping. But if I'm to have the room to myself, then I suppose there's nothing more to be said."

"You shall have it," cried Lord Crabstairs. "I shall have a bedstead built, in which there shall not be room for two fishing-rods."

"Then, Alwilda," cried Dolor Tripp, "you approve of our marriage?"

"It's better than drowning," said her sister.

"And taking it all in all," she continued, after a little reflection, "I'm rather glad you wanted to marry a foreigner. Americans are too up-pish; but when you get hold of a man that is accustomed to being downtrodden, it's easy to keep him so."

At this Lord Crabstairs roared with laughter till the ceiling echoed, and we all joined in.

Alwilda did not smile, but looked from one to the other, and when the laughter had ceased she asked Griscom Brothers how much

she owed him for bread. The merry baker declared he did not carry his account with him, and then Lord Crabstairs stepped forward and spoke.

"I wish you to understand, madam," he said to Alwilda, "that your sister is not marrying a rich lord. My income is a very small one, and I shall be obliged to go into some work or other to support myself and my wife."

"Oh, money does n't matter," said Alwilda, turning towards her picture. "Dolor has money."

"I'd like to know where," exclaimed her youngest sister.

"In the bank," said Alwilda; "gathering interest."

"And you never told me!" cried Dolor Tripp, excitedly.

"Why should I?" answered Alwilda.

"What call had you for money? When you should come of age you were to have it, or when you should marry you were to have it. Now you and your African king will have it."

The statement that Dolor Tripp was possessed of a fortune, though probably a small one, created a profound sensation among us, and our congratulations were warm and sincere. We were about to depart when Doris addressed Alwilda.

"I would like very much to know," she said, "whether or not you now intend to alter the color of the house in your picture?"

"Well," said Alwilda, meditatively, "I think I shall paint the roof red, but I shall wait to see how things turn out before I change the color of the rest of the house."

"I tell you what it is," said Griscom Brothers, when we were outside, and he and Lord Crabstairs were starting for the village, "there will soon be an end to them two sisters keeping mum to each other. There's nothing on earth could keep them from talking about Dolor's getting married."

It was late in the evening when we reached the *Merry Chanter*, and our supper was much less lively than when Dolor Tripp and Lord Crabstairs were with us.

"I had begun to feel satisfied to wait here," said Doris, when we had gone on deck; "but now I am sure I shall feel lonely, and I think we must ask the captains to do their very best to leave the bay and start for Boston, even if the tide and wind do not exactly suit."

"Yes," said I; "we'll talk to them in the morning."

"What do you think about it?" she said to the butcher.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know that it's my place to give advice."



"I DON'T KNOW THAT IT'S MY PLACE TO GIVE ADVICE."

"You're too modest," said Doris.

Shortly after this the butcher took the opportunity to speak to me privately.

"If I were to marry that young woman who's left us," said he, "and she was on board this ship, and worrying and hankering to start for Boston, it strikes me I would tell her all about the sand bank and the barnacles and

the seventy cart-loads of paving stones in the hold."

I looked at him severely. "But you are not married to her," I said; "and not being married, you do not know what a married person should say to the person to whom he is married."

To this the butcher made no reply.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Frank R. Stockton.

OLD AGE'S SHIP AND CRAFTY DEATH'S.

FROM east and west across the horizon's edge,

Two mighty masterful vessels, sailers, steal upon us:

But we'll make race a-time upon the seas—a battle-contest yet! bear lively there!

(Our joys of strife and derring-do to the last!)

Put on the old ship all her power to-day!

Crowd extra top-gallants and royal studding-sails!

Out challenge and defiance—flags and flaunting pennants added,

As we take to the open—take to the deepest, freest waters.

Walt Whitman.

A SIDE LIGHT ON GREEK ART.

SOME OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TERRA COTTAS.



VOLUMINOUS Pliny caught in the drag-net of his natural history the legend of the maid of Corinth who drew a line along the shadow on the wall made by her lover's profile, so that she might have something to remember him by when he was sailing the Ægean. She was the daughter of an early potter, and found her father sympathetic. Availing himself of his skill in modeling the decorations of pots, the kind man fashioned the features of the absent lover on the outline in relief, and placed the clay in his kiln to bake. Down to the time that Mummius took Corinth whosoever doubted the story was taken to the Nymphaeum and shown the terra cotta itself.

The pretty tale recurs to memory while examining groups and single figurines of terra cotta which have been appearing in Paris one by one since 1878 after a somewhat mysterious fashion. The point that strikes one first on turning over a specimen is the unfinished state of the back, which argues that these fragile creations were meant to be seen from one side only. A hole that is commonly found in the roughly finished rear suggests that they were hung against a wall on a peg, like many pieces of Japanese earthenware. The portrait modeled by Dibutades for his daughter offers a sufficiently appropriate beginning for the art. It savors of home and happy loves, while the terra cottas that are now coming into favor belong to the same department.

They are often cracked, and sometimes the mending has hurt them further, because attempts have been made to conceal the breaks. They are also, when untampered with, covered with the finely powdered remains of a suit of paint, so that we may place them with those gaudy figurines that are sold in Europe to-day at country fairs. They were meant to stand on shelf or in niche, if not to be suspended on a peg; sometimes they are arranged for both. In fine we have in them examples of the objects that Greeks of all ages saw about them in their small houses, placed in their shrines, gave to one another as presents, and offered to the ashes of their loved ones in the tomb.

Humble as the purposes of these statuettes may have been, they occupy a very serious of-

fice now, if we desire to embrace the general view of Greek art. Their beauty, variety, and archæological interest make them indispensable to any one who wishes to understand how intimate in the populace was the blending of a taste for lovely forms with the legends that offered chances for the expression of shapes in a plastic way. They throw a side light on Greek art that was much needed, notwithstanding the engravings on mirrors for women, the paintings on vases, the bas-reliefs of tombs, and all the other works that may be classed among the minor productions of Greek artists. Within the twelvemonth a pediment has been unearthed at Athens which offers an example of what we may consider the first step in the evolution of these charming pieces of popular sculpture. It is decorated with painting alone, and that without human figures. The groups in terra cotta, which have been appearing from Greece during the last ten years, seem to attach themselves to statuary for the pediments of temples by their general outline, their one-sidedness, and the nature of the subjects they commonly represent. Suppose we regard them as popular editions of works by masters, suited, by the material in which they are fashioned and the methods used to fashion them, to the slender purses of the people.

Southern Italy and Sicily yielded terra cottas that did somewhat to hint the existence in other parts of the Greek world of a popular decorative art taking rank below the restful creations of the old masters. But at Tanagra figures of baked clay have been found which were plainly the embellishment of the two triangular spaces over the two entrances to a small temple, representing Pluto and Theseus seizing each his bride. They were cast in a mold, not modeled on a core, and resembled the figurines in having the backs rude. Some were in comparatively low relief; but others, like the horses of Theseus and Pluto, were boldly projected from the centers of the pediments. The male and female figures appear to have been fastened by their flat backs to the wall, and are so arrangeable that the largest hold the middle and the stooping or smaller figures occupy the narrowing angles. In them we have the connecting link between the painted decoration of pediments and the sculptures in marble occupying the same place in the highest state of Greek art.



ÆSCULAPIUS AND HYGEIA WITH A DYING WOMAN.

The terra cottas shown in illustration belong to the Tanagran connecting link. They deal oftenest with stories of gods who were not, strictly speaking, the aristocratic deities of Olympus. The most popular of all is Pan, who does not visit Olympus at all, but dwells on the quadrilateral of hills that encircles Arcadia; also in a cave in the rock of the Acropolis at Athens, and on certain mountains of Thessaly. Pan has every attribute of a god of the under-folk whose idol, clad in hides

and smeared with the blood of sacrifice, gave the design which the Greeks refined into a hairy-legged satyr with the pipes. Bacchus is hardly less the object of this popular form of art. He too is a god who springs from the lower stratum of the people, and has traits hard to reconcile with Aryans. In truth he is another form of Pan, and the latter is associated for good reasons with the infant Bacchus. But there are other subjects for these ancient image-makers — scenes from the Odyssey in which



NYMPH WITH WINE-JAR AND GARLAND.

Odysseus wears a close-fitting sailor's cap and jersey. Or it is a genre scene without relation to mythology or legend, such as a Greek lady and gentleman fondling a foal. Many of the groups plainly refer to death. Again we come upon a plastic pun, a representation in clay of the adage *amor vincit omnia*—"all things" being of course *pan* in Greek, and identical in letters with Pan the god.

In this most exquisite group a youthful cupid with wide wings that fill the background leans down and helps to his feet a shaggy Pan; with his left he seizes the left wrist of the god and is in the act of lifting him from his disgraceful

position. Wings, fine floating cloak, beard and goatish legs of Pan are modeled in the rude clay with a truth, a breadth, an absence of worry over unimportant points which are indeed great art. Yet the composition itself is still greater. It is enough to make modern sculptors pale with envy to see the Asiatic Greek, or that sculptor of the Peloponnesus from whose creation this exquisite idea has been adapted, strike negligently and with a laugh, as if he were hardly conscious of its purport, the heart of a given subject.

Whence come these lovely creations? No one who knows will tell. It is fairly certain

that the dealers in Athens import some of them from Smyrna and others from Bœotia, but exactly whence is a secret which everybody concerned has the utmost interest in preserving. Nor is it likely that anything short of a quarrel among the finders will indicate the spot until the treasure-trove is entirely rifled. Those who have been in the Levant need not be told that the ordinary impulse of men to keep for themselves a good speculation is quadrupled in lands where arbitrary power is lodged in the hands of subordinate officials. Greece watches carefully the exports and seizes all antiquities at the Piræus. In Asia Minor, even, the old system of getting a firman and taking what the excavator may is no longer possible. The objects are the property of the Sultan, and are supposed to revert to the museum at Constantinople.

Whatever may be the land from which we get the statuettes, it is from internal evidence certain that they are Greek. To the archaeologists who say that they are fabricated by clever forgers, it may be retorted, that if a forger exists who can do such work, nothing could stop his triumphant progress through the world as the greatest genius in sculpture who lives.

Lucian lived several centuries later than the date which may be safely fitted to these groups, but the gay incredulity that marks his writings, the wit of his best pieces, the liveliness and sparkle of his mind, suit wonderfully statuettes of this kind. His birthplace, Samosata, is far over on the upper reaches of the Euphrates; but though a Syrian he was more like an Asiatic Greek. He gives humorous account of the hopes built upon him by his father because as a school-boy he modeled cows, horses, and men in wax; but when he was placed to learn the trade with his uncle, a statuery, he earned by his frivolity such a beating that he went home in tears. It appears that not only his uncles but his maternal grandfather followed this very respectable trade. It would be interesting to know whether the heads and arms of the terra cottas were first modeled in wax and then a model made from which any number could be taken, or whether each was modeled directly in the clay for fixing on the molded body.

What Æsculapius, the god of healing, can be under the touch of statuaries in an age of skepticism is seen from the group here given. Perhaps this group was sold in that famous sanctuary at Pergamus to which Caligula made pilgrimage in search of health. The pyramidal outline is here. The central figure is naturally the object of interest, but being from the circumstances of her state unable to stand, the back of her couch is carried up in a central pilaster, terminating in a finial above the heads of the assistants. The finial seems to repeat a conventional gravestone. Æscula-

pius stands before the dying girl and clutching his beard in the agony of thought; not indeed with a violent unGreek movement, but calmly. He leans on the high back of the couch with his left hand and puts his left foot backwards in front of the right. The attendant Hygeia has given up hope and bends her head forward at the angle human beings naturally assume when they weep, so that the tears will not flood the cheeks but fall direct. The central post recalls the stiff deity of superhuman size who stands in the exact middle of the pediments in classic periods, and divides the fighting, running, or couchant figures into two somewhat symmetrical halves.

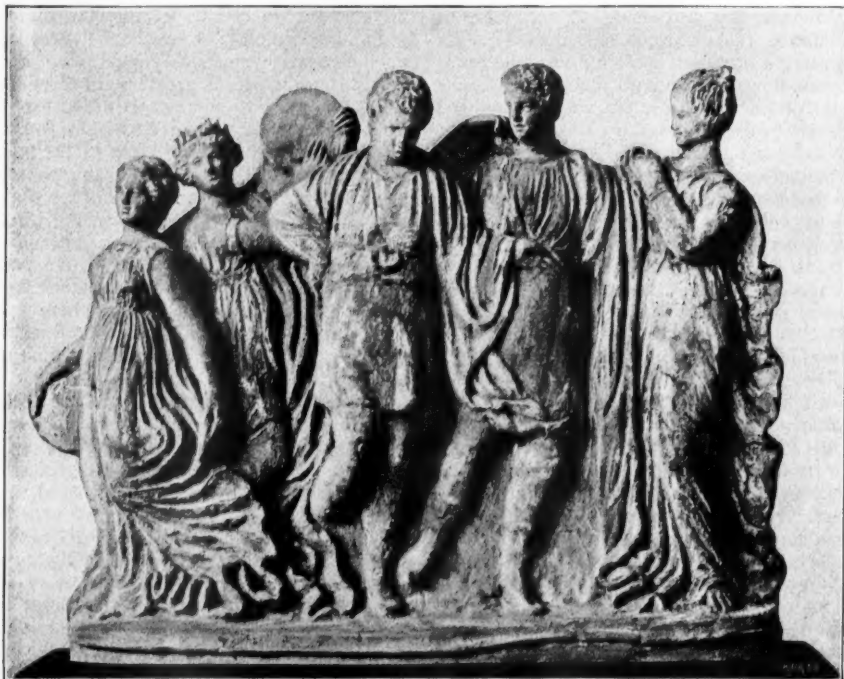
Such outlines in a great number of the groups enable us to reconstruct the history of Greek art in its effort to give suitable clothing to the hard, bare, angular space of the pediment. The smaller terra cottas appear to have been fixed in the gables of sarcophagi which imitated the temple form; also on the tombs themselves, which in Asia Minor particularly are prone to assume the appearance of a small temple partly emerging from the rock, and have gables of a large size. But there were other places for those which were destined for the decoration of tombs; namely, within the sarcophagus itself, as well as on shelves and in niches of the tomb. To this quantity of terra cottas of different size and great variety of subject, in which we may suppose the religious genre predominated, add the statuettes which adorned the home of the deceased, and, being beloved by him, were placed near his corpse or his ashes. Hence the great quantity of figurines with no special attribute signifying either a divinity or a trade. They were the *bibelots* of the deceased, a man's minor art collections, a woman's favorite bric-à-brac, the artistic puppets of a young girl, the dolls of a child. Hence the countless pretty ladies in *himation* and walking cloak with their heads coquettishly hid, or a spruce hat high above well-combed, natty hair. In the house, suspended on wooden pegs or ranged on shelves that corresponded to our mantels, these were the familiars of the family without attaining to the dignity of household gods or portraits of ancestors—neither icons nor the images of Lares and Penates.

The figures in the two pediments of the Parthenon are to be thought of as the outcome of the custom rather than the pattern from which this custom derived. Yet the statuettes seem much later in date than the grand statues of the Parthenon. Doubtless works of the highest style, made during the great epochs and now utterly gone, live again in such humble forms, because the clay-bakers imitated or adapted them freely for common use.

Yet it must be remembered that long before the Parthenon was decorated the fashion of filling pediments of temple and tomb with statuary of some sort and some degree of excellence was in existence; not, of course, with pieces as exquisite as the *terra cottas*: these had the benefit of their example.

If we consider, then, the cheapness of these wares and the multitude of uses to which they could be put, we may be able to understand why great masses of them are found in one

jecting arms that most breaks are found. The predominance of the shallow triangle as the outline of the place where many of the groups were to stand—namely, the different pediments of tomb and sarcophagus—may account for the continuance in a large number of groups of a more or less pyramidal outline, which has already been traced ultimately to the temple pediment. Working with this common destination of his group in view, the modeler of puppets who rose to the level needed to fashion



BEGINNING THE BACCHIC DANCE.

grave or in one tomb or thrown together into an urn, and also why they are usually discovered fractured, sometimes into bits. Always fragile, they must have been often broken by chance or malice when affixed to the exterior of tombs, and hardly less often when the tomb was entered for good or evil purpose by friend or thief. Hence those who had the cemetery in charge would be constantly collecting broken statuettes and throwing them into an empty tomb or pit or urn. The heads, being usually solid, and made originally separate from the body or groups, became easily detached and yet were least fragile; they are found in countless numbers. The group statuettes are thinnest where the clay was thinnest when pushed into the mold; namely, between the figures. It is there and across pro-

jecting arms that most breaks are found. The predominance of the shallow triangle as the outline of the place where many of the groups were to stand—namely, the different pediments of tomb and sarcophagus—may account for the continuance in a large number of groups of a more or less pyramidal outline, which has already been traced ultimately to the temple pediment. Working with this common destination of his group in view, the modeler of puppets who rose to the level needed to fashion

the finer sort would naturally slope the figures somewhat from the center towards the sides. In estimating the age of *terra cottas*, taken from what part of Greece or Asia Minor cannot be discovered, one is thrown back on the internal evidence of style. But that is a weak reed, too, for among the people a style may persist for ages after the great artists cease to practice it. The nymph kneeling beside a two-handled wine-jar, with a garland in the right hand and ivy-leaves in her hair, suggests an age when nobler ideals existed among the artists of Greece than later, when Philip of Macedon changed the situation at home completely and Alexander the Great widened the borders of Greece to India. Yet taking them all in all they seem to belong to the age after Alexander the Great.



THE BOYHOOD OF BACCHUS.

From the art side, however, it is a minor consideration where, when, and by whom such things were fashioned, though useful beyond measure to those who seek by the aid of history and ethnology to explain the fine arts and thus show the way for humanity to reach again the plane of the Greeks. The great world of artists and lovers of art is far more interested in the intrinsic loveliness of the articles. Take, for instance, such a group as this, of five young people beginning to dance. The artist has not merely indicated draperies with charming ease, or disposed of the limbs with grace, or kept a reminiscence of the pyramidal outline of the whole; he has given each head a character and gesture of its own absolutely in keeping with the action of the figure. For each figure is at a different point of movement. The young girl on the left has begun the slow dance, perhaps to Bacchus, perhaps to Apollo. She has thumped her tambourine and lowered it, while from the swing of her skirt we see that she is dancing in earnest with lowered hands. The maiden next to her, crowned, to make her head vary from the others, has also begun, but her movement is not yet great, as she holds up her tambourine and keeps the time. The smiling youth has begun too, and with a gesture of the left hand seems to say archly, "Behold, I am off!" The serious young fellow

next him turns to catch the time and raises his right foot—he too is moving. Finally, the smiling girl on the extreme right waits a moment before she falls into step and the whole five are in motion. The wave of dance, a slow, beautiful, seemly dance, which undulates through this little cheap statuette, is one of the most exquisite things in ancient art.

Movement less subtle, but a composition beyond praise, is the group of one animal and three human figures, an ivy-crowned Bacchant with shallow goblet and wine-jug raised high in air, walking in a teasing way before a she-goat on which a child Bacchus balances himself. The youthful god has a large two-handled wine-jar on the back of his shaggy steed and laughs to see the eagerness of the beast when tempted with wine by the nymph. The rear is brought up by a satyr with human extremities, heavy beard, and flat, broad features. The period chosen is the bringing up of Dionysus by the nymphs of Nysa, a place in the classic land whence these terra cottas are said to hail. The pyramidal shape is not present, as if it were the square lower end of a sarcophagus, or a square niche in house or tomb for which the group was intended. The grace of Dionysus, the turn of the nymph's head and body, the swing of her draperies, the eager, natural appearance of the goat as she lifts her

muzzle and opens her lips in a bleat, are points which no one will fail to admire. The satyr carries in his left hand some object, possibly a symbol of nature-worship; with his right he steadies his young charge on the goat.

Shelley's translation of the hymn to Mercury is the proper commentary to the fifth statuette, which, like three others, belongs to MM. Rollin

of the kneeling figure makes one think of Mercury rather than Apollo. But why should he be kneeling in the attitude of one who peers under the cow at the child hidden away in the shadow?

The cow and calf in this group, the lion in another, the bull carrying off Europa in a third, make one change opinion regarding the power



APOLLO DISCOVERING IN THE BABY MERCURY THE STEALER OF HIS COWS.

et Feuardent of Paris. Apollo, having charge of the famous kine of Admetus, has tracked them to Mount Cyllene in Arcadia, and to his amazement discovered that they were stolen by his baby half-brother, the infant son of Maia. In order to bring in the cows the sculptor has made Mercury hide himself among them, instead of in the cradle, as the hymn has it. Apollo gazes astounded at the spectacle of a thief less than a year old, and demands his herds. Hermes answers:

An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who yet at least can think of nothing wrong.

In this group it is open to argument whether the title should not be "Mercury bringing the baby Bacchus to Ino to save him from the wrath of Juno." Certainly the hat slung over the back

of the Greeks to treat animals in sculpture. They are worthy to rank with Antoine Louis Barye's statuettes of animals in the present century. That wide chasm between the greatest sculpture the world has ever known and rude reliefs for tombs has now been partly filled. We can see by these groups, and the charming little single figures from tombs near Tanagra and Boeotia and Tarsus in Asia Minor, that there was a reason for such wonderful sculpture as Greece showed. Sculpture of great beauty existed in the homes of the people and surrounded them in their graves.

These terra cottas are object lessons in art which we cannot afford to be without. Whether by purchase from dealers, or by the way of excavations conducted through the American School at Athens, they should be acquired for the art students of the United States.

Charles de Kay.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—THE END OF REBELLION—LINCOLN'S FAME.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



WHEN Jefferson Davis and the remnant of the Confederate Cabinet, with the most important and portable portion of their department archives, left Richmond on the night of April 2, in consequence of Lee's retreat, they proceeded to Danville, southwest of Richmond, arriving there the following morning. In a conference between Davis and Lee, in which the probability of abandoning Richmond was discussed, they had agreed upon this point at which to endeavor to unite the armies of Lee and Johnston, first to attack and beat Sherman and then return and defeat Grant. We have related how Grant, so far from permitting Lee to execute the proposed junction, did not even allow him to reach Danville. Lee had been pressed so hard that he had not found opportunity to inform Davis where he was going, and this absence of news probably served to give Davis an intimation that their preconceived plans were not likely to reach fulfillment. Nevertheless, the rebel President made a show of confidence; rooms were obtained, and, he says, the "different departments resumed their routine labors," though it may be doubted whether in these labors they earned the compensation which the Confederate States promised them.

Two days after his arrival at Danville, Jefferson Davis added one more to his many rhetorical efforts to "fire the Southern heart." On the 5th he issued a proclamation, in which, after reciting the late disasters in as hopeful a strain as possible, he broke again into his never-failing grandiloquence:

We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free.

Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to

maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia—noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history; whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory.

If, by the stress of numbers, we shall be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits or those of any other border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free.²

In his book, written many years after, Davis is frank enough to admit that this language in the light of subsequent events may fairly be said to have been oversanguine. He probably very soon reached this conviction, for almost before the ink was dry on his proclamation, a son of Governor Wise, escaping through the Federal lines on a swift horse, brought him information of the surrender of Lee's army to Grant. Rumor also reaching him that the Federal cavalry was pushing southward west of Danville, the Confederate Government again hastily packed its archives into a railroad train and moved to Greensboro', North Carolina. Its reception at this place was cold and foreboding. The headquarters of the Government remained on the train at the depot. Only Jefferson Davis and Secretary Trenholm, who was ill, were provided with lodgings. From this point Davis sent a despatch to General Johnston, soliciting a conference, either at Greensboro' or at the general's headquarters; and in response to this request Johnston came without delay to Greensboro', arriving there on the morning of April 12. Within an hour or two both Generals Johnston and Beauregard were summoned to meet the Confederate President in a council of war,

² Davis, proclamation; "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 677.

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there being also present the members of the rebel Cabinet, namely: Benjamin, Secretary of State; Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and Reagan, Postmaster-General. The meeting was held in a room some twelve by sixteen feet in size, on the second floor of a small dwelling, and contained a bed, a few chairs, and a table with writing-materials.¹

The infatuation under which Davis had plunged his section into rebellion against the Government, pitting the South with its disparity of numbers² and resources against the North, still beset him in the hour of her collapse and the agony of her surrender. He had figured out how the united armies of Lee and Johnston could successively demolish Sherman and Grant, but he could not grasp the logic of common sense that by the same rule the united armies of Grant and Sherman would make short work of the army of Johnston alone whenever they could reach it. The spirit of obstinate confidence with which he entered upon the interview may be best inferred from the description of it written by the two principal actors themselves. Davis says:

I did not think we should despair. We still had effective armies in the field, and a vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evinced no disposition to surrender. Ample supplies had been collected in the railroad depots, and much still remained to be placed at our disposal when needed by the army in North Carolina. . . . My motive, therefore, in holding an interview with the senior generals of the army in North Carolina was not to learn their opinion as to what might be done by negotiation with the United States Government, but to derive from them information in regard to the army under their command, and what it was feasible and advisable to do as a military problem.³

Johnston's statement shows still more distinctly how impossible it was for Davis to lay aside the airs of dictator:

We had supposed we were to be questioned concerning the military resources of our department, in connection with the question of continuing or terminating the war. But the President's object seemed to be to give, not to obtain, information; for, addressing the party, he said that in two or three weeks he would have a large army in the field by bringing back into the ranks those who had abandoned them in less desperate circumstances, and by calling out the enrolled men whom the conscript bureau with its forces had been unable to bring into the army. . . . Neither opinions nor information was asked, and the conference terminated.⁴

¹ Frank H. Alfried, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 623.

² "Dividing their free population between the two sections, and the odds were six and a half millions against twenty and a half millions." [*Ibid.*, p. 573.]

³ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 679, 680.

Pollard, the Southern historian, is probably not far wrong in saying that this

was an interview of inevitable embarrassment and pain. The two generals [Johnston and Beauregard] were those who had experienced most of the prejudice and injustice of the President; he had always felt aversion for them, and it would have been an almost impossible excess of Christian magnanimity if they had not returned something of resentment and coldness to the man who, they believed, had arrogantly domineered over them and more than once sought their ruin.⁵

Now when Davis, without even the preface of asking their opinions, bade these two men resuscitate his military and political power and transform him from a fugitive to a commander-in-chief, it is not to be wondered at that the interview terminated without result.

Matters were thus left in an awkward situation for all parties: the rebel chief had no promise of confidence or support; the generals no authority to negotiate or surrender; the Cabinet no excuse to intervene by advice or protest to either party. This condition was, however, opportunely relieved by the arrival during the afternoon of the Secretary of War, Breckinridge, who was the first to bring them the official and undoubted intelligence of the surrender of Lee with his whole army, of which they had hitherto been informed only by rumor, and which they had of course hoped to the last moment might prove unfounded. The fresh news naturally opened up another discussion and review of the emergency between the various individuals, and seems at length to have brought them to a frank avowal of their real feelings to each other in private. Johnston and Beauregard, holding military counsel together, "agreed in the opinion that the Southern Confederacy was overthrown."⁶ This opinion Johnston also repeated to Breckinridge and Mallory, both of whom, it would seem, entertained the same view. The absence of anything like full confidence and cordial intimacy between Davis and his advisers is shown by the fact that these two members of his Cabinet were unwilling to tell their chief the truth which both recognized, and urged upon General Johnston the duty of making the unwelcome suggestion "that negotiations to end the war should be commenced." Breckinridge promised to bring about an opportunity; and it was evidently upon his suggestion that Davis called together a second conference of his Cabinet and his generals.⁷ There is a conflict of statement as to when it

⁴ Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," pp. 396, 397.

⁵ Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Confederacy," p. 514.

⁶ Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," p. 397.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 398.

took place. Both Davis and Mallory in their accounts group together all the incidents as if they occurred at a single meeting, which Mallory places on the evening of the 12th, while Johnston's account mentions the two separate meetings, the first on the morning of the 12th, and the second on the morning of the 13th; there being, however, substantial agreement between all as to the points discussed.

Of this occasion, so full of historical interest, we fortunately have the records of two of the participants. General Johnston writes:

Being desired by the President to do it, we compared the military forces of the two parties to the war. Ours, an army of about 20,000 infantry and artillery, and 5000 mounted troops; those of the United States, three armies that could be combined against ours, which was insignificant compared with either Grant's of 180,000 men, Sherman's of 110,000 at least, and Canby's of 60,000—odds of 17 or 18 to 1, which in a few weeks could be more than doubled. I represented that under such circumstances it would be the greatest of human crimes for us to attempt to continue the war; for, having neither money nor credit, nor arms but those in the hands of our soldiers, nor ammunition but that in their cartridge-boxes, nor shops for repairing arms or fixing ammunition, the effect of our keeping the field would be, not to harm the enemy, but to complete the devastation of our country and ruin of its people. I therefore urged that the President should exercise at once the only function of government still in his possession, and open negotiations for peace. The members of the Cabinet present were then desired by the President to express their opinions on the important question. General Breckinridge, Mr. Mallory, and Mr. Reagan thought that the war was decided against us, and that it was absolutely necessary to make peace. Mr. Benjamin expressed the contrary opinion. The latter made a speech for war much like that of Sempronius in Addison's play.¹

Secretary Mallory's account is even more full of realistic vividness. He represents Davis, after introducing the dreaded topic by several irrelevant subjects of conversation, and coming finally to "the situation of the country," as saying:

"Of course we all feel the magnitude of the moment. Our late disasters are terrible, but I do not think we should regard them as fatal. I think we can whip the enemy yet, if our people will turn out. We must look at matters calmly, however, and see what is left for us to do. Whatever can be done must be done at once. We have not a day to lose." A pause ensued, General Johnston not seeming to deem himself expected to speak, when the President said, "We should like to hear your views, General Johnston." Upon this the general, without preface or introduction,—his words translating the expression which his face had worn since he entered

the room,—said, in his terse, concise, demonstrative way, as if seeking to condense thoughts that were crowding for utterance: "My views are, sir, that our people are tired of the war, feel themselves whipped, and will not fight. Our country is overrun, its military resources greatly diminished, while the enemy's military power and resources were never greater, and may be increased to any desired extent. We cannot place another large army in the field; and cut off as we are from foreign intercourse, I do not see how we could maintain it in fighting condition if we had it. My men are daily deserting in large numbers, and are taking my artillery teams to aid their escape to their homes. Since Lee's defeat they regard the war as at an end. If I march out of North Carolina, her people will leave my ranks. It will be the same as I proceed south through South Carolina and Georgia, and I shall expect to retain no man beyond the by-road or cow-path that leads to his house. My small force is melting away like snow before the sun, and I am hopeless of recruiting it. We may perhaps obtain terms which we ought to accept." The tone and manner, almost spiteful, in which the general jerked out these brief, decisive sentences, pausing at every paragraph, left no doubt as to his own convictions. When he ceased speaking, whatever was thought of his statements—and their importance was fully understood—they elicited neither comment nor inquiry. The President, who during their delivery had sat with his eyes fixed upon a scrap of paper which he was folding and refolding abstractedly, and who had listened without a change of position or expression, broke the silence by saying, in a low, even tone, "What do you say, General Beauregard?" "I concur in all General Johnston has said," he replied. Another silence, more eloquent of the full appreciation of the condition of the country than words could have been, succeeded, during which the President's manner was unchanged.²

Davis's optimism had taken an obstinate form, and even after these irrefutable arguments and stern decisions he remained unconvinced. He writes that he "never expected a Confederate army to surrender while it was able either to fight or to retreat";³ but sustained only by the sophomoric eloquence of Mr. Benjamin, he had no alternative. He inquired of Johnston how terms were to be obtained; to which the latter answered, by negotiation between military commanders, proposing that he should be allowed to open such negotiations with Sherman. To this Davis consented, and upon Johnston's suggestion Secretary Mallory took up a pen and at Davis's dictation wrote down the letter to Sherman⁴ which we have quoted elsewhere, and the results of which have been related. The council of war over, General Johnston returned to his army to begin negotiations with Sherman. On the following day, April 14, Davis and his party, without waiting to

¹ Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," pp. 398, 399.

² Alfried, "Life of Jefferson Davis," pp. 623-625.

³ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," p. 682.

⁴ Alfried, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 625.

hear the result, left Greensboro' to continue their journey southward.¹

The dignity and resources of the Confederate Government were rapidly shrinking; railroad travel had ceased on account of burned bridges, and it could no longer even maintain the state enjoyed in its car at Greensboro'. We are not informed what became of the archives; its personnel—President, Cabinet, and sundry staff officers—scraped together a lot of miscellaneous transportation, composed of riding horses, ambulances, and other vehicles, which, over roads rendered almost impassable by mud, made their progress to the last degree vexatious and toilsome. The country was so full of fugitives that horse-stealing seems to have become for the time an admitted custom and privilege. We have the statement of Davis's private secretary that eight or ten young Mississippians, one of them an officer, who volunteered to become the rebel President's bodyguard, equipped themselves by "pressing" the horses of neighboring farmers, rendering necessary a premature and somewhat sudden departure in advance of the official party.² Obtaining shelter by night when they could, and camping at other times, the distinguished fugitives made their way to Charlotte, North Carolina, where they arrived on the 18th of April. Since the Confederate Government had considerable establishments at Charlotte, orders were despatched to the quartermaster to prepare accommodations; and this request was reasonably satisfied for all the members of the party except its chief. The quartermaster met them near the town and

explained that, though quarters could be furnished for the rest of us, he had as yet been able to find only one person willing to receive Mr. Davis, saying the people generally were afraid that whoever entertained him would have his house burned by the enemy; that, indeed, it was understood threats to that effect had been made everywhere by Stoneman's cavalry. There seemed to be nothing to do but to go to the one domicile offered. It was on the main street of the town, and was occupied by Mr. Bates, a man said to be of Northern birth, a bachelor of convivial habits, the local agent of the Southern Express Company, apparently living alone with his negro servants, and keeping a sort of "open house," where a broad, well-equipped sideboard was the most conspicuous feature of the situation—not at all a seemly place for Mr. Davis.³

Mr. Davis was perforce obliged to accept this entertainment; and whether he failed to realize the significance of such treatment or whether he was moved by his suppressed in-

dignation to a defiant self-assertion, when a detachment of rebel cavalry passing along the street saluted him with cheers and called him out for a speech, after the usual compliments to soldiers, he "expressed his own determination not to despair of the Confederacy, but to remain with the last organized band upholding the flag."⁴ And this feeling he again emphasized during his stay in Charlotte by a remark to his private secretary, "I *cannot* feel like a beaten man."

The stay at Charlotte was prolonged, evidently to wait for news from Johnston's army. No information came till April 23, when Breckinridge, Secretary of War, arrived, bringing the memorandum agreement made by Sherman and Johnston on the 18th.⁵ The memorandum seems to have been discussed at a Cabinet meeting held on the morning of the 24th, and Mr. Davis yielded to the advice they all gave him to accept and ratify the agreement. He wrote a letter to that effect,⁶ but almost immediately received further information, which Sherman communicated to Johnston, that the Washington authorities had rejected the terms and agreement, and directed Sherman to continue his military operations, and that Sherman had given notice to terminate the armistice. This change, coupled with the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, which the party had received on their arrival in Charlotte, stimulated the hopes of the rebel President, and he sent back instructions to Johnston to disband his infantry and retreat southward with so much of his cavalry and light artillery as he could bring away. Against the daily evidence of his own observation and the steady current of advice from his followers, he was still dreaming of some romantic or miraculous renewal of his chances and fortunes. And in his book, written fifteen years afterward, he makes no attempt to conceal his displeasure that General Johnston refused to obey his desperate and futile orders.

The armistice expired on the 26th, and the fugitive Confederate Government once more took up its southward flight. At starting, the party still made show of holding together. There were the President, most of the members of the Cabinet, several staff officers, and fragments of six cavalry brigades, counting about two thousand, which had escaped in small parties from Johnston's surrender. This was enough to form a respectable escort. There was still talk of the expedition turning westward and making its way across the Mississippi to join Kirby Smith and Magruder. But the

¹ Burton N. Harrison in *THE CENTURY*, November, 1883, pp. 134, 137.

² *Ibid.*, p. 133.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 136.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. XII., pp. 100, 102.

⁶ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 688.

meager accounts plainly indicate that Davis's advisers fed his hope for politeness' sake, or to furnish the only pastime with which it was possible to relieve the tedium of their journey; for as they proceeded the expedition melted away as if by enchantment. Davis directed his course towards Abbeville, South Carolina. Mr. Mallory records that though they had met no enemy,

At Abbeville the fragments of disorganized cavalry commands, which had thus far performed, in some respects, an escort's duty, were found to be reduced to a handful of men, anxious only to reach their homes as early as practicable, and whose services could not further be relied on. . . . Almost every cross-road witnessed the separation of comrades in arms, who had long shared the perils and privations of a terrific struggle, now seeking their several homes to resume their duties as peaceful citizens.¹

The members of the Cabinet, except Reagan, also soon dropped off on various pretexts. Benjamin decided to pursue another route, Breckinridge remained behind with the cavalry at the crossing of the Savannah River and never caught up. At Washington, Georgia, a little farther on, Mallory halted "to attend to the needs of his family." Davis waited a whole day at Washington, and finding that neither troops nor leaders appeared, the actual situation seems at last to have dawned upon him. "I spoke to Captain Campbell of Kentucky, commanding my escort," he writes, "explained to him the condition of affairs, and telling him that his company was not strong enough to fight, and too large to pass without observation, asked him to inquire if there were ten men who would volunteer to go with me without question wherever I should choose."² With these, two officers, three members of his personal staff, and Postmaster-General Reagan, he pushed ahead, still nursing his project of crossing the Mississippi River.

Davis's private secretary had been sent ahead to join Mrs. Davis and her family party at Abbeville, South Carolina, and they continued their journey, in advance, with a comfortable wagon train. After passing Washington, in Georgia, rumors of pursuit by Federal cavalry increased, and a more ominous rumor gained circulation that a gang of disbanded Confederates was preparing to plunder the train under the idea that it carried a portion of the official treasure. Apprehension of this latter danger induced the Confederate President to hurry forward and overtake his family, and during three days he traveled in their company. It seems to have been a dismal journey; the roads were bad, heavy storms

were prevailing, signs of danger and prospects of capture were continually increasing, and they were sometimes compelled to start at midnight and push on through driving rain to make good their concealed flight.

They halted about five o'clock in the afternoon of May 9, to camp and rest in the pine woods by a small stream in the neighborhood of Irwinville, Irwin County, near the middle of southern Georgia. Here the situation was discussed, and it became clear that any hope of reaching the trans-Mississippi country was visionary. The determination was finally arrived at to proceed to the east coast of Florida, and by means of a small sailing vessel, stated to be in readiness, endeavor to gain the Texas coast by sea. It was also agreed that Davis should at once leave his family and push ahead with a few companions. Davis explains that he and his special party did not start ahead at nightfall, as had been arranged, because a rumor reached him that the expected marauding party would probably attack the camp that night, and that he delayed his departure for the protection of the women and children, still intending, however, to start during the night. With this view, his own and other horses remained saddled and ready. But the camp was undisturbed, and fatigue seems to have held its inmates in deep slumber until dawn of May 10, when by a complete surprise a troop of Federal cavalry suddenly captured the whole party and camp. There is naturally some variance in the accounts of the incident, but the differences are in the shades of coloring rather than in the essential facts.

Two expeditions had been sent from Macon by General James H. Wilson in pursuit of Jefferson Davis and his party—the one to scour the left, the other the right bank of the Ocmulgee River; one, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Harnden, commanding the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, starting on the 6th, and the other, under Lieutenant-Colonel B. D. Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan Cavalry, starting on the 7th of May. Following different routes, these two officers met at the village of Abbeville, Georgia, in the afternoon of May 9, where they compared notes and decided to continue the pursuit by different roads. As the chase grew hot, smaller detachments from each party spurred on, learned the location of the slumbering camp, and posted themselves in readiness to attack it at daylight, but remained unconscious of each other's proximity.

The fugitives' camp was in the dense pine woods a mile and a half north of Irwinville. Pritchard had reached this village after midnight, obtained information about the camp, and procured a negro boy to guide him to it.

¹ Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 630.

² Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 695.

Approaching to within half a mile, he halted, both to wait for daylight and to send his lieutenant, Purinton, with twenty-five dismounted men to gain the rear of the camp, but cautioning him that a part of Harnden's command would in all probability approach from that direction, and that he must avoid a conflict with them. (See also pages 586 and 595.)

At daybreak [writes Captain Lawton of Pritchard's force] the order was passed in a whisper to make ready to enter the camp. The men were alive to the work. Mounting their horses, the column moved at a walk until the tents came in sight, and then, at the word, dashed in. The camp was found pitched on both sides of the road. On the left hand, as we entered, were wagons, horses, tents, and men; on the right were two wall-tents, fronting from the road. All was quiet in the camp. We encountered no guards; if there were any out, they must have been asleep.¹

Just at this instant, however, firing was heard back of the camp, where Purinton had been sent. This created instant confusion, and Pritchard with most of his force rushed forward through the camp to resist a supposed Confederate attack. It turned out that, despite the precautions taken, the detachment of Pritchard's men under Purinton (the 4th Michigan) had met a detachment of Harnden's men (the 1st Wisconsin), and in the darkness they had mistaken and fired on each other, causing two deaths and wounding a number.

The rush of the cavalry and the firing of course aroused the sleepers, and as they emerged from their tents there was a moment of confusion during which only one or two Federal soldiers remained in the camp. One of these had secured Davis's horse,² which had stood saddled since the previous evening, and which a colored servant had just brought to

his tent. Of what ensued, we give Mr. Davis's own account:

I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was, therefore, impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglan," a waterproof light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders advanced towards him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and recognizing that the opportunity had been lost I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed to a fire beyond the tent.³

Colonel Pritchard relates in his official report:

Upon returning to camp I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command, and upon my answering him that I was, and asking him whom I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whoever I

sharp eyes were upon the singular-looking 'old mother.' Suddenly, Corporal Munger of Company C, and others, at the same instant, discovered that the 'old mother' was wearing very heavy boots for an aged female, and the corporal exclaimed:

"That is not a woman! Don't you see the boots?" and spurring his horse forward and cocking his carbine, compelled the withdrawal of the shawl, and dis-closed Jeff. Davis.

"As if stung by this discovery of his unmanliness, Jeff. struck an attitude, and cried out:

"Is there a man among you? If there is, let me see him!"

"Yes," said the corporal, "I am one; and if you stir, I will blow your brains out!"

"I know my fate," said Davis, "and might as well die here."

"But his wife threw her arms around his neck, and kept herself between him and the threatening corporal.

"No harm, however, was done him, and he was generally kindly spoken to: he was only stripped of his female attire.

"As a man, he was dressed in a complete suit of gray, a light felt hat, and high cavalry boots, with a gray beard of about six weeks' growth covering his face.

¹ G. W. Lawton in "The Atlantic," September, 1865, p. 344.

² Ibid.

³ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pp. 701, 702.

It is but just to give the following narrative of Captain G. W. Lawton of the 4th Michigan Cavalry. It was printed in "The Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1865, and the reader may profitably compare it with Jefferson Davis's own narrative which is quoted in the text.

"Andrew Bee, a private of Company L, went to the entrance of Davis's tent, and was met by Mrs. Davis, 'bareheaded and barefoot,' as he describes her, who, putting her hand on his arm, said:

"Please don't go in there till my daughter gets herself dressed."

"Andrew thereupon drew back, and in a few minutes a young lady (Miss Howell) and another person, bent over as with age, wearing a lady's 'waterproof,' gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head, and carrying a tin pail, appear, and ask to go to 'the run' for water. Mrs. Davis also appears, and says:

"For God's sake, let my old mother go to get some water!"

"No objections being made, they passed out. But

pleased. When I replied to him that I would call him Davis, and after a moment's hesitation he said that was his name, he suddenly drew himself up in true royal dignity and exclaimed, "I suppose that you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children, but it is theft, it is vandalism!"¹

That the correctness of the report may not be questioned, we add the corroborating statement of Postmaster-General Reagan, the sole member of the rebel Cabinet remaining with the party:

Colonel Pritchard did not come up for some time after Mr. Davis was made a prisoner. When he rode up there was a crowd, chiefly of Federal soldiers, around Mr. Davis. He was standing, and dressed in the suit he habitually wore. He turned towards Colonel Pritchard and asked, "Who commands these troops?" Colonel Pritchard replied, without hesitation, that he did. Mr. Davis said to him, "You command a set of thieves and robbers. They rob women and children." Colonel Pritchard then said, "Mr. Davis, you should remember that you are a prisoner." And Mr. Davis replied: "I am fully conscious of that. It would be bad enough to be the prisoner of soldiers and gentlemen. I am still lawful game, and would rather be dead than be your prisoner."²

Colonel Pritchard's official report gives the following list of the persons who fell into his hands:

I ascertained that we had captured Jefferson Davis and family (a wife and four children); John H. Reagan, his Postmaster-General; Colonels Harrison and Lubbock, A. D. C. to Davis; Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary; Major Maurin and Captain Moody, Lieutenant Hathaway; Jeff. D. Howell, midshipman in the rebel navy, and twelve private soldiers; Miss Maggie Howell, sister of Mrs. Davis; two waiting-maids, one white and one black, and several other servants. We also captured five wagons, three ambulances, about fifteen horses, and from twenty-five to thirty mules. The train was mostly loaded with commissary stores and private baggage of the party.

The details of the return march are unnecessary; there is no allegation that the prisoners were ill treated. They arrived at Macon on May 13, both captors and prisoners having on the way first learned of the offer of a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for Davis's apprehension on the charge of having been an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln. In due time Davis was imprisoned in Fort Monroe. These pages do not afford room to narrate his captivity of about

"He said he thought our Government was too magnanimous to hunt women and children that way.

"When Colonel Pritchard told him that he would do the best he could for his comfort, he answered:

"I ask no favors of you."

"To which surly reply the colonel courteously responded by assuring him of kind treatment.

two years, his arraignment at Richmond before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia for the crime of treason, and his liberation on bail, Horace Greeley having volunteered to become his principal bondsman.

On the 3d of December, 1868, a motion was made to quash the indictment on the ground that the penalties and disabilities denounced against and inflicted on him for his alleged offense, by the third section of the fourteenth article of the Constitution of the United States, were a bar to any proceedings upon such indictment. The court, consisting of Chief-Justice Chase and Judge Underwood, considered the motion, and two days later announced that they disagreed in opinion, and certified the question to the Supreme Court of the United States. Though not announced, it was understood that the Chief-Justice held the affirmative and Judge Underwood the negative on the question. Three weeks from that day President Johnson bestowed upon Mr. Davis and those who had been his followers a liberal and fraternal Christmas gift. On the 25th of December, 1868, he issued a proclamation supplementing the various prior proclamations of amnesty, which declared "unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof." The Government of course took no further action in the suit; and at a subsequent term of the Circuit Court the indictment was dismissed on motion of Mr. Davis's counsel. The ex-President of the Confederate States was thus relieved from all penalties for his rebellion except the disability to hold office imposed by the third section of the XIVth Amendment, which Congress has hitherto refused to remove.

THE END OF REBELLION.

IN the early years of the war, after every considerable success of the national arms, the newspapers were in the habit of announcing that "the back of the rebellion was broken." But at last the time came when the phrase was true; after Appomattox, the rebellion fell to pieces all at once. Lee surrendered less than

"Arrangements were forthwith made to return to Macon. . . .

"The members of Davis's staff submitted with a better grace than he to the capture and march, and were generally quite communicative."

¹ Pritchard to Stanton, May 25, 1865.

² J. H. Reagan in "Annals of the War," p. 155.

one-sixth of the Confederates in arms on the 9th of April; the armies that still remained to them, though inconsiderable when compared with the mighty host under the national colors, were yet infinitely larger than any Washington had commanded, and were capable of strenuous resistance and of incalculable mischief. Leading minds on both sides thought the war might be indefinitely prolonged. We have seen that Jefferson Davis, after Richmond fell, issued his swelling manifesto, saying the Confederates had "now entered upon a new phase of the struggle," and that he would "never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy." General Sherman, so late as the 25th of April, said, "I now apprehend that the rebel armies will disperse; and instead of dealing with six or seven States, we will have to deal with numberless bands of desperadoes." Neither side comprehended fully the intense weariness of war that had taken possession of the South; and peace came more swiftly and completely than any one had ever dared to hope.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea and his northward progress through the Carolinas had predisposed the great interior region to make an end of strife, a tendency which was greatly promoted by Wilson's energetic and masterly raid. The rough usage received by Taylor and by Forrest at his hands, and the blow their dignity suffered in the capture of their fugitive President, made their surrender more practicable. An officer of Taylor's staff came to Canby's headquarters on the 19th of April to make arrangements for the surrender of all the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi not already paroled by Sherman and by Wilson—embracing some 42,000 men. On the 4th of May the terms were agreed upon and signed at the village of Citronelle in Alabama. General Taylor gives a picturesque incident of his meeting with General Canby. The Union officers invited the Confederates to a luncheon, and while the latter were enjoying a menu to which they had long been unaccustomed, the military band in attendance began playing "Hail, Columbia." Canby—with a courtesy, Taylor says, equal to anything recorded by Froissart—excused himself, and walked to the door; the music ceased for a moment, and then the air of "Dixie" was heard. The Confederates, not to be left in arrears of good-breeding, then demanded the national air, and the flag of the reunited country was toasted by both sides. The terms agreed upon were those accorded by Grant to Lee with slight changes of detail, the United States Government furnishing transportation and subsistence on the way home to the men lately engaged in the effort

to destroy it. The Confederates willingly testify to the cordial generosity with which they were treated. "Public property," says General Taylor, "was turned over and receipted for, and this as orderly and quickly as in time of peace between officers of the same service." At the same time and place the Confederate Commodore Farrand surrendered to Admiral Thatcher all the naval forces of the Confederacy in the neighborhood of Mobile—a dozen vessels and some hundreds of officers.

General Kirby Smith commanded all the insurgent forces west of the Mississippi. On him the desperate hopes of Mr. Davis and his flying Cabinet were fixed, after the successive surrenders of Lee and Johnston had left them no prospect in the east. They imagined they could move westward, gathering up stragglers as they fled, and, crossing the river, could join Smith's forces, and "form an army, which in that portion of the country, abounding in supplies and deficient in rivers and railroads, could have continued the war. . . ." "To this hope," adds Mr. Davis, "I persistently clung." Smith, on the 21st of April, called upon his soldiers to continue the fight.

You possess the means of long resisting invasion. You have hopes of succor from abroad. . . . The great resources of this department, its vast extent, the numbers, the discipline, and the efficiency of the army, will secure to our country terms that a proud people can with honor accept, and may, under the providence of God, be the means of checking the triumph of our enemy and securing the final success of our cause.

The attitude of Smith seemed so threatening that Sheridan was sent from Washington to bring him to reason. But he did not long hold his position of solitary defiance. One more useless skirmish took place near Brazos, and then Smith followed the example of Taylor, and surrendered his entire force, some 18,000, to General Canby on the 26th of May. The same generous terms were accorded him that had been given to Taylor—the Government fed his troops and carried them to their homes.

Meanwhile, General Wilson had been paroling many thousands of prisoners, who wandered in straggling parties within the limits of his command. One hundred and seventy-five thousand men in all were surrendered by the different Confederate commanders, and there were, in addition to these, about ninety-nine thousand prisoners in national custody during the year; one-third of these were exchanged and two-thirds released. This was done as rapidly as possible, by successive orders of the War Department, beginning on the 9th of May and continuing through the summer.

The first object of the Government was to stop the waste of war. Recruiting ceased im-

mediately after Lee's surrender; the purchase of arms and supplies was curtailed, and measures were taken to reduce as promptly as possible the vast military establishment. It had grown during the last few months to portentous dimensions. The impression that a great and final victory was near at hand, the stimulus of the national hope, the prospect of a brief and prosperous campaign, had brought the army up to the magnificent complement of a million men.¹ The reduction of this vast armament, the retrenchment of the enormous expenses incident to it, were immediately undertaken with a method and despatch which were the result of four years' thorough and practical training, and which would have been impossible under any other circumstances. Every chief of bureau was ordered on the 28th of April to proceed at once to the reduction of expenses in his department to a peace footing, and this before Taylor or Smith had surrendered and while Jefferson Davis was still at large. The transportation department gave up the railroads of the South to their owners, mainly in better condition than that in which they had been received. They began without delay to sell the immense accumulation of draught animals; eight million dollars were realized from that source within the year. The other departments also disposed of their surplus stores. The stupendous difference which the close of the war at once caused in the finances of the country may be seen in the fact that the appropriations for the army in the fiscal year succeeding the war were \$33,814,461 as against \$516,240,131 for the preceding year. The army of a million men was brought down, with incredible ease and celerity, to one of twenty-five thousand.

Before the great army melted away into the greater body of the Republic the soldiers enjoyed one final triumph, a march through the capital, undisturbed by death or danger, under the eyes of their highest commanders, military and civilian, and the representatives of the people whose nationality they had saved. The Army of the Potomac and the army of Sherman—such corps of them as were stationed within reach, waiting their discharge—were ordered to pass in review before General Grant and President Johnson, in front of the Executive Mansion, on the 23d and 24th of May. Those who witnessed this solemn yet joyous pageant will never forget it, and will pray that their children may never witness anything like it. For two whole days this formidable host, eight times the number of the entire peace es-

tablishment, marched the long stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, starting from the shadow of the dome of the Capitol, and filling that wide thoroughfare to Georgetown with their serried mass, moving with the easy, yet rapid pace of veterans in cadence step. On a platform in front of the White House stood the President and all the first officers of the state, the judges of the highest court, the most eminent generals and admirals of the army and the navy. The weather, on both days, was the finest a Washington May could afford; the trees of Lafayette Square were leafing out in their strong and delicate verdure.

The Army of the Potomac, which for four years had been the living bulwark of the capital, was rightly given the precedence. Meade himself rode at the head of his column, then came the cavalry headed by Merritt—for Sheridan had already started for his new command in the Southwest. Custer, commanding the Third Division, had an opportunity of displaying his splendid horsemanship, as his charger, excited beyond control by the pomp and martial music, bolted near the Treasury, and dashed with the speed of the wind past the reviewing stand, but was soon mastered by the young general, who was greeted with stormy applause as he rode gravely by the second time, covered with garlands of flowers, the gifts of friends on the pavement. The same graceful guerdon was given all the leading commanders; even subalterns and hundreds of private soldiers marched decked with these fragrant offerings. The three infantry corps, the Ninth, under Parke, the Fifth, under Griffin,—though Warren was on the stand, hailed with tumultuous cheers by his soldiers,—and the Second, under Humphreys, moved swiftly forward. Wright, with the Sixth, was too far away to join in the day's parade.² The memory of hundreds of hard-fought battles, of saddening defeats and glorious victories, of the dead and maimed comrades who had fallen forever out of the thinned ranks, was present to every one who saw the veteran divisions marching by under the charge of generals who had served with them in every vicissitude of battle and siege—trained officers like Crook and Ayres, and young and brilliant soldiers who had risen like rockets from among the volunteers, such as Barlow and Miles. Every brigade had its days of immortal prowess to boast, every tattered guidon had its history.

On the 24th Sherman's army marched in review. The general rode in person at the head of his troops, and was received by the dense multitude that thronged the avenue with a tumult of rapturous plaudits, which might have assured him of the peculiar place he was

¹ May 1, 1865, the aggregate was 1,000,516. [Johnson, Message, Dec. 4, 1865. Appendix, "Globe," p. 4.]

² His corps was reviewed on the 7th of June.

to hold thereafter in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. His horse and he were loaded with flowers; and his principal commanders were not neglected. Howard had just been appointed chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, and therefore Logan commanded the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, the place he had hoped for, and, his friends insist, deserved, when McPherson fell; Hazen had succeeded to the Fifteenth Corps, and Frank Blair, a chivalrous and martial figure, rode at the head of the Seventeenth. Slocum led the left wing,—the Army of Georgia,—consisting of the Twentieth Corps under Mower, and the Fourteenth under J. C. Davis. The armies of Meade and Sherman were not exclusively from the East and West respectively; for Sherman had the contingent which Hooker and Howard had brought to Chattanooga from the East; and there were regiments from as far west as Wisconsin and Minnesota in the Army of the Potomac. But Sherman's troops were to all intents and purposes Western men, and they were scanned with keen and hospitable interest by the vast crowd of spectators, who were mainly from the East. There was little to choose between the two armies: a trifle more of neatness and discipline, perhaps, among the veterans of Meade; a slight preponderance in physique and in swinging vigor of march among the Westerners; but the trivial differences were lost in the immense and evident likeness, as of brothers in one family. There was a touch of the grotesque in the march of Sherman's legions which was absent from the well-ordered corps of Meade. A small squad of bummers followed each brigade, in their characteristic garb and accessories; small donkeys loaded with queer spoils; goats and game-cocks, regimental pets, sitting gravely on the backs of mules; and pickaninnies, the adopted children of companies, showed their black faces between the ranks, their eyes and teeth gleaming with delight.

As a mere spectacle, this march of the mightiest host the continent had ever seen gathered together was grand and imposing, but it was not as a spectacle alone that it affected the beholder most deeply. It was not a mere holiday parade; it was an army of citizens on their way home after a long and terrible war. Their clothes were worn with toilsome marches and pierced with bullets; their banners had been torn with shot and shell and lashed in the winds of a thousand battles; the very drums and fifes that played the ruffles as each battalion passed the President had called out the troops to numberless night alarms, had sounded the onset at Vicksburg and Antietam, had inspired the wasted valor of Kenesaw and Fredericksburg, had throbbed with the electric pulse of

victory at Chattanooga and Five Forks. The whole country claimed these heroes as a part of themselves, an infinite gratification forever to the national self-love; and the thoughtful diplomatists who looked on the scene from the reviewing stand could not help seeing that there was a conservative force in an intelligent democracy which the world had never before known.

With all the shouting and the laughter and the joy of this unprecedented ceremony there was one sad and dominant thought which could not be driven from the minds of those who saw it—that of the men who were absent, and who had, nevertheless, richly earned the right to be there. The soldiers, in their shrunken companies, were conscious of the ever-present memories of the brave comrades who had fallen by the way; and in the whole army there was the passionate and unavailing regret that their wise, gentle, and powerful friend, Abraham Lincoln, was gone forever from the house by the avenue, where their loyal votes, supporting their loyal bayonets, had contributed so much to place him.

The world has had many lessons to learn from this great war: the naval fight in Hampton Roads opened a new era in maritime warfare; the marches of Sherman disturbed all previous axioms of logistics; the system of instantaneous intrenchments, adopted by the soldiers of both sides in the latter part of the war, changed the whole character of modern field tactics. But the greatest of all the lessons afforded to humanity by the Titanic struggle in which the American Republic saved its life is the manner in which its armies were levied, and, when the occasion for their employment was over, were dismissed. Though there were periods when recruiting was slow and expensive, yet there were others, when some crying necessity for troops was apparent, that showed almost incredible speed and efficiency in the supply of men. Mr. Stanton, in his report for 1865, says:

After the disaster on the Peninsula, in 1862, over 80,000 troops were enlisted, organized, armed, equipped, and sent to the field in less than a month. Sixty thousand troops have repeatedly gone to the field within four weeks; and 90,000 infantry were once sent to the armies from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin within twenty days.

This certainly shows a wealth of resources nothing less than imperial, and a power of commanding the physical and moral forces of the nation which has rarely been paralleled. Even more important, by way of instruction and example, was the lesson given the nations by the quick and noiseless dispersion of the enormous host when the war was done. The best friends of the Republic in Europe feared for it in this crisis, and those who disbelieved in

the conservative power of democracy were loud in their prophecies of the trouble which would arise on the attempt to disband the army. A million men, with arms in their hands, flushed with intoxicating victory, led by officers schooled in battle, loved and trusted—were they not ready for any adventure? Was it reasonable to believe that they would consent to disband and go to work again at the bidding of a few men in black coats at Washington? Especially after Lincoln was dead, could the tailor from Tennessee direct these myriads of warriors to lay down their arms and melt away into the everyday life of citizens? In America there was no anxiety on this score among the friends of the Union. Without giving the subject a thought they knew there was no danger. The war had been made to execute the laws and to save the national existence, and when those objects were attained there was no thought among the soldiers, from the general to the humblest file-closer, but to wait for the expected orders from the civil authorities for their disbandment.

The orders came as a mere matter of course, and were executed with a thoroughness and rapidity which then seemed also a matter of course, but which will appear more and more wonderful to succeeding generations. The muster-out began on the 29th of April, before Lincoln was borne to his grave, before Davis was caught, before the rebels of the Trans-Mississippi had ceased uttering their boasts of eternal defiance. First the new recruits, next the veterans whose terms were nearly expired, next those expensive corps the cavalry and artillery, and so on in regular order. Sherman's laurel-crowned army was the first to complete its muster-out, and the heroic Army of the Potomac was not far behind it. These veterans of hundreds of battlefields were soon found mingled in all the pursuits of civic activity. By the 7th of August 641,000 troops had become citizens; by the middle of November over 800,000 had been mustered out—without a fancy in any mind that there was anything else to do.

The Navy Department had not waited for the return of peace to begin the reduction of expenses. As soon as Fort Fisher fell the retrenchment began, and before Grant started on his last campaign considerable progress had been made in that direction. The 1st of May the squadrons were reduced one-half, and in July but thirty steamers comprised the entire blockading squadron on the Atlantic and the Gulf. The Potomac and Mississippi flotillas were wholly discontinued in another month. When Mr. Welles made his annual report in December he could say: "There were in the several blockading squadrons in January last,

exclusive of other duty, 471 vessels and 2445 guns. There are now but 29 vessels remaining on the coast, carrying 210 guns, exclusive of howitzers." Superfluous vessels were sold by hundreds and the money covered into the Treasury; thousands of the officers and sailors who had patriotically left the merchant service to fight under the national flag went back to the pursuits of peace.

For the purposes of pacification and the reestablishment of the national authority the country was divided into five grand divisions—that of the Atlantic, commanded by Meade; the Mississippi, by Sherman; the Gulf, by Sheridan; the Tennessee, by Thomas; and the Pacific, by Halleck. These again were subdivided into nineteen departments, and we print here the names of the generals commanding them for the last time, as a roll of the men who survived the war, most favored by fortune and their own merits: Hooker, Hancock, Augur, Ord, Stoneman, Palmer (J. M.), Pope, Terry, Schofield, Sickles, Steedman, Foster (J. G.), Wood (T. J.), Wood (C. R.), Canby, Wright, Reynolds, Steele, McDowell. The success or failure of these soldiers in administering the trusts confided to them, their relations to the people among whom they were stationed, and to the President who succeeded to the vacant chair of Lincoln, form no part of the story we have attempted to tell.

On the 13th of June the President proclaimed the insurrection at an end in the State of Tennessee; it was not until the second day of April, 1866, that he proclaimed a state of peace as existing in the rest of the United States, and then he excepted the State of Texas; on the 20th of August, in the same year, he made his final proclamation, announcing the reestablishment of the national authority in Texas, and thereupon he concluded, "I do further proclaim that the said insurrection is at an end, and that peace, order, tranquillity, and civil authority now exist in and throughout the whole of the United States of America."

LINCOLN'S FAME.

THE death of Lincoln awoke all over the world a quick and deep emotion of grief and admiration. If he had died in the days of doubt and gloom which preceded his reflection, he would have been sincerely mourned and praised by the friends of the Union, but its enemies would have curtly dismissed him as one of the necessary and misguided victims of sectional hate. They would have used his death to justify their malevolent forebodings, to point the moral of new lectures on the instability of democracies. But as he had fallen in the moment of a stupendous victory, the halo

of a radiant success enveloped his memory and dazzled the eyes even of his most hostile critics. That portion of the press of England and the Continent which had persistently vilified him now joined in the universal chorus of elegiac praise.¹ Cabinets and courts which had been cold or unfriendly sent their messages of condolence. The French government, spurred on by their Liberal opponents, took prompt measures to express their admiration for his character and their horror at his taking-off. In the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies the imperialists and the republicans vied with each other in utterances of grief and of praise; the Emperor and the Empress sent their personal condolences to Mrs. Lincoln. In England there was perhaps a trifle of self-consciousness at the bottom of the official expressions of sympathy. The Foreign Office searched the records for precedents, finding nothing which suited the occasion since the assassination of Henry IV. The sterling English character could not, so gracefully as the courtiers of Napoleon III., bend to praise one who had been treated almost as an enemy for so long. When Sir George Grey opened his dignified and pathetic speech in the House of Commons, by saying that a majority of the people of England sympathized with the North, he was greeted with loud protestations and denials on the part of those who favored the Confederacy. But his references to Lincoln's virtues were cordially received, and when he said that the Queen had written to Mrs. Lincoln with her own hand, "as a widow to a widow," the House broke out in loud cheering. Mr. Disraeli spoke on behalf of the Conservatives with his usual dexterity and with a touch of factitious feeling.

There is [he said] in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, something so homely and innocent, that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.

In the House of Lords the matter was treated with characteristic reticence. The speech of

¹ One of the finest poems on the occasion of his death was that in which the London "Punch" made its manly recantation of the slanders with which it had pursued him for four years:

Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

Lord Russell was full of that rugged truthfulness, that unbending integrity of spirit, which appeared at the time to disguise his real friendliness to America, and which was only the natural expression of a mind extraordinarily upright, and English to the verge of caricature. Lord Derby followed him in a speech of curious elegance, the object of which was rather to launch a polished shaft against his opponents than to show honor to the dead President; and the address proposed by the Government was voted. While these reserved and careful public proceedings were going on, the heart of England was expressing its sympathy with the kindred beyond sea by its thousand organs of utterance in the press, the resolutions of municipal bodies, the pulpit, and the platform.

In Germany the same manifestations were seen of official expressions of sympathy from royalty and its ministers, and of heartfelt affection and grief from the people and their representatives. Otto von Bismarck, then at the beginning of his illustrious career, gave utterance to the courteous regrets of the King of Prussia; the eloquent deputy, William Loewe, from his place in the House, made a brief and touching speech.

The man [he said] who accomplished such great deeds from the simple desire conscientiously to perform his duty, the man who never wished to be more nor less than the most faithful servant of his people, will find his own glorious place in the pages of history. In the deepest reverence I bow my head before this modest greatness, and I think it is especially agreeable to the spirit of our own nation, with its deep inner life and admiration of self-sacrificing devotion and effort after the ideal, to pay the tribute of veneration to such greatness, exalted as it is by simplicity and modesty.

Two hundred and fifty members of the Chamber signed an address to the American minister in Berlin, full of the cordial sympathy and admiration felt, not only for the dead President, but for the national cause, by the people of Germany.

You are aware [they said] that Germany has looked with pride and joy on the thousands of her sons who in this struggle have placed themselves so resolutely on the side of law and right. You have seen with what pleasure the victories of the Union have been hailed, and how confident the faith in the final triumph of the great cause and the restoration of the Union in all its greatness has ever been, even in the midst of calamity.

Workingmen's clubs, artisans' unions, sent numberless addresses, not merely expressive of sympathy, but conveying singularly just appreciations of the character and career of Lincoln. His death seemed to have marked a step in the education of the people everywhere.

In fact it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized, as he lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him, but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place which the government disliked, but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. "Tell her," said Eugène Pelletan, "the heart of France is in that little box." The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead Republican, it struck at the Empire. "Lincoln — the Honest Man; abolished slavery, reestablished the Union: Saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty." Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, "Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy." Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them — his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; yet he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a Spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy

and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun, in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that in his case, as in that of all heroic personages who occupy a great place in history, a certain element of legend mingles with his righteous fame. He was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of the shrewd native humor, and therefore the loose jest books of two centuries have been ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic and replied, in his Quaker phrase, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people: that is why he made so many of them." He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the South whom he had made free this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. At a religious meeting among the negroes of the Sea Islands a young man expressed the wish that he might see Lincoln. A gray-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration: "No man see Linkum. Linkum walk as Jesus walk — no man see Linkum."¹ But leaving aside these fables, which are a natural enough expression of a popular awe and love, it seems to us no calmer nor more just estimate of Lincoln's relation to his time has ever been made — nor perhaps ever will be — than that uttered by one of the wisest and most Amer-

¹ Mr. Hay had this story from Captain E. W. Hooper immediately after it happened. It has been told with many variations.

ican of thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few days after the assassination. We cannot forbear quoting a few words of this remarkable discourse, which shows how Lincoln seemed to the greatest of his contemporaries.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune." . . . His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. . . . He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent—father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange; the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen, practical insight into affairs of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President—*Sævis tranquillitas in undis*. European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d'Aubigné says, "The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals." Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: "This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself."

¹ "Battles and Leaders," Vol. II., p. 405.

² H. W. Grady.

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally, where the envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few, where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him, his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell, in an immortal ode, calls him "New birth of our new soil, the first American." General Sherman says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." He is spoken of, with scarcely less of enthusiasm, by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet¹ calls him "the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period." An eminent Southern orator,² referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says:

From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln.

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument—the great writers, and the men of great achievement; the founders of states, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with Æsop and Pilpay in his lighter moods, and says:

The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and

more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg¹ will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion.²

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert³ commended it as a model for the imitation of princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address at Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance—not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchainment conditions by the force of native genius and will; vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private

life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his most formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill, that he obtained for the Government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for reelection, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the Electoral Colleges. His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After times will wonder, not at the few and unim-

¹ The text of the address, as slightly revised by President Lincoln, is as follows, and is taken from the autographic copy made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore in 1864:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of

the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." — EDITOR.

² It has sometimes been said that this speech was not appreciated at the time of its delivery; we therefore add the testimony of another high authority to that of Emerson. On the day after the dedication Edward Everett wrote to the President: "Permit me . . . to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion, in two hours, as you did in two minutes." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Your kind note of to-day is received. In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not entirely a failure. Of course I knew that Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectations. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency, whose principals are the States, was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for the national supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the subjects of it, whatever has gone before." [Unpublished MS.]

³ "La Victoire du Nord," p. 133.

portant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says:

I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions.¹

General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best-trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln "the ablest strategist of the war."

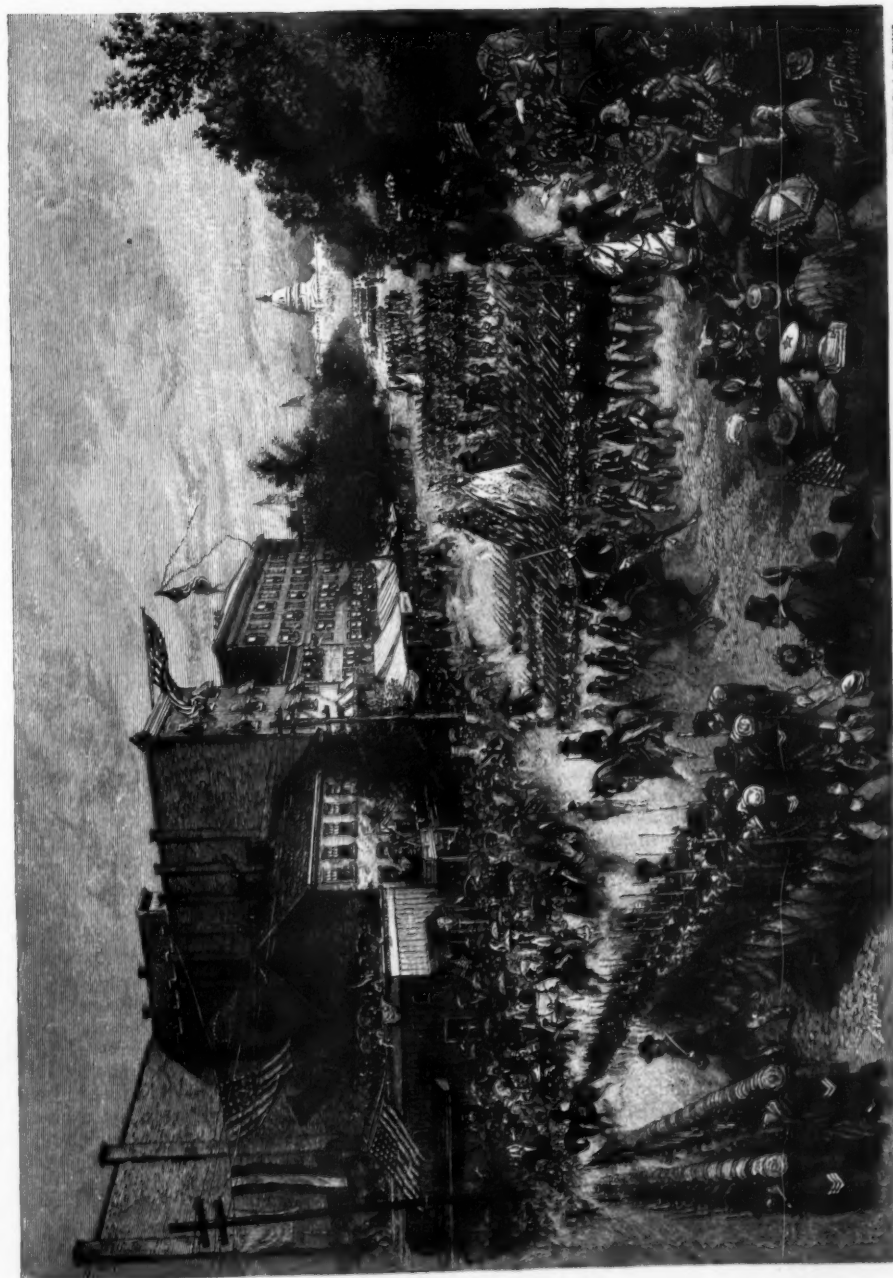
To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and worldwide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined, in such high degree, in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him by word or manner of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well born as to the poor

and humble—a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist for others upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statescraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the Republic; and by a special good fortune every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the Republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served—in life and in death—with such entire devotion.

¹ "Lincoln Memorial Album," p. 555.





ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE GRAND REVIEW OF UNION TROOPS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

PAINTED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I.—THE LIFE MASK

AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

AH, countless wonders, brought from every zone,
Not all your wealth could turn the heart away
From that one semblance of our common clay,
The brow whereon the precious life long flown,
Leaving a homely glory all its own,
Seems still to linger, with a mournful play
Of light and shadow!—His, who held a sway
And power of magic to himself unknown,
Through what is granted but God's chosen few,
Earth's crownless, yet anointed kings,—a soul
Divinely simple and sublimely true
In that unconscious greatness that shall bless
This petty world while stars their courses roll,
Whose finest flower is *self-forgetfulness*.

Stuart Sterne.

II.—THE CENOTAPH.¹

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?
'T is false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

James T. McKay.

HOW SAL CAME THROUGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS," ETC.



HE summer sun balanced itself so evenly over Holly Bluff plantation that the broad white dwelling cast no shadow. But there was shade for all that, great stretches of it where, between the road that curved around the house and the fields now wreathed in tranquil cotton bloom, the pines had been

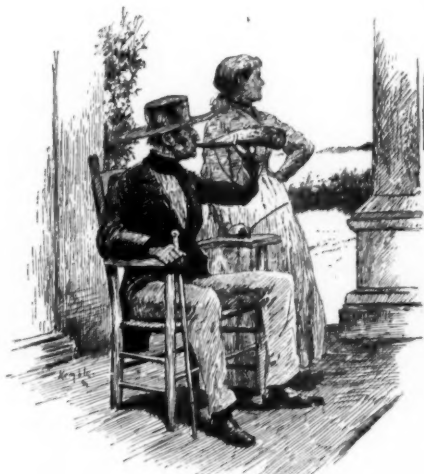
left to check the western winds; and along the edge of the ravine too, where stood the cabins, were cool Rembrandt shadows, into which the open doorways looked out pleasantly, the colors of sundry and varied garments strung along the lines that linked the spreading oaks lending cheerfulness to the scene.

And there was a deep, cool shade in the broad back porch overlooking the blooming field, whose thousand acres ran off under the

¹ On April 14, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of Lincoln's assassination, press despatches from Springfield reported his final burial in the monumental tomb.

tremulous heat to the varied green of the creek bottom, beyond which the bold ridge with its one hue rose abruptly and checked the vision.

Perhaps it was this fine restful background a mile away, boldly defying the swamp on the right but extending like a miniature mountain range in lessening knobs on the left, that made the back porch old Colonel Tom Broome's favorite spot; perhaps the fact that it overlooked



ON THE PORCH.

the whole plantation and the broad back yard had more to do with it. Anyway he had sat there for forty or fifty years, when he had time to sit, and there his black hair had grown thin and gray, his dark smooth face wrinkled, and his erect form somewhat bent. And here he sat this day nodding in the noon, his pipe fallen to the floor, his glasses slipping from his nose. The erect and defiant rooster came up the steps deliberately, surveyed him with scorn, and began to pick about him with a great show of discovery, calling to his more cautious family, which waited silently at the foot of the steps. The colonel's heavy walking-stick slipped from his side and fell to the floor; the scornful rooster sprang ten feet into the air from the porch, and as he came down excitedly related to the startled family his hairbreadth escape from an imminent deadly trap set for him. Awakened by the disturbance, the old gentleman straightened up in his chair and would probably have soon drifted again into the familiar currents that lead down to repose, but at that moment a young girl stood beside him.

"Grandpa," she said, "here 's your julep." She bore a large goblet, from which and from the ruby lake it held rose a little forest of mint.

"I know it is cool, for I drew the water from the north side of the well myself." Her blue eyes smiled upon him as she stood waiting.

The colonel gave her smile for smile as he took the glass. His own eyes were blue, and they softened the fine, stern face wonderfully. He lifted the julep gallantly with mock formality, saying, "Your health, young lady!" As he sipped and drank, the girl laughed softly and recovered his pipe, which she proceeded to fill again, he watching her the while. Her dress was a simple one of some soft white material, with a bit of blue ribbon at the throat, and a bit to hold her sunny hair back from her face. The experience of the moment was an everyday one with them; the girl knew that presently he would blow the dinner horn, smoke his pipe, go in to dinner, return to the chair, smoke and nod again, and finally make his way to the cool East India lounge in the hall, where she would sit fanning him while she read or dreamed the fair sweet dreams of girlhood. This was the midday programme.

To-day she saved him the exertion of rising, by standing on tiptoe, and fishing the carved horn off its hook with the long stem of his pipe. He fixed his eyes upon the far ridge, fitted the mouthpiece to his thin lips, breathed into the instrument, and the mellow call leaped forth across the brooding field. As it soared above them, "Too-oo-oo-oot-oot-oot-oot-oo-oo-oo-oot-oot-oot-oot-oo-oot," the distant negroes let fall their hoe handles, and the plow mules halted abruptly in their tracks. The great ridge gave back mellow echoes, and down the creek bottom into the far swamp a merry hundred fading calls hurried out of hearing. And as silence swallowed them all, July, the aged hound, came out from under the kitchen and stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully with his dim wistful eyes into his master's face, then turned again to seek the cool earth bed. So had he come for years; so would he continue to come as long as his stiffening limbs could bear him, stirred by faint memories and fainter hopes.

As the girl tossed the horn back to its peg the colonel said:

"Now, sweetheart, what 's that about your drawing water?"

She smiled into his face again.

"I said I drew it from the north side of the well. You know there is always a lizard that stays on that side and keeps it cool there."

"So I have heard," he replied with gravity. "Let me see those hands." She held out one tiny palm reddened by its exercise with the rope, and he took it in both of his, examining it closely.

"Why did n't you make Sal draw it? You must n't spoil this little hand with such work."

"Well, Grandpa, Sal is out of humor these days, and it is more trouble to make her do anything than to do it for her. I don't think she is quite well," she added quickly, seeing the slight frown upon her grandfather's brow. At that moment a short, thick-set girl came from the kitchen and started for the house. She had a round black face, the thick African lips, an enormous foot, and walked with a peculiar vim that suggested plenty of muscle. Black as was her face naturally, it was darkened by a sullen look that overhung it. The colonel stopped her.

"What's the matter with you here of late,

dat Sunday, an' dance, an' carry on f'om one day's en' ter 'nother. Ef ever I git my han's on 'er, she goin' ter know who she foolin' wid —"

"Hush!" the colonel spoke sharply.

"Ole Massa, you doan' know dat nigger. She de 'ceivines' huzzy on de place — lie, an' steal —"

"Hush, I tell you! This stuff must end right here. You go now and attend to your work. If I hear anything more of it, I'll send you to the field."

"No, Grandpa, Sal shall not go to the field. She belongs to me, and I want her at the house." The young lady spoke with en-

ergy and emphasis, and Colonel Broome settled back in his chair and proceeded to light his pipe. He was a slave himself sometimes.

"Now, Sal, you come to my room; I want to talk to you." The little lady marched in, and her air was that of an empress. "Sal," she said sternly, when they were alone, "don't you know it is wicked to talk as you do? Suppose you were to die to-day with all that hate in your heart, where do you reckon you would go? Straight down to the — the — devil; straight down like — like a bucket falling in the well." Her voice sank into an awful whisper.

"But, Missy, dat nigger —"

"Hush your mouth! Don't you 'but' me! I say you would go straight down to him, where you ought to go! Are n't you ashame — d of yourself, are n't you ashame — d! What am I to do with you, I'd like to know? I have read you the Bible, and taught you how to pray, and you get worse and worse every year. Get down on your poor, sinful knees, and ask the Lord to forgive you before he strikes you dead!" Sal dropped down on her knees, and put her face in her hands while her mistress remained standing, lining out the petition to the throne of grace.

"O Lord, look down on me, a miserable



"THE DISTANT NEGROES LET FALL THEIR HOE HANDLES."

Sal?" he asked gravely. "You leave others to do your work. What are you moping about?"

The girl stood silent, picking at her apron. Her young mistress interposed quickly, her womanly instinct half divining the cause.

"Has Alec left you, Sal?"

"Alec been conjured," said Sal, after a long pause.

"By whom?"

All the pent-up wrath came rushing out.

"Dat yellor huzzy, M'ria. She done move ole Miss ter gi' 'er dat frock she promus' me, an' she conjured Alec tell he gone plum crazy 'bout her. Hit's church dis Sunday an' church

sinner!—I am *desperately* wicked!—I am full of hate!—I lie!—I steal!—”

“No, I doan’ steal, Missy!”

“Yes, you do; you stole my ribbon! Say it: ‘I steal!—I ain’t fit to be with decent people!—I ought to be hoeing in the field!—And have forty lashes! O Lord, forgive me—as I forgive my enemies! As I forgive M’ria!’”

“Can’t do dat, Missy!”

“Yes, you can; you *shall*. Say it: ‘As I forgive even M’ria!’”

“Can’t do hit, Missy, can’t do hit; not tell I git my han’s on ‘er wunst.”

“But you shall!—‘As I forgive even M’ria!’”

“Lah, Missy, look at de dirt on yo’ new frock!”

“Sal, are you going to mind me, or must I have you sent back to the field?”

“As I fo’give even M’ria,” said Sal, meekly.

“And, O Lord, make me a good girl!—For Christ’s sake!—Amen!” Sal’s conclusion was positively cheerful, and she rose with alacrity.

“Now, Sal,” said Missy, gently, her eyes resting pleadingly on the other’s face, “I want you to promise me that you will go to prayer-meeting Sunday night and try to get religion; won’t you, Sal—for me?” It was an old subject between them. “If you will, I tell you what I’ll do: I’ll get you a better dress than M’ria’s; I will.”

“Sho’nough, Missy?”

“Sure enough. If you genuinely get religion. I know it is n’t exactly right to hire people to do that; but if you get it, it does n’t make much difference at last. O Sal, I do so want you to be good! Go to prayer-meeting Sunday night and ask the Lord to help you, won’t you, Sal?—just for my sake this time?”

The two girls were about the same age, and foster sisters. The earnestness in Missy’s voice made Sal serious at last.

“I will, Missy,” she said. “I goin’ ter do my bes’, an’ ef you hear me er-singin’ when I come erlong back by heah, hit’s all right. Goin’ ter git me er red frock, Missy?”

The dinner bell rang and the girl darted off with a face full of smiles; or rather with a face full of a smile, for Sal’s smile involved everything in its neighborhood when given full play.

II.

THE road that wound around the pines and into the woodland a quarter of a mile away, where stood the little log plantation church, lay with the tranquil shadows printed darkly upon it by the full moon as Sal plodded along on the following Sunday night. The way was otherwise deserted, for she was the latest comer. As she neared the meeting-house the opening hymn sprang out as if to meet her, and she

paused a moment to listen, for Alec’s rich voice was leading, with the whole congregation swinging into the chorus:

When I wen’ down en de valley ter pray,

Studyin’ ‘bout dat good ole way,

(Chorus: Who shell wear de starry crown?

Good Lord, show me de way.)

Ole Satan was deir fer ter hender me,

Layin’ up unner de apple tree:

Who shell wear de starry crown?

Good Lord, show me de way.

He rustle de weeds as I come erlong,

So I lif’ my soul en er holy song:

Who shell wear de starry crown?

Good Lord, show me de way.

He come right out by de side of de road,

An’ e says, “Mister man, I’ll tote yo’ load”:

Who shell wear de starry crown?

Good Lord, show me de way.

Says I, “No use fer ter temp’ we men,

De sinner got er better frien’”:

Who shell wear de starry crown?

Good Lord, show me de way.

Er shinin’ ange-ul lit right down

An’ e promus’ me dat starry crown—

Oh, I’m goin’ ter wear dat starry crown:

Good Lord, show me de way; Good Lord,

Good Lord, show me de way!

As the refrain died out Sal entered the church and took a seat near the door. Many heads were turned—it takes so little to interest a church audience—and some few worshippers near at hand giggled, for the poor little romance in the girl’s life was known, as all such things on a plantation invariably are. Aunt Tempy whispered to Aunt Chloe that Sal was after M’ria “like er houn’ dog on er rabbit track”; and Aunt Chloe ducked her head down in her lap and shook all over with the violence of her appreciation. But fortunately at that moment Preacher Adkins stood up in the pulpit and said:

“Brer Manuel, will you lead us in de praar?”

There was a sudden commotion on all sides, and the congregation settled down upon its knees, and lifting his face an aged negro began:

“O Lord, look down upon us dis night, an’ doan’ turn yo’ face erway f’om us, fur we come er-’seechin’ de throne o’ grace.”

“Look, King!” responded the stentorian voice of Unc’ Clay from his corner. “Amen!” exclaimed many voices fervently, while Unc’ Peter under the pulpit uttered his low plaintive “Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo” like the tremulous call of a basso-profundo owl in the swamp.

“Lord, let yo’ footsteps come over de moun-t’ins inter de valley, wher’ yo’ chillun es er-waitin’ an’ er-watchin’ an’ er-callin’ fur yer, en de day-time an’ en de night-time, ye’r en an’ ye’r out!”

“Come down, King!” “Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo.” “Amen! Amen! Amen!”

"Ef hit warn't fur you hit 'u'd be er sorry time down heah; hit 's bad enough anyhow, but hit 'u'd be er heap worse. O Lord! de load 'u'd be hebbier, de sun 'u'd be hotter, de mule 'u'd git bofe legs ober de trace at de en' uv e'ry row, de plow 'u'd fine more stumps, an' our poor sufferin' souls 'u'd be jerked heah an' deir 'fom de risin' up uv de sun ter de settin' down uv de same!"

"Yes, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo."
"Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Lord, you know what es en our hearts, you see all de sin down en um; nobody c'n fool you, an' you es got yo' pow'ful eye on de sinner de very time he t'inks 'e es hid out bes'. Dey c'n fool ole Massa, dey c'n fool de ober-seer, an' dey wives an' dey husban's, but dey can' fool you. When you tarks dey shakes an' come sneakin' out. But, Lord, hit 's er poor, sorry crowd atter all, an' hit ain't wuff yo' time ter projec' wid 'em. Let yo' mussy fall down an' cover 'em all—de las' one uv 'em; an' let 'em feel hit heah ter-night."

"Do it, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo."
"Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Lord, we don't know how long we got ter stay heah. Some got ter go soon, an' all got ter go atter erwhile. Las' ye'r dug more graves out yonner en de plum orchud dan de ye'r 'fo' lef' deir, an' dis one dug some too. Deir 'll be more deir 'fo' Christmus come. Last week Unc' Siah went; de week 'fo' Aunt Charlotte put two little baby-girls out deir —"

"Mercy, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo."
"Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Charlotte's voice in a low chant broke into the prayer and continued to the end in counterpoint. Presently Unc' Manuel's glided into rhythm also, and the whole assembly rocked back and forth, keeping time with their bodies:¹

We all gotter go! An' I reck'n hit 'll be ole Manuel nex'; fur-somehow-my-legs-ain't-what-dey-oncl-was; an'-w'en-I-git-down-hit's-mighty-hard-ter-git-up—mighty-hard-ter-git-up; fur-de-mis'ry-en-de-ole-man's-back; de-ole-man 's-wearin'-out; but-es-trust-es-en-de-Lord; an'-e-ain't-nev'r-call-but-de-Lord-come; mebbe-nex'-time'e-won't-come-but-sen'-es-chariot.—

Send hit, King! Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo—

An'-es-snow-white-robe-too; sen'-es-snow-white-robe-too; an'-de-ole-man-go'-long-an'-fine-es-master. Oh-hit 'll-be-er-great-day-an'-I-wish-hit-'u'd-come-erlong; an'-I-wish-bit-'u'd-come-erlong. All-'long-de-road-dey-dropped-down; mammy-an'-daddy-dropped-down; sissers-an'-brudders-dropped-down; frien's-an'-chillun-dropped-down; an'-lef'-me-heah-to-wark-erlone; all-by-myse'-f-ter-wark-erlone—ter-wark-erlone. But-hit 'll-be-er-great-day-w'en-he-call-'em-all-up-ter-tell-ole-Manuel-bowdy;

¹ To imitate this negro, select one tone and keep it monotonously except on the italicized words, which are pitched two notes higher.

yes-bit-will. Lord, doan'-let-none-be-missin'-w'en-de-horn-blows-fur-de-niggers-ter-git-up-fur-de-las'-time; none-missin'-fom-de-lowes'-ter-de-highes'; let-em-all-git-deir—

Grant hit, King! Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo. Amen!
Amen! Amen!

(All:) Let-'em-git-deir!

"An'," concluded Unc' Manuel, resuming his usual voice, "thine be de kingdom, an' de glory, fr ever an' dever, amen." To which all responded heartily.

Preacher Adkins's black face rose up from behind the pulpit and shone out over his enormous cotton collar; but before he could give direction to the services a woman began singing, and the whole congregation joined her, their voices in sweet harmony, leaping out through the dreamy night. One grand soprano and one grand contralto lead all the rest, rising, falling, curving, and sinking to rise again in the moonlit silence. When the sun went down two mated swallows were cruising in the amber haze above the silent field, controlled by a perfect sympathy that linked them together under a single impulse. It was as though these had vanished into voices, and the ear followed their flight when the eye gave them up to shadows:

When I git up ter heaven
My work 'll all be done—
I'm goin' ter wark 'ith Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I'm er-goin' up home,
I'm er-goin' up home,
I'm er-goin' up home,
Ter er-die no mo'.

I've foun' de load too heavy,
Too heavy ter tote erlone,
I'll lay hit down ter Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I'm er-goin' up home, etc.

Sinner, de way ter glory
Es de road wher' Jesus run;
Hit 'll carry yer home ter Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I'm er-goin' up home, etc.

O brudder, doan' git werry,
Yo' work es almos' done;
Meet me at de feet er Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I'm er-goin' up home, etc.

"Sis' Charlut," said preacher Adkins, as the last tones died away, "will you lead us en de praar?" As the congregation sank to its knees again the slow, plaintive voice of the woman was heard:

"Our Father who art in heaven, I doan' ask yer ter lay as heavy er load on nobody's heart as yer laid on mine. Las' ye'r daddy an'

mammy; dis ye'r my chillun—all gone, all gone!"—the voice rose in a sudden wail that echoed out in the pines and thrilled the rude hearts about her,—“all gone; laid 'em en de cole groun' an' I'm lef' ter cry over dem—to cry! to cry!”

“Help her, King!” “Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo.” “Amen! Amen! Amen!”

“An' I have cried! But, O my God! I doan' cry 'ginst *you*—oh, no, not 'ginst *you*; fur I know hit's all right, hit's all right. But I have cried tell de piller was wet, tell de cott'n row was wet, tell de bread en my han's was wet, an' I'm er-cryin' now,”—her wail was almost a shriek,—“I'm er-cryin' yit—”

“Heah'er, King!” “Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo.” “Amen! Amen! Amen!”

There was a moment or two of sobbing and mingling of women's voices calling to one another, and then Charlotte's altered, and in a clear, suppliant chant was lifted again; and as she sang, the voices of the other women in a wordless chant ran over hers, making a wild, sweet melody in the church.

“O my dear Saviour, come down ter-night—an' let yo' sof' han'—fine us en de dark—let us see yo' face er-shinin'—let us see yo' blue eyes smilin'—let us heah yo' voice er-callin'—let us heah yo' sof' step comin'—en de lonely night. De sinner knows yo' step,—de sinner knows yo' smile,—de sinner knows yo' voice,—de sinner knows yo' touch;—deir ain' but one friend;—deir ain' but one Saviour; he's ernough fur me; he's ernough fur anybody;—he's ernough fur ev'body;—Lord, we are waitin', look at us! Look at us!—Look at us!—”

“Look, King!” “Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo.” “Amen! Amen! Amen!”

“Er-kneelin' an' er-waitin'—er-watchin' an' er-prayin'; an' heah us!—an' heah us, dear Lord! an' bless us, fur we sho'ly need hit.”

Charlotte's voice had become hoarsened to a whisper and incoherent; finally a general “Amen” was uttered for her.

Up to this time in the prayer-meeting Sal had remained crouching with her face pressed in her hands. The eyes of several were still upon her, and there was considerable whispering among those nearest. Tempy said something to Chloe, but it did not produce a laugh this time. She went over silently to where Sal crouched, and kneeling there talked to her. She tried to pull the girl's hands from her face, but she held them tightly, and as the older woman whispered words of comfort Sal began to cry and moan. Some one had started another hymn: by that subtle influence which connects an audience the struggle in the mind of the young girl was known, and it gave direction



“MEN AND WOMEN STRUGGLED IN EVERY DIRECTION.”

to the services. It was Tempy who lifted her tremulous voice and led the way:

Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Po' sinner's foun' er home at las',
Po' sinner's foun' er home en de new bright worl',
Po' sinner's foun' er home at las'.

Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Po' sinner's foun' er home at las', etc.

Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Po' sinner's foun' er home at las', etc.

O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
Po' sinner fin' er home at las', etc.

Several women were kneeling by the side of Sal, and all the congregation sank to their knees as Sal's mother in great excitement began to shout:

“Bless de name er de Lord! Bless de name er de Lord! My chile es comin' through.”

“Bless de King!” Clay's voice rose like a clarion's.

“Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo!” There was a triumphant agony in the response that came from Peter.

“Amen!” was shouted by half a hundred lips.



"SHE PASSED ON AMONG THE PINES."

"Er-comin' through! Hit 's been er long time."

"Yes, sister!"

"Hit 's been er long time! — but hit 's come at las'; his han' done foun' 'er sinful heart, an' hit 's er-leadin' de way."

"Bless the King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo."

"Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"My chile es er-comin' through, she 's er-comin' erlong de way!" The woman was swaying back and forth and clapping her hands. Her excitement was communicating itself to those around and her speech was growing thick and incomprehensible when suddenly

she fell over, her voice died out, and her limbs stiffened. Two men lifted and carried her out gently, the congregation chanting and scrambling up again. As the little group passed Sal, she sprang to her feet and rushed to the front. She turned first to one and then to another, waving her hands and shouting in the cadence of a quickstep:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!

Each took her hand, gravely shook it, and released it; and as she moved around, the feet

of all beat time, as though the whole congregation was marching, while through it all ran the wild monotone, "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" Occasionally a woman would shout a response and throw her arms around the girl's neck. Presently some began singing again, and all joined in the refrain until the church fairly thundered:

Sister Mary weep, Sister Marthy moan,
Who's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who's on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who's on de Lord's side?

And through the weird melody in singular cadence rose the wild cry of the marching girl:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
O sister, lay yo' burden down,
Who's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who's on de Lord's side? etc.

Sal had made considerable progress on her circuit and was beginning to add a queer little shuffle to her march, popping her long, broad foot upon the resonant plank, when she came face to face with M'ria sitting in all the glory of the Ole Miss frock by the side of Alec. M'ria touched her escort in the side with her elbow and said aloud, grinning:

"Look at Bigfoot Sal!"

It was a fatal remark. Sal was fairly frenzied with excitement, and M'ria drew the whole current. Her rival sprang on her with the fury of a tigress, and in a few moments the Ole Miss frock was reduced to shreds. Sal lifted her light enemy into the air and brought her down to the floor with terrific force, M'ria giving expression to her pain and fear in frightful screams. As Sal tore and bit, the clockwork of her religious fervor ran on: "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" she muttered. The congregation had been fired to a white heat by the conversion of the girl, and were just drifting into the ecstatic church dance when the sudden conflict began. M'ria's brother sprang over the benches intervening, and catching Sal by the hair began to cuff her vigorously. The next instant Alec, whose love for his dusky fiancée had only slumbered, jumped on his back like a catamount.

Plantation life is like village life; there are always two sides, and blood is thicker than water. In the excitement of the onset good intentions were mistaken for declarations of war, and when war developed it involved the whole community. Men and women struggled in every direction. Some took flying leaps out of the windows, and some, crawling over the heads of those who packed the doorway, dropped down safely outside, perhaps only to become involved at last, for many old debts are settled in such émeutes.

Gradually the crowd escaped to the exterior of the church and groups were formed on all sides. Fights were still in progress. Presently blows were suspended, and excited discussion took their place. Just at this moment, when a reaction was setting in, and friends were pinning remnants of clothing over the almost nude forms of Tempy and Chloe, while the two loudly abused each other, out of the doorway came Sal. Her head was high in the air, her feet were keeping time to the monotone she was still somewhat exhaustedly shouting:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

The crowd gave way, and looking neither to the right nor the left, marching with measured tread, putting in every now and then her queer little shuffle, and slapping the roadway with her long foot, she passed on among the pines, her cotton dress appearing and disappearing at intervals until the distance and shadows swallowed her up. Silence for a moment fell upon the crowd, then a burst of laughter followed: the excitement had taken a more cheerful turn.

On went the girl, and faintly sounded the marching cadence:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

Then it died away in the distance, and the crowd found itself interested in two wrecks that crept out of the church and appealed to their sympathies. One was M'ria; the other, Peter.

Slowly, still arguing, the gathering dissolved. But as the scattering groups faded away through the patches of moonlight and shadow, and the night hushed discord, from away up the road where it winds around the house and Missy's darkened bedroom at the corner, there came floating back the words of Sal's triumphant hymn:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

H. S. Edwards.

SMILES AND TEARS.

YOU meant to wound me? Then forgive,
O friend, that when the blow fell, I
Turned my face from you to the wall
To smile, instead of die.

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You meant to gladden me? Dear friend,
Whose praise like jewels I have kept,
Forgive me, that for very joy
I bent my happy head and wept.

A. W. R.

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

I.—BY THE COMMANDER OF THE UNION CAVALRY.



AFTER the last council of the Confederacy at Abbeville, South Carolina, the practical conclusion of which was that the war was ended, it was made evident that no such force as still remained with Jefferson Davis could get through the country occupied by my troops. The cavalry corps under my command had been distributed throughout Georgia, a large detachment had been sent to Florida, strong parties were now watching every ferry and crossing and patrolling every road, and every officer and man of that splendid force was keenly on the lookout for the fugitives, but up to this time without any exact information of Davis's movements. On the 23d of April I learned that he and his party had been at Charlotte, North Carolina, only three or four days before, and that he was on his way to the South with a wagon-train and an escort of cavalry, but there my information ended for the time. [See also page 561.]

On the 28th, Upton left Macon by rail, accompanied by a part of his division, with orders to leave a detachment under Colonel B. B. Eggleston, 1st Ohio, at Atlanta, and to take another on to Augusta, while Winslow, with the rest of the division, was left to march directly to Atlanta. Before starting, General Alexander, commanding the Second Brigade, at his own suggestion and request was authorized to detach an officer and twenty picked men to be disguised as rebel soldiers, to march northeastward into and through the Carolinas if necessary, for the purpose of obtaining definite information of Davis's movements. This party was placed under the command of Lieutenant Joseph A. O. Yeoman, of the 1st Ohio Cavalry, a brave and enterprising young officer, at that time serving on the staff of Alexander as acting assistant inspector-general of brigade. He was tall, slender, and of a somewhat swarthy complexion, which, with hair that for lack of a barber's services had grown long enough to brush back of his ears, and a Confederate major's brand-new uniform, gave him such a close resemblance to his erring but gallant countrymen of the South that his most intimate friend would not have suspected him of being a Yankee. His men were quite as successfully fitted out in captured clothing, and after receiving

instructions at my own headquarters to report frequently by courier, he gaily set off on what afterwards proved to be a most successful expedition. Verbal orders were also given to the other division and brigade commanders to send out similar parties, and they did so without delay.

Yeoman and his followers marched rapidly towards the upper crossings of the Savannah River, entered South Carolina, and by diligent but cautious inquiry and much hard riding found and joined the party they were looking for, without attracting unusual attention to themselves. The country was full of disbanded Confederate soldiers, all more or less demoralized and going home. Discipline was at an end, and every man of them was looking out for himself. This condition of affairs irritated the operations of Yeoman, and encouraged him to believe that he might find an opportunity to seize and carry off the rebel chief; but the vigilance and devotion of the escort rendered it impossible to put this daring plan into effect, though it did not prevent his sending couriers into the nearest Federal picket post to report the movements of the party he was with. The information thus obtained was promptly transmitted to Generals Alexander and Upton, and by them to me. At Washington, Georgia, there was much confusion, growing out of the further disbanding which was rendered necessary by the proximity of our forces, and Yeoman lost sight of Davis for about twenty-four hours, during which he divided his party into three or four squads, and sought again to obtain definite information of the Confederate chieftain's movements and plans. Persevering in his efforts, he learned enough to convince him that Davis had relinquished all hope of getting through the country to the westward, and would most probably try to reach the South Atlantic or Gulf Coast and escape by sea. This, it will be remembered, was the plan which Pollard, the historian of the Lost Cause, says was deliberately adopted, many weeks before Lee's catastrophe. Relying upon his information, Yeoman sent in couriers to make it known, and as soon as it reached him Alexander repeated it to me by the telegraph, which was now completely in our possession. The air was full of rumors, and everybody had a theory to advance as to the probable movements of the party we were

so anxious to apprehend; but after careful consideration of all the reports and the few absolute facts which had reached me I had already come to the conclusion that Davis would be forced to flee, probably alone and in disguise, towards the Florida coast, and reported to Thomas that I had no doubt we should catch him if he undertook to pass through the country attended by an escort and a wagon-train.

On the afternoon of May 6, immediately after receiving the intelligence from Yeoman, I sent for General Croxton, commanding the First (McCook's) Division, and directed him to select his best regiment in his division, and send it forthwith, under its best officer, eastward by the little town of Jeffersonville to Dublin on the Oconee River, with orders to march with the greatest possible speed, scouting the country well to the northward of his route, leaving detachments at all important cross-roads and keeping a sharp lookout for all rebel parties, whether large or small, that might be passing through that region. It was hoped by these means that the route pursued by Davis might be intersected and his movements discovered, in which event the commanding officer was instructed to follow wherever it might lead, until the fugitive should be overtaken and captured. General Croxton selected the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Harnden, an officer of age, experience, and unconquerable resolution, who reported to me after his regiment was on the march, and whom I notified that Davis was known to have an escort variously estimated at from ten to fifty men, all fully armed, and determined to die "in the last ditch," if need be, in his defense. The sturdy old colonel understood fully what he might encounter and what was expected of him, and assured me as he galloped away that he would give a satisfactory account of himself and command if he should have the good fortune to find the party he was sent after. He had selected 150 of his best men and stoutest horses, and, marching all night, he reached Dublin the next evening at seven o'clock, having left an officer and thirty men at Jeffersonville with orders to send out scouts in all directions. During his march he had kept scouting parties well out on both sides of his column in hopes of finding the trail of the party for whom he was searching, but nothing of importance occurred till after he had bivouacked for the night.

Meanwhile the conviction was growing in my mind that Davis would certainly try to pass through eastern Georgia into Florida, and accordingly the next day—May 7—I sent for Colonel Minty, commanding the Second

(Long's) Division, and directed him also to select his best regiment and order it to follow the southern bank of the Ocmulgee River, watching all the crossings, and seizing all the boats between Hawkinsville and the mouth of the Ohoopsee River. Minty selected the 4th Michigan Cavalry, his own regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin D. Pritchard, an officer of rare ability and enterprise. He received the same information and instructions that had been given to Harnden in regard to the strength and character of the escort which was supposed to be with Davis, and was directed to find and follow the party to the Gulf of Mexico if necessary and bring it in if possible. Pritchard, leaving behind his weaker horses, set out immediately with the rest of his regiment, and proceeded rapidly in the direction indicated.

The excitement had now grown to white heat, and every officer and man in the force was on the alert. Upton had telegraphed me from Augusta as early as the 6th, suggesting that I should offer a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of Davis, urging in support of his advice that the Secretary of War would approve my action, and that it would induce even the rebels to assist in making the capture. I did not care, however, to commit the Government in that way, and decided, instead, to offer a reward to be paid from the treasure which the fleeing chieftain was thought by General Halleck, and perhaps others, to have with him. This was done, and printed copies of the offer were scattered throughout the State as soon as possible.

At this time the cavalry corps, consisting of about fifteen thousand horsemen, was holding all the important points along a line extending from Kingston to Tallahassee, with one brigade and many smaller detachments moving in all directions to the front and rear, and the sequel showed that I was fully justified in believing that Davis and his party could not possibly escape unless they left the roads and took to the woods as individual fugitives.

On his arrival at Dublin, Harnden made careful inquiry, but the white inhabitants of the place expressed complete ignorance and indifference in regard to the movements of all parties and detachments such as might accompany the rebel leaders, though they were unusually profuse in offers of hospitality to himself and his command. This being a trait of Southern character that the bronzed old cavalryman had never before seen exhibited to any marked extent, his suspicions were at once aroused, and, declining all attentions, he went into bivouac at the edge of the village, resolved to sleep with one eye open if he slept at all. He had

**\$100,000
REWARD!
IN GOLD.**

Headquarters Cav. Corp.,
Military Division Mississippi,
Mobile, Ala., May 6, 1865.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Reward
in Gold, will be paid to any person or persons who will apprehend and deliver **JEFFERSON DAVIS** to any of the Military authorities of the United States.

Several millions of specie, reported to be with him, will become the property of the captors.

J. H. WILSON

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A TORN POSTER FOUND IN GEORGIA AFTER THE WAR BY MR. BEAU CAMPBELL.

already observed unusual commotion among the colored people, and after sending out scouts and posting his pickets he composed himself for the night.

About eleven o'clock, after complete stillness had settled upon the bivouac, a negro man came stealthily to the colonel's tent and told him with bated breath that he had assisted the ferryman that day in bringing Mrs. Davis and family from the east to the west side of the river; that the party was composed of men, women, and children, about twenty in all; that they had three ambulances and five wagons, and after crossing had gone south on the river road. He was sure that it was Mrs. Davis and family, because he had heard one of the ladies addressed as "Mrs. Davis," and an elderly gen-

tleman, with a defective eye, riding a fine bay horse, spoken to as "Mr. Davis" or as "President Davis." The colored man had evidently made close observation of all that took place. He reported that "Mrs. Davis" and some of the party had not crossed at Dublin, but had gone to a ferry several miles farther down the river, and after crossing there had ridden up to the town, and rejoining the party in the outskirts they had all gone south together "on the river road." Colonel Harnden, after a rigid cross-examination of his voluntary informant, and receiving from another negro a confirmatory statement, went down to the river and called up the white ferryman, whom he again questioned closely, but from whom he failed to elicit any additional facts. Indeed he got

nothing whatever from him, except the conviction that, for a white man, the ferryman was an unusually ignorant and reticent person.

Returning, however, to his camp and reflecting upon the story of the colored man, he concluded that it was too probable and circumstantial to be disregarded. He therefore detailed Lieutenant Theron W. Lane with sixty men to scout from Dublin as a center, in all directions, and especially towards the sea-coast, while he resolved to start at two o'clock with the remainder of his regiment, not exceeding in all seventy-five men and officers, in pursuit of the party about which he had gathered such circumstantial details. With horses well fed and groomed, and his troopers refreshed by a short sleep and by the bountiful supplies of a region which had entirely escaped the ravages of the foragers, he took to the saddle at two o'clock, the darkest hour of the night, determined to overtake the fugitives, wherever they might go. As nearly as he could make out, they had sixteen or seventeen hours the start of him; but as they were encumbered with ambulances and wagons, he felt that the chances were largely in his favor. He had some difficulty at first in finding the right road, which, like all the rest in that region, was at best an obscure path through the forest; but five miles out he obtained information from a woman of the country which convinced him that he was moving in the right direction, and that Davis in person had gone by the day before. This was on the morning of May 8. The colonel at once sent a courier across country with a despatch for General Croxton, informing the latter of his discovery and his general plan of operations, and then pushed on rapidly in pursuit. It is worthy of note, however, that the courier lost his way and was captured, dismounted, and robbed, and did not reach Macon till after the news of Davis's capture had been received. The route by which the latter was traveling led nearly due south through an almost unsettled and trackless but level and sandy region of pine forests, made still more difficult by creeks and swamps crossing and frequently obliterating the road for miles. It began to rain about noon, and this speedily washed out the wagon-tracks and left the pursuers in doubt as to the trail which they were following. After a while they impressed an unwilling "cracker," as the inhabitants of that region are called, and forcing him to act as guide, they pushed forward till they felt sure they were again on the right road. Allowing him to return home, they continued the march till they came to the swamps of Alligator Creek, where the trail disappeared under the water, and they were once more forced to draw rein till another "cracker" could be

found to guide them through the swamp and forest to the path which seemed so illusive, and upon which the trail of the fugitives was so faintly marked. Notwithstanding the delays, Colonel Harnden and his troopers bivouacked that night forty miles south of Dublin. Having no tents, they lay on the ground, and as it rained heavily during the night, they were again drenched to the skin. As a consequence it was more comfortable for the men in the saddle than in their dreary camp, and so with much impatience they mounted and resumed their march at the early hour of three o'clock the next morning.

The route, as before, lay due south, across creeks and swamps and through an almost uninhabited forest, but by noon it brought them to Brown's ferry, where they crossed to the south side of the Ocmulgee. The river was found to be too deep for fording, and its banks so steep and treacherous that the prudent colonel, anxious as he was to get forward, would not permit his command to swim it. Accordingly a rickety old scow, on which the fugitives had crossed only a few hours before, was brought into requisition; but it was overloaded, and under the burden of the first detachment it sprung a leak, which threatened to disable it entirely, and in fact came so near doing so that it was found necessary to limit the loads afterward to four or five men and horses. There were no means at hand for making repairs, and the crossing was thereby prolonged nearly two hours beyond what otherwise would have been necessary. The time was not altogether lost, however, for it afforded Colonel Harnden an opportunity to gather from the ferryman and his assistants such particulars of the party he was pursuing as to remove all doubt, if any existed, in regard to its identity and strength, and also in regard to the route it had taken after crossing the river.

At Abbeville, a hamlet of three families, about a mile and a half below the ferry, he found some corn, and halted to feed his jaded horses. At 3 P. M., just as he was renewing his march, he met the advance guard of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard commanding, coming down the river road from Hawkinsville. After comparing instructions with that officer, and telling him about the party he was pursuing, he rejoined his own command and continued his march by the road from Abbeville to Irvinville until again compelled by darkness and the consequent difficulty of following the trail to go into camp. This he did about nine o'clock at night, after he had got within two or three miles of where he supposed the fugitives had also been compelled to halt. Here he unsaddled, and after posting pickets and enjoining the most perfect

silence, he sent his horses out to graze for a while before allowing his men to rest. Declaring his purpose to renew the pursuit before dawn the next morning, in the hope of falling upon the camp of the rebel party before it had resumed its march, he threw himself upon the ground and slept soundly for a few hours.

It will be remembered that Colonel Pritchard, who belonged to the Second Division, had left Macon about dark on the evening of May 7, and that his attention had been particularly directed to the crossings of the Ocmulgee between Hawkinsville and Jacksonville, for the purpose of watching the ferries and intercepting Davis and such other important Confederate leaders as might be trying to escape through that region. He had practically the same orders that had been given to Harnden, except that his preliminary line of march was to be southeastward along the southern bank of the Ocmulgee, while Harnden's was to be due east to the Oconee and beyond. Exactly what words passed between these two officers when they met have never been fully reported or agreed upon, but as they were veterans of most excellent character, it is fair to assume that each gave the other all the information he had, after which they parted, Harnden to rejoin his command on the Irwinville road, and Pritchard to continue on the route above indicated. [See page 594.] The latter had not gone far, however, before he met a negro man who gave him such additional information as convinced him absolutely that the party which Harnden was pursuing was the one they were both looking for, and that it was his duty to join in the pursuit. Accordingly he selected seven officers and 128 of his best-mounted men, and after leaving the rest of the regiment under Captain John C. Hathaway, with orders to carry out his original instructions, he set out at a brisk trot. It was now four o'clock, and the route chosen by him led southeasterly along the river nearly twelve miles to the neighborhood of Wilcox's mill, where it turned sharply to the southwest in the direction of Irwinville, some eighteen miles from the river. Night soon overtook the hardy cavalymen, but they pressed on through the overshadowing forest and reached Irwinville between one and two o'clock in the morning. Although this is the county seat of Irwin County, it is an insignificant village, which till that hour had escaped all the alarms of the war; but the presence of so large a body of cavalry soon became known, and caused great excitement among both whites and blacks. Fearing that the alarm would extend to the neighborhood unless promptly allayed, the colonel represented his command as the rear-guard of Davis's escort, and after restoring

order thereby had the satisfaction of learning that the party he was searching for had encamped that night at the creek, about a mile and a half north of the village, on the Abbeville road. Feeling confident that the fugitives were now within his grasp, he marched noiselessly, under the guidance of a negro from the village, to within half a mile of the camp, where he detached Lieutenant Alfred B. Purinton and twenty-five men, with orders to dismount and work their way quietly through the woods to a point on the road north of the camp. He hoped by this means to interpose between Davis and his escort, and to cut off all chance of escape. In case of alarm or discovery, he directed the lieutenant to turn at once towards the camp from wherever he might be, while the principal force, under his own immediate command, would be held in readiness to charge the camp along the main road.

These dispositions were carried into effect without the slightest noise or disorder, and everything was in readiness to close in upon the sleeping chieftain and his attendants; but unfortunately Colonel Pritchard had failed to apprise Colonel Harnden of his plan of operations, and the latter, entirely unconscious of what had occurred since he left Abbeville at three o'clock the previous afternoon, had called his men without the blare of bugles from their slumber, and after a hasty breakfast of coffee and hard bread had taken the road to gather in the party which he had been pursuing with such untiring industry for two days and nights. He had thrown out an advance guard of six men, and directed Sergeant George G. Hussey, in charge, to answer no challenges, but to wheel about as noiselessly as possible and rejoin the main body as soon as he encountered any force on the road. With this disposition made, the colonel and his troopers had covered but little more than two miles when the sergeant was challenged by an unknown party only a short distance ahead of them. There was as yet no show of dawn, and the shadows of the pines, which here constitute the entire forest growth, rendered it impossible to see twenty feet ahead. The sergeant alleges that he replied "All right; friends!" and wheeling about promptly rejoined the column in the rear, but as he did so he was followed by a rattling carbine fire, which of course brought the colonel at once to the front. Without the slightest delay the latter detached a part of his force to move rapidly through the woods upon the flank and rear of the party they had encountered, and ordering the rest of his men to dismount and "fight on foot," he charged straight down the road, regardless of what he might encounter. A sharp fight ensued, but it was soon discovered that the men in front were Purinton's detach-

ment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry instead of the enemy. In this untoward affair one officer of the 4th Michigan was wounded and two men killed, while three of the 1st Wisconsin were severely, and several slightly, wounded. It has always been a source of regret to those concerned that this skirmish took place, and yet it is difficult to see how, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it could have been avoided. Colonel Pritchard reports explicitly that he had sent a courier to warn Colonel Harnden and had cautioned Lieutenant Purinton to keep a sharp lookout, but withal Harnden remained entirely unconscious that the Michigan men had got around him, and pressed on under the supposition that the force in front could be no other than Davis's escort.

Meanwhile, Colonel Pritchard with his main body, preceded by Captain Charles T. Hudson and twelve men, charged through the somewhat straggling camp just as the first signs of dawn began to show themselves. He at once threw a cordon of mounted troopers completely around the space covered by it, and had sent some dismounted men to the tents and wagons for the purpose of securing such prisoners as they might contain, when the woods resounded with sharp firing beyond the creek in the direction of Abbeville, but apparently close at hand. The camp was now completely aroused, and much commotion followed, but the colonel did not tarry to take account of his captures. Hurriedly consigning that task to his adjutant, he gathered all the men that could be spared, and rode at once towards the scene of conflict, arriving there just in time to receive the volley which brought the unfortunate affair to an end.

During the skirmish and the absence of Colonel Pritchard, which must have lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the adjutant, Lieutenant J. G. Dickinson, having taken every precaution for securing the entire camp and its occupants, had gathered up a few stragglers and sent them to the front, and was about to go in the same direction himself, when his attention was called by one of his men to "three persons dressed in female attire," who had apparently just left the large tent near by and were moving towards the thick woods. He started at once towards them and called out loudly and imperatively, "Halt!" but not hearing him, or not caring to obey, they continued to move off. The command was repeated in louder tones, and this brought several troopers under Corporal Munger from the outer cordon, and as they confronted the party of three with carbines "advanced" and a threatening air, the latter halted, and in the confusion which followed it became evident

that one of them was Mr. Davis in disguise, and that he was accompanied by Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell.

Shortly afterwards, and before the party had reentered the tent, Colonel Pritchard accompanied by Colonel Harnden returned from the front, and rode up to the group which had now become the center of interest. Davis, who had not yet recovered his equanimity, although he had been permitted to throw off his disguise, recognized them as officers of rank, turned fiercely upon them, and asked which of them was in command. It will be remembered that these officers were lieutenant-colonels from different States, belonging to different brigades and divisions, and had probably never met till the day before; hence it is not strange that they had not compared dates of commissions, nor that they were somewhat disconcerted by the question of their imperious prisoner.

Noting their hesitation, the latter upbraided them sharply, charged them with incompetency and unchivalric conduct, and finally declared that they could not have caught him but for his desire to protect his "women and children." Whereupon Colonel Pritchard, who was a man of self-possession and dignity, said: "I am Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan Cavalry, and this is Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. We don't know who holds the oldest commission; but that is not important, for between us we shall doubtless be able to take care of you and your party." This ended the conversation, and after a hurried breakfast the captors began their return march to Macon.

Mr. Davis and his family were carried in the ambulances, followed by the wagons containing their baggage and supplies. It should be remembered that the troops had drawn no regular Government rations since leaving the Tennessee River, and were therefore compelled to subsist by foraging. The country being but sparsely settled and poorly cultivated, all kinds of provisions were scarce, and consequently the men had now begun to suffer for food. Discovering that the captured train contained more food than could possibly be consumed by the prisoners, Colonel Pritchard on the way north decided to distribute the surplus to his men, but before doing so politely requested Mr. Davis to direct his cook to set apart enough to last for the few hours which would bring them to Macon. Much to his surprise and annoyance, Mr. Davis declined, strenuously protesting that the supplies were private property and should not be disposed of as the colonel had proposed. A sharp conversation ensued, during which Mr. Davis lost his temper, declared that he never expected to be

compelled to submit to such indignities, and that if he could have got possession of his arms at the time of his capture he would not have been taken prisoner. Colonel Pritchard asked quite naturally, "How could you have prevented it, Mr. Davis?" "Why, sir," replied the now thoroughly angered chieftain, "I could have fought you, or I could have eluded you."

Replying to this somewhat boastful speech, the colonel said impressively, and, in his own words, "perhaps a little acrimoniously," "As for fighting us, we came prepared for that: it would have saved us some trouble and doubtless you a good deal; but as for 'eluding us,' I don't think your garments were on that occasion particularly well adapted for locomotion or for the use of firearms." To this Mrs. Davis retorted sharply, saying, "I want you to understand distinctly that Mr. Davis assumed that disguise at my instance."¹

It is proper to say that Mr. Davis denies the accuracy of this story, and Mr. Reagan, who was captured with the party, but was not present at the interview just described, also denies it; but I see no reason whatever for doubting the statement of Colonel Pritchard. He is a cool, self-possessed, and honorable gentleman, and quite incapable of giving currency to any other than a truthful statement of what actually took place.

Upon mustering the prisoners immediately after the capture, it was found that in addition to Mr. Davis and Mr. Reagan the national troopers had taken Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary; Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, aides-de-camp; four inferior officers and thirteen private soldiers; besides Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, two waiting-maids, four children, and several colored servants. Only one member of the party, and that a private soldier, succeeded in avoiding capture.

The circumstances of this capture, which summarily and forever put an end to all plans for the further continuance of the war, have been described with more or less particularity in the official reports, and in sketches based upon them or upon the less formal statements of those who participated therein. It is needless to add that I was not personally present, and therefore that in all I have said or written about it I have been compelled to depend in a large degree upon the observations and testimony of others. Both officers and men present have declared that Jefferson Davis when arrested was endeavoring to escape disguised as a woman,

and they so reported to me. In the belief that this was true, and that under the peculiar circumstances of the case the fact was an important one, I mentioned in the telegraphic reports which I sent at once to the Secretary of War and to my immediate military superiors, that he had been caught "in his wife's clothes," but I gave no details, and specified no particular articles of clothing. The reports were immediately flashed to all parts of the country by the telegraph, and the newspapers and illustrated journals supplied all the details from the imagination of their writers and artists. No official, so far as I know, ever asserted that the Confederate chieftain was caught in crinoline or petticoats, and yet his friends and admirers everywhere hastened to deny that allegation, and some of them have gone so far as to say that he was not disguised at all, and that the whole story was a "disgusting tissue of falsehood." It will not be forgotten that the country was at that time hung in black and plunged into the deepest sorrow for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that so long as the Confederate chiefs were at large, breathing the spirit of war and threatening to carry it on with fire and sword more fiercely than ever, there was no certain assurance of peace. But when the news came that Jefferson Davis had not died in "the last ditch," but had been caught in the act of stealing away in the encumbering clothing of his wife, it was evident to the most infantile mind that the war was ended completely and forever. The articles of his disguise were afterward procured from Mrs. Davis by Colonel Pritchard, acting under the orders of the War Department, and were delivered by him to General Townsend, the Adjutant-General of the army,² for safe-keeping. Mrs. Davis and her son selected or verified them at the time, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to their identity. In the charge into the camp the advance guard passed well through, while the main body swung round and enveloped it entirely. Lieutenant Dickinson, the adjutant of Colonel Pritchard's regiment, says in the *Detroit "Tribune"*:

In this movement I met in front of a small fly tent Colonel Harrison, Davis's private secretary, as I afterwards learned. I stopped and made inquiry as to their force in camp, and while he was replying I heard some one calling me. I turned and saw private Andrew Bee of L Company, who, pointing to three persons dressed in female apparel, at some distance and moving away, called out to me, "Adjutant, there goes a man dressed in woman's clothes." I started at once after them, calling out "Halt!" repeatedly and reaching them just as several troopers in charge of Corporal Munger dashed up, bringing their carbines ready for use. The fugitives halted. Mrs. Davis threw her arms around her husband's shoulders, and [with] the lady close to him formed a

¹ For other interesting details of the capture of Davis, see the article prepared by Colonel Pritchard and published in the *"Allegan Journal,"* March 30, 1878.

² In an interview printed Dec. 7, 1889, General Townsend confirms this statement.—EDITOR.

shield which was respected. I noticed several Confederate officers near; one, a tall fellow, was apparently very much excited.

Davis had on a black dress, and though it did not fit fairly at the neck, it covered his form to the boots. The boots betrayed his disguise. A black shawl covered his head and shoulders. His identity was confirmed by the removal of the shawl from his face. I promptly directed him to retire to his quarters, and ordered Corporal Munger to place the men with him and keep careful guard.¹

This statement, made by an officer of rank and intelligence, is conclusive, and it is confirmed by the statements of Corporal George Munger and privates James F. Bullard and Andrew Bee. The latter says that Mrs. Davis remained in the tent with the children, and that the three women who started for the brook were Mr. Davis, Miss Howell, and a white servant-girl, "Mr. Davis stooping over as a very old woman would, so that his head was not on a level with Miss Howell's, but was lower." He adds: "Mr. Davis had on a black morning-gown, belted at the waist, a shawl over his head and shoulders, and a black cloth under the shawl covering his forehead. They had got about six or eight rods from the tent when I, who had been watching them all the time, saw that the old woman had on boots. I at once said to Dickinson: 'See, that is Jeff himself! That is no woman! That is old Jeff Davis!' and started on the run after them. As I got up to them I exclaimed: 'Halt! — you, you can't get any farther this time!' Mrs. Davis at that moment came running out of the tent, and when she reached Mr. Davis she put her arms around his neck and said, 'Guard, do not kill him!' At the same instant Corporal Munger of Company C, mounted, came from another direction and headed Davis. . . . The only portion of the face of Mr. Davis which could be seen when he was disguised were the eyes and nose, he covering the mustache, mouth, and beard with the shawl held close with one hand."

Private William P. Stedman [see page 595] of Company B, 4th Michigan Cavalry, confirms the statement of the others in regard to the disguise and the effort of Davis to escape as an old woman going to the run after water; but if further proof is still required as to the substantial accuracy of the story, it is furnished by Captain Charles T. Hudson, in a letter of July 24, 1875, to the "Detroit Tribune," from which I make the following extract:

I was not the first to see our distinguished captive, nor did I see him in his disguise at all. Several claim that honor, and I have no doubt all speak the truth.

¹ See "Annals of the War, Written by Leading Participants," etc., p. 580 *et seq.*

² For the full text of the letters and statements quoted from in this article, and also for a careful and

On our way back to Macon, however, Mrs. Davis told me, and I will use her own words: "I put my waterproof cloak and shawl on Mr. Davis, upon the impulse of the moment, not knowing or having time to think what else to do, in hopes that he might make his escape in that disguise, and I only did what any true woman might have done under similar circumstances." . . . If fuller proof is wanting let me add that upon our arrival at Fort Monroe, with our prisoners, acting under orders of the Secretary of War, I was sent on board of the *Clyde*, then lying in Hampton Roads, to get the shawl (the waterproof having been obtained the day previous by Colonel Pritchard) worn by Davis at the time of his capture. Upon making known my business to Mrs. Davis, she and Mrs. Clement C. Clay, particularly the latter, flew into a towering rage, and Mrs. Clay, stamping her foot on the deck of the vessel, advised Mrs. Davis "to shed her blood before submitting to further outrage." After telling Mrs. Davis my orders were imperative and that she had better submit gracefully to my demands, she became somewhat pacified, and said *she* "had no other wrappings to protect *her* from the inclemency of the weather." I then told her I would go ashore and buy her a shawl, which I did, paying six dollars for it. Upon presenting it to her, she held it up, and with scorn and contempt turned to Mrs. Clay and exclaimed, "A common nigger's shawl!" She then handed me two shawls very similar in appearance and told me to take my choice, adding that she did dress Mr. Davis in her attire and would not deny it, at the same time expressing great surprise that the Secretary of War should want her clothing to exhibit, as if she had not already been sufficiently humiliated.²

Mr. Reagan, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Pollard, and even Mr. Davis's colored servant Jones, have with more or less ill temper and earnestness denied the story of the disguise; but each has admitted enough of what has been alleged by the captors to prove its substantial accuracy, and in the face of the positive and overwhelming testimony of the eye-witnesses and participants it would be conclusive if it were not absolutely confirmed by Davis's own story, as published in the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pp. 701, 702. [See page 566.]

As for myself, I did not see Mr. Davis till he had arrived at my headquarters at Macon on the afternoon of May 13. When the cavalcade reached the city the streets were thronged by crowds of rebel citizens, but not one kindly greeting was extended to their fallen chieftain or his party. Of course he and they were closely guarded, but no one was prohibited from expressing his personal feelings or offering a friendly salutation. The party was assigned to rooms in the hotel which I was occupying, and my own servants gave the tired and hungry travelers the best dinner that they could

judicious summary of the proofs in regard to the disguise, made by Colonel Robert Burns, 4th Michigan Cavalry, see "Annals of the War," pp. 580-586 inclusive.

possibly provide, and otherwise treated them with every courtesy and attention.

After dinner I had an interview with Mr. Davis, lasting more than an hour. He looked bronzed, but hardy and vigorous, and had entirely recovered his customary equanimity and distinguished bearing. As we were both graduates of the Military Academy, and he had been Secretary of War at the time I was appointed, and had visited West Point while I was a cadet, the conversation naturally enough turned upon common recollections. He asked about his old friends the professors, and discussed them and their peculiarities with easy good-humor and kindly discrimination, after which I led him to the discussion of the graduates who had become leading generals in the two armies. He spoke in the highest terms of Lee, declaring him to be the ablest, most aggressive, and most courageous, and in short the most worthy and best beloved of all his lieutenants. He spoke slightly of Johnston, and charged him with timidity and insubordination. He ridiculed the pedantry of Beauregard, and deprecated the gallant rashness of Hood. On the other hand he expressed his surprise at the astonishing skill and persistency of Grant, and his admiration for the brilliancy of Sherman and the solid qualities of Thomas. His comments and criticisms were clothed in excellent language, and were delivered with grace, while his manners were stately and dignified without being frigid or repellent. During the conversation he referred to Mr. Lincoln and his untimely death, speaking of him and his service in Congress in terms of respect and kindness, if not of high admiration. He seemed particularly sorry that a man of so much sensibility and kindness had been succeeded in the presidency by Andrew Johnson, whom it was evident he did not like, and whom he

feared would be governed in his relations with the Southern people by a vindictive and unforgiving temper. He remarked in regard to the reward offered by the latter for his arrest, and which he heard of for the first time on the road from Irwinville to Macon, that, while he was surprised and pained at the charge which had been made against him, of complicity in the assassination of the President, he had no serious apprehension of trouble therefrom. In this connection he said, "I do not doubt, General, the Government of the United States will bring a much more serious charge against me than that, and one which will give me much greater trouble to disprove"—doubtless alluding to that of treason.

During our interview he sent for his little son and introduced him to me. His conduct throughout was natural and eminently self-possessed, and did not reveal the slightest uneasiness or apprehension. It created in me the impression that, although he was a prisoner of war, he still felt that he would become an important factor in the reconstruction of the Union. After learning from me that he was to be sent at once via Atlanta and Augusta to Savannah, and thence by sea to such point North as the Secretary of War might designate, he said: "I suppose, as a matter of course, that Colonel Pritchard is to be my custodian hereafter as heretofore; and I desire to express my satisfaction at this, for it is my duty to say that Colonel Pritchard has treated me with marked courtesy and consideration. I have no fault to find with him, and beg you will tell him so. I should do so myself but for the fact that it might look like a prisoner's effort to make fair weather with his captors." He spoke particularly of the dignity and self-possession of Colonel Pritchard, and did not conceal a regret that he had not been so fortunate in his own conduct at the time of his capture.

James Harrison Wilson.

II.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

AT Abbeville, South Carolina, we of the 4th Michigan Cavalry met Colonel Harneden of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, who said a detachment of his regiment had crossed the Ocmulgee and had gone south, and that the party that crossed the river the night before was Jefferson Davis and some refugees from Richmond. He said that he had been following them for two days, and he claimed the first right to the road, which was consented to by Colonel Pritchard of the 4th Michigan, who besides offered to lend Colonel Harneden a part of his regiment. The latter refused the offer and proceeded south towards Irwinville,

Georgia, on Davis's trail. Soon afterward Pritchard learned that there was another road to Irwinville, but it was considerably farther than the road Davis had taken, and nearly twenty-four hours had elapsed since Davis had crossed the river. But Colonel Pritchard concluded to take this road with 120 of his best-mounted men and seven officers, leaving the rest to picket and scout the country around, according to former orders. Captain Charles T. Hudson was given charge of the advance guard, of which I was one. About four o'clock P. M. we took the river road to Wilcox's mill, about twelve miles distant. There we halted

and fed our horses. Then we took an old trail for Irwinville, through an unbroken pine forest, reaching there about two o'clock in the morning of the 10th. It was a bright moonlight night. We soon learned by examining the roads that the Davis party had not passed, and that they must be north of us if they had not taken some other road. The command halted at Irwinville, and orders were given for all to keep by their horses, but two of our men strayed away in search of something to eat. They found a meat-house, and in trying to get into it they disturbed the family in the dwelling-house adjoining it, when a woman put her head out of a window and ordered the men away, saying, "I know where you belong; and if you don't go away I will go to your camp in the morning and report you, for I know that your party does not allow such work." The boys took in the situation at once, and replied that they had lost their way, and wanted to know if there was any one in the house that would show them the way to camp. The woman said there was a colored man in the house that would show them the way. When the man came out the boys took him to Colonel Pritchard and informed him of what they had learned. After asking the man a few questions the colonel dismounted the command, except those that had been in the advance guard under Captain Hudson. The dismounted men, with the colored man for a guide, were sent to establish a line of pickets around the Davis camp. The advance guard was held back on the road until it began to show daylight in the east; then we were to advance on the camp. We marched right into the camp, without disturbing any one, until Captain Hudson said, "Go for them!" Then we gave a yell, and the men went for everything they could find. The camp was situated on a slight elevation of ground in a pine forest, but the timber did not stand very thick where the camp was. There was a creek, with considerable thick brush along it, running round the north and east sides of the camp, about twenty or twenty-five rods away. There were two wall tents and a shelter tent on the east side of the road, and the horses and wagons and ambulances were on the west side of the road, and the men of the camp were seen lying in the wagons and under the trees, for the surprise was so sudden that they had not got out of their beds. There was one tent larger than the rest, and I thought that if Davis were in the camp he would be in this tent, so I stopped my horse near the southwest corner of the tent and waited to see what would come out of it. The tent door was on the east side of the tent, and I could not see it, but a man could not get more than three or four feet from it without my seeing him.

As I sat there some of our men went to the tent door, but were met by a woman who would ask them to keep out, saying that there were undressed ladies within. I heard this same voice several times, and it proved to be Mrs. Davis who was speaking. About this time firing was heard on the north side of the camp. Captain Hudson ordered the men out to where the firing was, except a few men to watch the camp. Soon after the firing began, this woman in the tent asked some one without if he would let her servants pass out after some water. Consent was given, when out came a tall person with a lady's waterproof overdress on and a small brown shawl on the head, a tin pail on the right arm, and a colored woman leaning on the left arm. This tall person was stooping over as if to appear shorter; I at once concluded that it must be Davis in disguise.

They started off east towards the creek, where the brush was very thick. As they were going they had to pass several soldiers who were straggling round the camp. I sat still on my horse, expecting that some of the soldiers would halt them as they passed by; but such was not the case, for they passed all of the soldiers without being noticed. Then I galloped my horse round the north side of the tent and, passing to their left, halted them. Just at this time there came riding up to us two of our soldiers. They made a few remarks to the tall person. He turned his face a little towards me and I saw his gray mustache. We told him his disguise would not succeed. Then Davis and the colored woman started back towards the tents. I rode by the side of Davis, and the two soldiers (Corporal Munger of Company C, and Daniel Edwards of Company L) rode away in another direction. As Davis had got about half way back to the tent, we were met by some of our men, who had just discovered that Jefferson Davis had tried to escape in disguise. A man by the name of Andrew Bee, a Swede, who was cook for Colonel Pritchard, came up on the run, and grabbed both hands into the front of the dress that Davis had on, jerked it open, and said to him, "Come out of this, you old devil!" Davis at this attack straightened up and showed anger. At the same time he put his hand to his back under the dress. I thought he was after a revolver, and covered him with my carbine, and cocked it. As I did so Mrs. Davis, who stood at the tent door, cried out to me not to shoot. She came running to her husband and threw herself on him in front of the gun. She said that he was not armed, for she had caused him to leave his arms in the tent before he came out. Then Davis threw the dress and shawl to the ground and started for the tent. When we reached there,

and as the soldiers were looking at Davis, Colonel Pritchard came up. I reported my prisoner to him. He asked me if I were sure it was Davis. I asked him if he had not seen Davis's picture often enough to know him at sight. Colonel Pritchard then asked Davis what his name was, and Davis answered, "You may call me what you please." Pritchard then said, "I will call you Jefferson Davis." Davis said it was immaterial to him what he was called. Colonel Pritchard then asked what the firing was for out north of the camp, but no one could tell him. He then ordered the men that were around the camp out to where the firing was, and rode there himself. As he left he said to me, "Keep a close watch of Davis." Davis then turned to me and asked if I would allow him to go across the road, where there was a fire burning. I went there with him; he sat down on a log near the fire. As we were there by the fire, a soldier by the name of Lynch came up with a fine bay horse and spoke to Davis, and said, "Jeffie, here is your horse; you won't need him any more; won't you give him to me?" Davis did not answer him, but Colonel Lubbock, one of Davis's staff, was very angry towards Lynch, and declared that he would die before he would see his President insulted. Lynch with an oath said to Lubbock, "What is he President of?"

The firing, an accidental encounter between men of our regiment and the 1st Wisconsin [see page 590], soon stopped; the men came into camp and all had a good look at the rebel chief. The men of the 1st Wisconsin came into camp and saw Davis, but were not pleased to think that we had stolen a march on them. Our men had got their breakfast, and after a while the adjutant came round taking an inventory of the captures. I asked to be relieved from guard, so that I could get my breakfast before we marched. He then detailed a guard for Davis, myself being one of them. About eight o'clock in the morning the command started back for Macon with our prisoners by the direct road to Abbeville. That night we camped at Abbeville, and the rest of our regiment joined us there. We buried our dead at Abbeville on the morning of the 11th, and then took up our march again. The afternoon of the 12th we met our brigade, which had been sent out to assist us. It was drawn up in line on one side of the road. As we passed the band began to play "Old John Brown," and the boys sang "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree." Davis was riding in an ambulance at the time and pulled down the curtains. When we met our brigade we learned for the first time that there was a reward for

the capture of Davis. We reached Macon about three o'clock in the afternoon of May 13, having been gone from camp six days, and having marched nearly three hundred miles in that time. When we arrived at Macon, Davis and the other prisoners were taken to General Wilson's headquarters, and were there about two hours. A line of guards were placed around the headquarters, and the guards had considerable trouble to keep the citizens from breaking through their line to see Davis. There was a lady, well dressed, who approached me crying and was determined to pass me and see her President. I was compelled to use force to keep her back. At Macon there was a detail made from our regiment to guard Davis to Fort Monroe.

I think that I was the only person in our command who saw the whole affair at the capture of Davis; some saw one part and some another.

In THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1883, there was an article by Colonel Harrison, Mr. Davis's private secretary, giving a description of the capture. So far as my knowledge goes, Mr. Harrison errs in some of his statements. He says that at the first surprise of the camp Colonel Pritchard rode up to him and asked what the firing meant north of the camp. It was Captain Hudson, whom he took for Pritchard. He says he talked with the mounted soldier near the Davis tent and persuaded him to ride away, which is a mistake. He also says that the soldiers used violent and abusive language to Mrs. Davis. There was no violent language used in my hearing, except by Andrew Bee to Mr. Davis, when he tore open the waterproof, and I was where I could have heard if any had been used. Mr. Harrison tells Colonel Thoburn's story of how he left the Davis camp in the night and ran into the 4th Michigan Cavalry near Irwinville and was fired upon by them, and that he returned the fire and got away from them. There was no firing near Irwinville that night, nor was there any noise made that could have been heard twenty rods away. Mr. Harrison also tells how Colonel Pritchard and his adjutant had a dispute about a horse that he (Harrison) had been riding. This statement is a mistake. A private by the name of Lynch got the horse; at Macon Lynch and one of his officers quarreled about the possession of the horse, and one Sunday morning Lynch shot the horse. Lynch is the same man that got Mrs. Davis's valise containing her valuables, said to amount to several thousand dollars. He hid it near Macon, and went there and got it after he was discharged from the army.

enry par la grace de Dieu Roy
 A tout pua et aduenir. salut, Enu leu grand
 Colle de luy dea plus Jusque au royaume de

BEGINNING OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

A CORNER OF OLD PARIS.

FEW sightseers in the French capital, or even people living there, have made their way to one of its most interesting buildings, which contains documents, paintings, and relics more interesting still, — the Musée des Archives.

Nowhere else can so many authentic documents relating to the Revolution be obtained. The Musée was formerly the Hôtel Soubise, belonging in succession to the noble families De Guise and De Rohan, and built upon the site of the Hôtel de Clisson, owned by the Constable of that name. It was in 1809 that the building was selected as the receptacle for the valuable collection of state papers, which to-day repays so well a careful investigation.

After letters signed by the Clotaires, Dagoberts, and Clovises of very early days we come to the time of the Carlovingians, and find the curious signature of the Emperor Charlemagne, which is attached to a deed giving to the Abbey of St. Denis a small monastery situated in the forest of the Vosges, the document bear-

and there are signatures of numerous monarchs, with curious sobriquets, such as le Débonnaire, le Chauve, le Bègue, le Gros, and le Simple.

The Capets follow, and countless bishops, each signature less clearly legible than the preceding; King Philip II., who went on the crusade in which Richard Cœur de Lion entirely eclipsed him; and Simon de Montfort; with many other names made familiar by history. And there before us lies the last will and testament of Louis IX., written upon a small parchment from which hangs a large seal in yellow wax fastened with silken cords. The date of this paper is 1270.

The House of Valois contributes many documents of interest; among others, in the register of the council of the Parliament of Paris, occurs an historic note relative to the trial and death of Jeanne d'Arc. The recorder of the court has roughly sketched with his pen on the margin of the page the maid herself, or rather his idea of her. She holds the sword with which she hoped to do such great things, and the banner in which she had such implicit faith, marked with the letters I. H. S. The description is given of her cruel death by burning at the city of Rouen, and heretic, apostate, idolater, liar, blasphemer of God, are only a few of the terms we find applied to her.

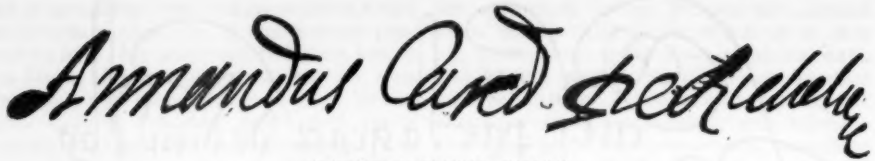
As a signature to a religious document, the one attached to the promise of John II., son of Philip of Valois, is assuredly the most amazing. The day

ouis par la grace de Dieu
 et de l'auarre A tout pua et aduenir.
 Henry le grand nre ayail de gloire

BEGINNING OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT.

ing the date "13 January, 769, Aix-la-Chapelle."

There are many donations made to the same abbey, also letters from the directors of it;


 A large, elegant cursive signature in dark ink, reading "Amandus Card. Richelieu". The script is fluid and characteristic of the 17th century.

AUTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

of his entering Paris upon his return from St. Denis he goes direct to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the great closed doors open before him. Not, however, until he has sworn to maintain the rights and privileges of the church, is he permitted to cross its threshold.

A more reverential signature is that of Charles V., king of France, to the certificate of the gift of a portion of the true cross, which he delivers to his brother Jean, Duc de Berry, telling him that with his own hands he has cut this tiny fragment from the precious relic preserved in the Sainte-Chapelle du Palais. The king further urges his brother to keep the sacred gift, or to give it away, according as he may find it best for the glorification of the Catholic faith.

Not far from the paper upon which is drawn this presentation of the true cross is the treaty establishing the Jews in France, and also the first criminal register of the Châtelet prison in Paris.

From Philippe de Commynes, historian and statesman in the time of Louis XII., there is a long letter, and a despatch from the French ambassadors of Francis I. to that king, relative to the marriage of Marguerite d'Angoulême with Henry VIII. of England, should he be able to break his marriage with Catherine of Aragon; Cardinal Wolsey's hesitation about the matter rendering necessary fresh orders from the French court. The treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold is a large parchment, illuminated, and having heavy seals attached.

A far more legible signature is that of the Queen of Scots, Mary Stuart, whose marriage contract with the dauphin of France is attested by King Henry II.; by his wife Catherine de Médicis, who spells her name "Caterine"; by Francis and Mary themselves; by Antoinette de Bourbon; by the Archbishop of Glas-

gow; and by delegates from Scotland. There is also a long letter from Mary Stuart after she became queen of France, addressed to Philip of Spain.

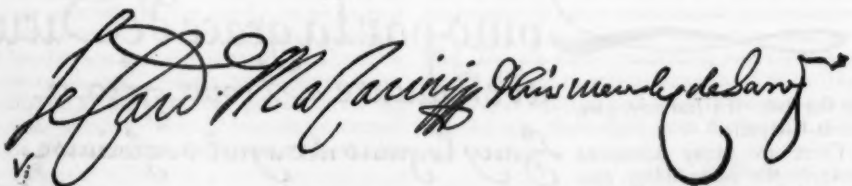
The signature of Prince de Condé, chief of the Huguenots, who escaped death under Francis II. only because the king himself died, and who was later traitorously killed at Jarnac, is attached to an acknowledgment of the payment of his pension from the king. There are many miscellaneous papers concerning the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and numerous letters about it, among them one from Catherine de Médicis to the Spanish king.

The larger part of an autograph letter from Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France, treats of the reassembling of the Huguenot army. The signature to this is bold and clear.

In this the celebrated Edict of Nantes collection are also the momentous words written eighty-seven years later by Louis XIV. revoking the edict, and suppressing the privileges granted in it. Madame de Maintenon and the Jesuit Père La Chaise, it will be remembered, were principally responsible for this revocation.

During the reign of Louis XIII. the all-powerful Cardinal Richelieu had ruled king and kingdom with a rule of iron. The Bastille was tenanted by the Prince of Condé, by marshals of France, and by numberless men of lesser rank. In the Musée des Archives are several autographic letters from Richelieu, the above autograph being the signature of a letter addressed to the Sorbonne, of which his Eminence was *proviseur*. There are signatures and signatures, but in the history of nations few have carried more weight than this.

Marie de Médicis and Anne of Austria have left several letters which are to be found in this same collection, in which is also the contract of


 A large, elegant cursive signature in dark ink, reading "Jean-Baptiste Mazarin". The script is fluid and characteristic of the 17th century.

AUTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

marriage between Louis de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, and later "le grand Condé," with Claire Clémence de Maillé, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu.

Following Richelieu in power, and as unscrupulous in the wielding of it as had been his predecessor, came Cardinal Mazarin, and with him his dangerously beautiful niece. The facsimile given of Mazarin's signature is the one which he appended to the important treaty of the Pyrenees which gave to France, in 1659, Artois, Roussillon, and other towns, while it brought as a bride to Louis XIV. the long-suffering Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain. Added to the signature of the cardinal is that of Don Luis Mendez de Haro.

Bastille first became a personal weapon for the vengeance of the sovereign, and that *lettres de cachet* were multiplied by thousands. These slips of paper, so easily obtained from ministers and favorites, were terribly dangerous in the hands of the unscrupulous, and were never more unscrupulously employed than while Louis sat upon the throne of France. Even Richelieu, during his term of power in the preceding reign, had masked his high-handed measures, giving for them ostensible reasons of state, but later this precaution went unheeded. Under Louis XV. the mania for poisoning had become so fashionable that high-born women, priests, nobles, and Italian professionals in the art were alike accused and *embastillé*.

Mons.

Je vous fais cette Lettre
pour vous dire de relâcher dans mon Château de la
Bastille L. J.

et M. de la Croix jusqu'à nouvel Ordre
de ma part. Sur ce je prie Dieu qu'il vous aie.
Mons
Ecrit de
cy de Sainte garde

Louis



LETTRE DE CACHET.

One of Mazarin's nieces, the fascinating Hortense de Mancini, who ambitiously counted upon becoming queen of France in the place of Maria Theresa, and who instead was married out of hand by her uncle the cardinal to Armand Charles de La Porte, left her husband, and ended her days in England, sometimes passing her time in London, sometimes in Chelsea, but always surrounded by a circle of men of letters and *beaux esprits*, among whom was the brilliant Saint-Évremond. In the collection of the Archives there is a receipt signed by her for the pension allowed her by Louis XIV. This receipt is indorsed by him, with his name scratched out, as it occurs in still another letter; this indicating that the payment has been made.

It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that the

Louis more than once gave warnings in time to his particular friends, as for example the Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Foix, thus saving them a compulsory residence in his château of the Bastille, but comparatively few fared so well. Two prisoners were sometimes placed in the same cell, and in this way the Italian exile was enabled to convey the knowledge of his diabolical art to one M. Sainte-Croix, the lover of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who profited by his instructions to the extent of quietly removing her father and two brothers, for whom she seems to have had no further use. For a long time she escaped suspicion, but eventually she was accused and found guilty, all doubt of her guilt being destroyed by a detailed confession of it found among her own papers, which with

feminine perversity and recklessness she had carefully kept. She was beheaded and burned, and the *procès-verbal* of her trial is to-day to be seen in the Musée des Archives.

Other papers, the discovery of which is said to have caused consternation in every female breast in Paris, were those in the possession of Nicholas Fouquet, the ambitious minister of finance, who committed the fatal mistake of trying to outrival his master. Not only was he more magnificently extravagant than Louis XIV. himself, but he dared to raise his hopes to Louise de La Vallière, whom the king himself delighted to honor. This was his ruin. The signature of Fouquet is that appended to a letter from him to Cardinal Mazarin, and written before the celebrated fête at his château of Vaux, where the king, the court, and Louise de La Vallière were present, and soon after which he was arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. Later he was incarcerated at Pinerolo, where he died. His devoted secretary Pellisson shared his captivity in the gloomy fortress which cast so dark a shadow over the Rue St. Antoine, and he it was who, in his loneliness, made a companion of a huge black spider, which he learned to call his friend. A savage turnkey begrudged him even this miserable solace, and one day ruthlessly crushed the spider under his heel.

The history of Louise de La Vallière is too well known to need repetition, and no one can see without a feeling of interest the original letter from her written at the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where she practiced the most severe penances in expiation of her former life. She pleads only for others, not for herself, telling the *contrôleur-général des finances* of the poverty and distress around her, for which she solicits his aid. Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde was her name "in religion," and explains the signature.

Not far from the Musée des Archives, and also situated in the corner of Old Paris called the Marais, which Victor Hugo has made immortal in his "Les Misérables," stands the house inhabited by Mme. de Sévigné for many years. It is now the Musée Carnavelet, and contains numberless souvenirs of the Revolution, notably a collection of china plates, bearing various dates, designs, and inscriptions applicable to the Reign of Terror. These inscriptions vary in length, and their orthography is sometimes peculiar, but the sentiment expressed in them never changes:

"Vivre libres ou mourir. 1790."

"Vive la République, vive les bons sans-culottes Français."

This is the burden of them all. On one plate is a verse of the famous revolutionary song "La Carmagnole," to which men, women,

and children danced in blood-drunken frenzy, shrieking death as they sang, while the tumbrils carried their victims to the place of slaughter. This is the verse which one may read to-day from the Carmagnole:

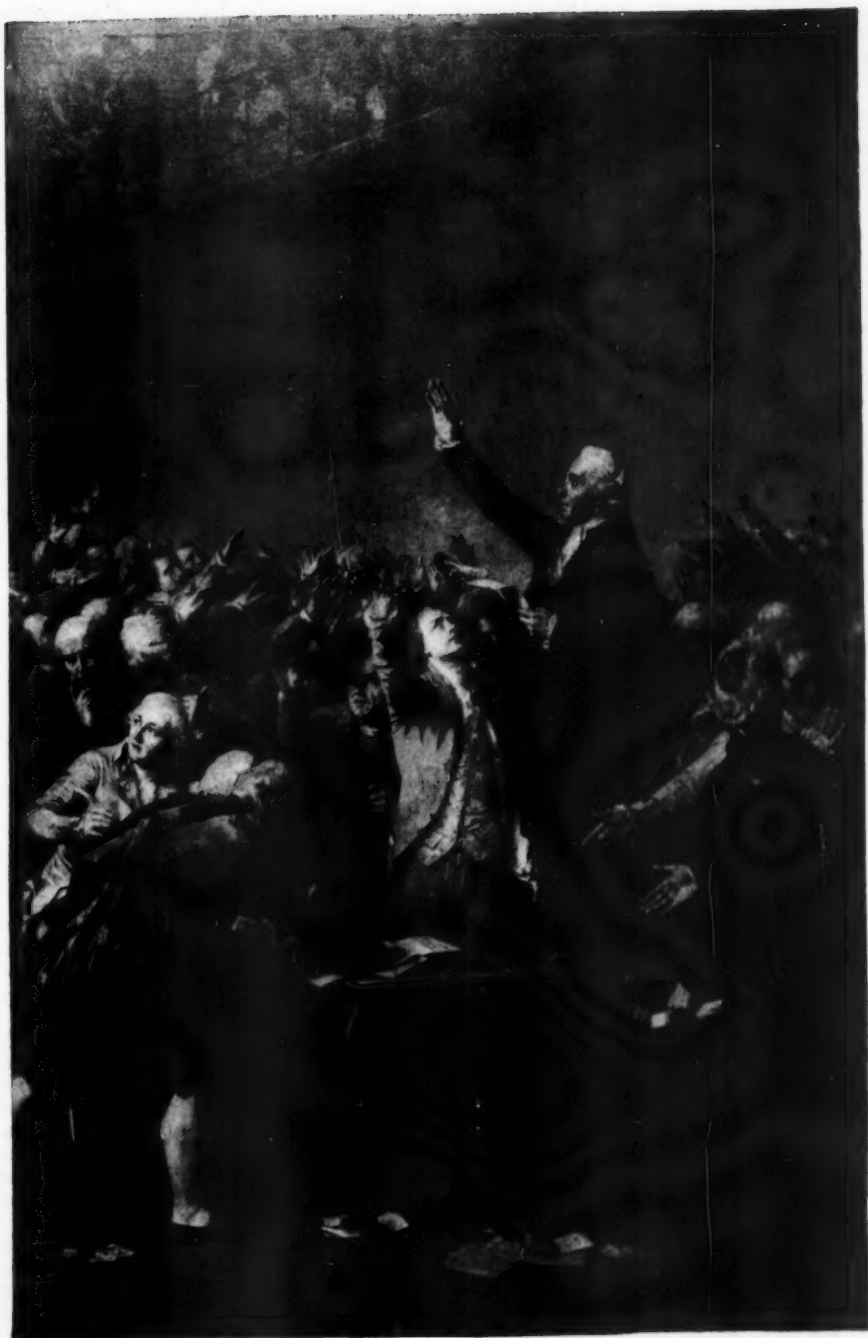
Madam' Veto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris,
Mais le coup a manqué;
Grâce à nos canonnières!
Dançons la carmagnole,
Vive le son, Vive le son!
Dançons la carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!

St. Vincent de Paul, Racine, Boileau, and Fénelon; the Duc de Lauzun, husband of La Grande Mademoiselle; Comtesse de Soissons, one of Mazarin's nieces; Madelaine de Scudéry; Louise de la Querouaille, whose charms induced Charles II. of England to transform her into Duchess of Portsmouth; Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; and Philippe d'Orléans, afterwards regent, are among the list of celebrated names attached to various papers at the Musée des Archives which are to be found in the Salle Bourbon, and with the last name, Philippe d'Orléans, the shadow from the grim Bastille deepens and lengthens. The regency was one long debauch for this man, who had become ruler during the minority of Louis XV., and for his riotous crew; it was one long, grinding toil for the people, still bearing, with the dumb patience of ignorant brutes, the burdens, the blows, and the imprisonments which were their portion. And the while "the trees which were to furnish wood to build the guillotine grew higher in the forests of France."

After the regent came Louis XV. as king, the most selfish and cynical of men. He knew of the misery existing throughout the land, knew well that ruin was bound to come; but he shrewdly calculated that the fair surface which covered the actual rottenness of things would last out his time.

It was during the reign of Louis XV. that the power of the Bastille reached that dangerous height which is apt to precede a fall, and during the same reign that Henri Masers de Latude accomplished his famous escape from the fortress prison. He had come to Paris, this inexperienced young provincial, burning with enthusiasm for the beautiful Mme. de Pompadour, whose name was on every lip, but just how that name was spoken by some among the people he did not know until he strolled one morning under the chestnut trees in the Tuileries Gardens, and overheard a conversation not meant for his ears.

"Curse the woman! She has ruined the king, and is fast ruining France."



THE OATH IN THE TENNIS-COURT. (FROM A PAINTING BY A. COUDER.)

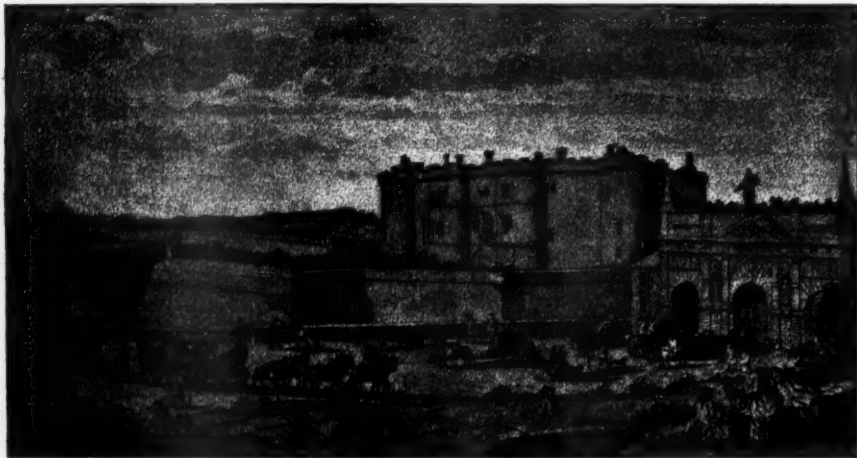
"Voltaire has rightly named her *grisette royale*, an avaricious *courtisane* who sells places, appoints to offices, revises the army list, and collects high interest on all!"

"Was not Gabrielle d'Estrées poisoned for far less than this in Henry IV.'s time? Is there no poison left, no hand cunning enough to disguise a deadly potion as a love philter, which will rid France and a suffering people of an infamous woman who rules us all?"

This is what the young man heard under the chestnut trees, and it made him thoughtful. He determined to see the Pompadour, save her, and make his own fortune at one and the same time. He forgot the tragic ending of so many others who had hoped to do the same.

Vincennes, whence he escaped, but still infatuated with the Pompadour, he weakly gave himself up to her mercy. This confidence she rewarded by promptly placing him for the second time in the prison with the eight strong towers. Even from this formidable place, from the highest cell in one of the towers, the desperate man made good his escape, accompanied by his fellow-captive D'Alègre. He succeeded in getting as far as Holland, but there he was captured and brought back for the third time to the Bastille, where he remained until after the death of Mme. de Pompadour.

In 1789 Latude found himself in Paris, and claimed from the National Assembly his ladder, manufactured from clothing sent to him in prison, and the other instruments with which



THE BASTILLE, 1788. (FROM A PRINT.)

Putting a harmless white powder into an envelope, he addressed it to the marquise at the château of Versailles, where he quickly followed it in person, and demanded to see the lady on a matter of life and death. He described the design to poison her, claimed no reward for his zeal, and only begged to be permitted to see her from time to time. The favorite was outwardly grateful but inwardly suspicious; she was not accustomed to absolute disinterestedness. Asking Latude to write his name, which he gladly did, she dismissed him with a smile, and kept the paper. In course of time the powder arrived, and proved to be harmless; the two handwritings were the same; the favorite's suspicions were confirmed, and Latude was doomed. He had dreamed of the fêtes to be given at Marly in the month of May, but when May came he and his dreams were behind the bolts and bars of the Bastille. Later he was transferred to

he had effected his escape. Prisoners of the Bastille were heroes in 1789, and they seldom asked in vain. All his prison property was restored to Henri Masers de Latude, and kept by him as relics.

There is a letter from the Pompadour in the collection at the Archives, but no facsimile of her signature is given. Although Louis XV. had allowed her to reign over him for fifteen years, and was at least supposed to care for her, he only remarked coldly and cynically, as the rain fell heavily at the moment of her death, "*La Pompadour a un mauvais temps pour son grand voyage.*"

The shadow had been slowly but surely lengthening. It no longer fell only upon Paris, but passed out at the Porte St. Antoine far across the country, where gaunt, weary men and women were hungry for bread, and tired of the haughty nobles who treated them less well than they did their dogs. Coaches, driven

madly, tore through the streets of the wretched little villages, their occupants careless whether or no children fell crushed beneath the horses' feet, intent only upon quickly reaching their lordly châteaux. Famine had come to join hands with oppression; the very ground seemed cursed, and a wail of despair rang through the land.

Then came the troubled reign of Louis XVI. Here was a young king, good, but fatally weak; a gay court reckless of all but pleasure; and a beautiful Austrian queen destined to be the supreme martyr of history. But the wail never penetrated to them in the palace of the Tuileries, or the gardens of Versailles where the little dauphin gathered fresh flowers for his royal mother every morning in the sunshine. The Bastille still frowned down upon St. Antoine, and the mysterious affair of the queen's necklace sent many to inhabit it. The Cardinal de Rohan spent ten months there before he was exiled, and among the papers at the Archives is a letter from him to the king, giving up his decoration of the Order of the Saint Esprit. Marie Nicole le Gay d'Oliva, whose resemblance to the queen enabled her to personate Marie Antoinette in the famous scene of the Trianon garden, the Comtesse de Lamotte and her husband, together with others of lesser note, were all *embastillé* on account of complicity in the affair of the necklace.

Louis XVI. accomplished many reforms during his reign. He revised the penal code, abolished torture and feudal servitude, and assured the civil rights to Protestants. The original documents of all these acts are to be found at the Musée. He generously came to the aid of America when she determined to establish her independence, and rendered valuable assistance to the cause of liberty, but was weak beyond words when his own people claimed liberty as their right and turned it into license.

The three orders of the States General held their last *séance royale* at Versailles, on May 5, 1789, after which the first two orders, the nobles and the clergy, retired; the third order, the deputies of the people, determined to work on alone. Louis XVI. refusing at first to recognize them, they could obtain no hall for their meeting until the 20th of June, when they de-



MARIE ANTOINETTE. (AFTER THE PICTURE BY I. F. WARTTELL.)

termined to assemble in a tennis-court at Versailles. At this meeting all the deputies, with the exception of one, took a solemn oath to consecrate themselves to the interests of their country, in the following words: "Nous jurons de ne jamais nous séparer de l'Assemblée nationale, et de nous réunir partout où les circonstances l'exigeront, jusqu'à ce que la constitution du royaume soit établie et affermie sur des fondements solides."

This oath is always referred to as *Le serment du jeu de paume*, and the scene in the tennis-court has been immortalized by David and others.

A writer of the time says that the excitement inside the great hall was equalled only by the fury of the elements outside, where a terrific storm raged. Thunder echoed the frantic vows of patriotism made by the deputies, while vivid lightning illuminated passions blinding as itself. The original *Serment du jeu de paume*, with its long list of signatures, is to be seen at the Musée, and it is to be noted that Robespierre then signs himself *De Robespierre*; whereas later the aristocratic "de" is dropped.

The days went on, and Louis XVI. continued to make entries of his personal expenses in the famous "livre rouge." *Payé à la reine*, followed by sums of different amounts,



THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

is a frequent entry, and the beautiful Austrian, born and brought up in the belief of the divine right of kings and queens, spent the money right royally. How could she know of that gaunt and hungry crowd clamoring for bread, when only smiles and sunshine and obsequious flattery were around her—had always been around her? No poor mother with a wailing child, no case of distress, ever came under Marie

of the darkening shadow which had been growing and deepening through the centuries?

Louis XVI. also wrote daily, with fine delicate characters, in the second "livre rouge," his personal diary. It creates a strange sensation to hold these books in one's own hand; to take up the small loose pages and read the words which by the light of after years have become so pathetic.

Guillotini

Vendredi Soir 21 Janvier 1790

AUTOGRAPH OF GUILLOTIN.

Mois de Juillet, 1789:

- | | | |
|--------------|-----|--|
| Samedy . . . | 4. | Chasse des chevreuil au Butard. Pris un et tué vingt-neuf pièces. |
| Dimanche . . | 5. | Vêpres et salut. |
| Lundy . . . | 6. | Rien. |
| Mardy . . . | 7. | Chasse du cerf à Pont-Royal. Prix deux. |
| Mercredy . . | 8. | Rien. |
| Jeudy . . . | 9. | Rien. Députations des États. |
| Vendredy . . | 10. | Rien. Réponse à la députation des États. |
| Samedy . . . | 11. | Rien. Départ de M. Necker. |
| Dimanche . . | 12. | Vêpres et salut. Départ de MM. de Montmorin, Saint-Priest, et de la Luzerne. |

On that Sunday, the 12th of July, while the king prayed, Camille Desmoulins, a young and vehement revolutionist, a friend of the people, mounted on a chair in front of the Café de Foi

Antoinette's personal knowledge to which she did not give personal relief. And very carefully she taught her own children to be pitiful and kind to those less fortunate than themselves. The dauphin's baby hand more than once gave his beloved flowers to envious little ones outside the gilded gates of Versailles; the boy running afterwards to his mother, whom he adored, for a word of approval. How could she know

De Robespierre

AUTOGRAPH OF ROBESPIERRE.

in the Palais Royal, and haranged a crowd of malcontents and democrats. "It is necessary for us to select a distinctive badge by which we shall know each other," he cried. "What color will you choose? Shall it be green, the color of hope, or the blue of Cincinnatus, the color of American liberty and the democracy?"

"Give us green!" they shouted back—"green, the color of hope!"

Some hand furnished bits of green ribbon, but far too few to supply the crowd, and a hundred arms reached up to the trees above, tearing down branches and leaves, until all were furnished with the color of hope.

The king's journal continues:

Juillet, 1789.

Lundy 13. Rien.
Mardy 14. Rien.

And while he writes a great hoarse cry sounds far off—"À la Bastille!" At any price Paris had determined to become free; and so long as the dark shadow of the monument of despotism stretched across the city freedom seemed unreal. The question has often been asked, Why was the hatred of the people expended upon the Bastille, which had been essentially the prison of the great? The answer lies, I think, in these words: "La Bastille, c'était la prérogative royale; celui-là renversée, ce qui restait en France de pouvoir absolu s'écroula." The people felt this by intuition. It was not merely a prison and a citadel, this great mass of stone with bolts and bars and grated cells: it represented a principle. Once leveled to the ground, a great moral force would be withdrawn from the crown.

Tavernier was the first prisoner released; but liberty came too late—he was mad. Two others were found in a cell of one of the towers, and four men in other parts of the building—seven in all. The mysterious man with the iron mask, the supposed brother of Louis XIV., had disappeared; Cagliostro the "Sorcerer" had gone to London, whence he had written that he would return to France when the Bastille had become a public promenade. All the secrets which those walls could have told none will ever know.

On the 16th of the same month an order was issued by the deputies of the people for the immediate demolition of the Bastille, which order, together with many other papers relative to the great state prison, can be seen to-day at the Musée des Archives. The outline of the building still remains clearly marked on the stones of the wide Place de la Bastille, where the column to Liberty stands.

The narrow street of St. Antoine has disappeared, with its quaint shops and their quaint names—"Pâtisserie de la Pomponnette," "Au



LOUIS XVI. (FROM A PRINT.)

bon Diable," "Au fichu de Marie Antoinette," and many others. And the swinging lamps are gone which hung from ropes fastened across the street from side to side; and the women knitting, "counting the stitches as later they would count heads falling on the Place de la Révolution." No shadow darkens the Place from the tall slender column which has taken the place of the prison with the towers.

A perfect model of the Bastille, made from one of the stones of the building, stands in one of the great rooms of the old Hôtel Soubise. Around it hang twenty-seven of the prison keys: another of these keys was sent by Lafayette as a present to Washington, and now hangs in the hall at Mount Vernon.

The capture of the Bastille was only the beginning of the end for the principal characters of the French Revolution. The *via dolorosa* which was to be trodden by so many innocent feet and which led at last to the guillotine had not yet been entered upon; *la guillotine* had not yet been invented; the gamins of Paris could not yet chaff one another about "Fin de la soupe," "La dernière Bouchée," or "La Mère au Ciel," all of which names they gave to Dr. Guillotin's life-destroying invention, about which he writes a letter that is in the Archives collection.

Not the least of Marie Antoinette's trials must have been her husband—a good, kind,



THE DAUPHIN.
(FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. EDWARD VERY.)

amiable gentleman, who was never intended by nature for a king. To her, the proud daughter of the lion-hearted Maria Theresa, the "king" for whom the nobles of Hungary enthusiastically swore to die, it was inexplicable that Louis XVI. should give in step by step, yield privilege after privilege, without a murmur. Oh for the day of *le roi soleil*, with his famous words, "*L'état c'est moi!*" Oh for a king who could be king in more than name! But the descendant of St. Louis wrote tranquil entries in the journal in that delicate handwriting of his, filling at the same time the collection now at the Archives with documents which laid low one by one the bulwarks of his throne. Then came October, and the frightful days of the 5th and 6th at Versailles, when Lafayette found himself powerless to control the people, and the fishwomen of Paris went to the royal château to insult the *Autrichienne*, and in triumph escorted the weak king and his hapless queen and frightened children back to the capital.

A paper at the Archives tells us that the formidable *dames de la halle* were so pleased with themselves after this exhibition of patriotism, that they sent an address to the National Assembly, which that august body answered by an invitation to assist at one of its sittings,

proving by their response that they had a wholesome fear of the political zeal of the *poissardes*.

There is a letter at the Musée addressed to Louis XVI. by Roederer, a deputy to the Assembly, suggesting that he forget the occurrences of June 20 and unite his interests with those of the people in view of a foreign war, which the king consented to do. It seemed as if there was scarcely any concession which he was not willing to make. But the shadow had fallen too deeply on St. Antoine in earlier days to be forgotten, and the faubourg marched with cannon upon the Tuileries; the place was no longer safe, and the royal family took refuge in the building where the National Assembly held its sittings. A marble slab in the Rue de Rivoli of to-day marks the spot. Three hot August days were spent in a stifling *loge* at the back of the hall, and while the decree was pronounced suspending Louis XVI. as king, the poor little dauphin, too young to understand the significance of what was occurring, mourned the loss of his pet dog Moufflet, killed in the general massacre at the Tuileries.

Soon followed the decree transferring the unhappy family to the Temple, where for a while they were allowed to be together. They were still together when the massacres in the prisons took place, where the young and beautiful Princesse de Lamballe was murdered. It needed the imagination of fiends to devise the details of this victim's death, and no pen could calmly write them. After cutting off the head, the body was left to foul desecration, and forcing a wigmaker to wash the bloodstains from the poor dead face, and brush and curl and perfume the soft, fair hair, the people placed their trophy on a pike and paraded it through the streets of Paris.

"Suppose the Lamballe says good-morning to Antoinette?" cried a voice in the crowd; and the brutal proposition was hailed with delight.

The royal family were assembled in the queen's bedroom at the Temple when suddenly they heard a tumultuous shouting in the garden below, the queen's name being loudly

le 15 Brumaire à 4 h. 1/2 du matin
dest à vous ma Louis, que j'écris pour la dernière fois, je viens d'être condamnée
non pas à une mort honteuse, elle ne l'est que pour les criminels, mais à
aller rejoindre, votre frère, comme lui innocent, j'espère montrer la même
fermeté que lui dans ces derniers moments. je suis calme comme on l'est
quant la conscience ne reproche rien. J'ai un profond regret d'abandonner
mes pauvres enfants, vous savez que je n'existais que pour eux, et

called. One of the soldiers left to guard the prisoners, knowing what ghastly thing it was which was to be held up at the window, and touched with pity, rushed in to save them from the shock; but he was too late. He found Marie Antoinette fainting in the arms of Mme. Elizabeth, the frightened children clinging to her, and the king standing spellbound by the horror of the sight which was before him.

Louis XVI. being removed to a separate apartment of the Temple, even the sad comfort of suffering together was taken away. Royalty had for some time been abolished; the Republic, one and inseparable, had been proclaimed; the National Assembly had become the National Convention, and *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, the nation's watchword. Liberty for all but Louis Capet and his family. In December of 1792 we find a letter from M. de Malesherbes to the president of the Convention, offering to defend Louis XVI., if the people will allow him a defender at his trial; and soon after this his defense was presented to the Convention by M. de Sèze, assisted by De Malesherbes and De Tronchet, and signed by all. The tomb of M. de Sèze, in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, bears the inscription, *Défenseur du Roi*.

On January 20, 1793, the executioner Sanson writes for directions for conducting Louis to the place of execution, and on the following day, at twenty-two minutes past ten in the morning, the king steps upon the fatal scaffold as the Abbé Edgeworth exclaims, "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!"

The celebrated *acte d'accusation* was read to Marie Antoinette by Fouquier-Tinville at her so-called trial on October 14, 1793, and the queen of France, we are told, answered all the charges with heroic serenity. But when the infamous Hébert brought the frightful calumnies prepared in the Temple and signed by the terrified, half-intoxicated child, who had been forced to drink, and by his sister, who did not understand the meaning of the words, Marie Antoinette preserved a dull silence. When questioned as to what she had to answer to the charge, she still did not speak, a fact to which one of the jury drew the president's attention. Then it was that the tortured woman gave the memorable reply which thrilled all who heard it: "If I have not answered, it is



MME. DE LAMBALLE. (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY FURNE.)

because nature refuses to answer such a charge made to a mother. I appeal to all mothers who may hear me."

This appeal actually penetrated the blood-soaked brains of those around her, and so struck the imagination of Robespierre that when the details of the trial were brought to him as he sat at a café in the Palais Royal, he shivered the plate before him as he exclaimed, "*Sacré imbécile d'Hébert!*" understanding too well that this latest insult to the queen had passed the bounds of prudence and must inevitably arouse sympathy for her. The widow of Capet had at this time been removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie, where in her narrow prison cell two guards watched her day and night. The end was drawing very near.

At half-past four in the morning of the day that she was to die, Marie Antoinette wrote the letter found on the preceding page to Mme. Elizabeth, who was still in the Temple. The signature cannot be seen.

She mounted the guillotine, the hundred and fiftieth victim of the Revolution, her crime being the fact that she was the daughter of an empress, the wife and mother of a king. And right royally she died; they had not the sat-

LOUIS CHARLES CAPET

AUTOGRAPH OF LOUIS CHARLES CAPET.

isfaction of seeing a moment's weakness, a single quiver of fear.

I have held in my hand the actual original order, written over a hundred years ago, for the execution of Marie Antoinette, dated half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, the very hour at which the queen wrote her letter to Mme. Elizabeth. The order is addressed to the Citoyen Henriot, "Commandant-Général de la force armée Parisienne."

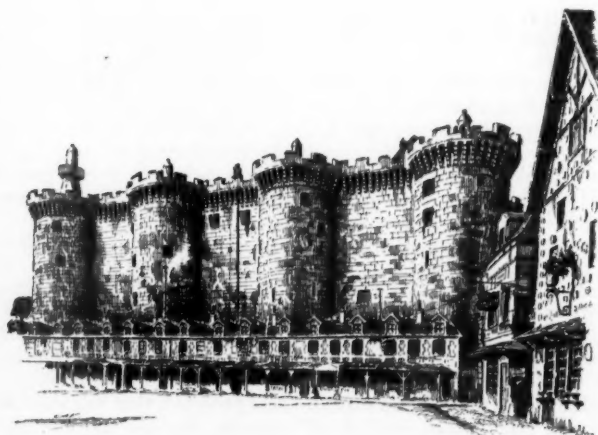
The signature of David the painter, become deputy of the city of Paris to the National Convention, is found attached to the judgment condemning the Girondists to death; as it is to an endless number of revolutionary papers. The man seemed to revel in infamy. As court painter he had received many favors from the royal family, yet he persecuted them with an implacable hatred. When sent with others to interrogate Mme. Elizabeth in the Temple, that princess welcomed him as a friend, and courteously asked him to give her a pinch of snuff from his box, as she had a bad cold. "Learn," he answered insolently, "that you are not worthy to put your fingers into my snuff-box"; and placing a little of the tobacco in his hand he familiarly offered it to the sister of his king. She quietly turned her back upon him. From a window in the Rue St. Honoré David made a pen and ink sketch of the unhappy Marie Antoinette as the terrible procession passed which escorted her to her death, and a chron-

icler of the times says that in drawing it "hate guided his hand." But for the fall of Robespierre his own turn would have come to taste death by the guillotine, but he was included in the amnesty of the fourth *brumaire*, and under Napoleon became painter to the government.

There are letters and signatures at the Hôtel Soubise of Mirabeau, that "monster of eloquence"; of Buonaparte before he had changed his signature to Napoleon; of Camille Desmoulins; of Carnot, ancestor of the present President of the French Republic; of Mme. du Barry, Alexander Beauharnais, Cardinal de Rohan, Thomas Paine, Madame de Staël, and many others too numerous to mention. There is also the treaty between France and the United States, of which James Monroe and Livingston were the signers on the part of the Americans.

Eyes tired of reading puzzling handwritings can rest themselves by looking at the beautiful pictures of Boucher, and examining the curious painting of the "Ship of Salvation"; and he who goes once to the Musée des Archives will probably return for a second visit to the old hôtel, with its open court inclosed by high stone walls, and its fine façade, wide staircase, and noble rooms; but well worth seeing as all these are, it is the marvelously interesting collection of papers, yellow with time and weighty with the import of the words written upon them, which will draw him back once and again to this delightful corner of Old Paris.

Elizabeth Balch.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE ON THE AVENUE SUFFREN.

"THE REALM OF CONGO."

—Paradise Lost.

I.—MY TRIP TO THE CONGO.

BY THE COMMISSIONER OF THE UNITED STATES.



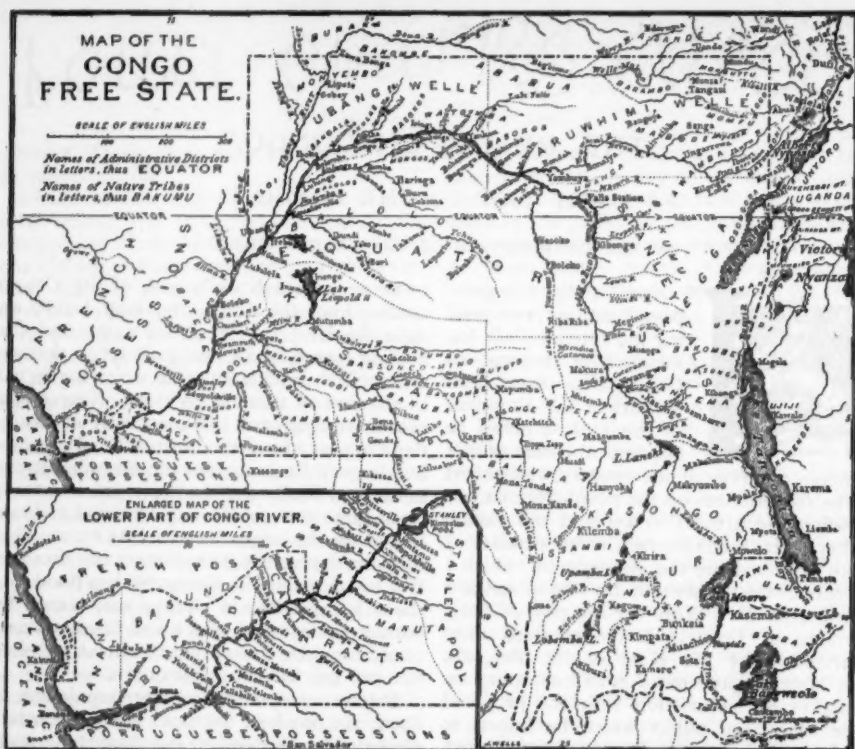
IN April, 1884, Congress passed an act recognizing the International Association for the proposed Congo Free State, and authorized the President of the United States to appoint a commissioner to make a survey of the country, and report to the Government on the possibility of trade between the United States and the Congo Valley. Mr. Frelinghuysen, then Secretary of State, tendered me the appointment, which I accepted. On the seventh day of September I sailed from New York for my post of duty. Arriving in Brussels I was received most courteously by the King of the Belgians. His Majesty gave me a most interesting account of his connection with the proposed Free State, the object which he hoped to attain, and the results already accomplished, demonstrating clearly that his work was one of philanthropy, and one which in the end he hoped and expected would yield good results in a commercial point of view, not only to Belgium, but to the whole commercial world.

After some telegraphic correspondence with my own Government, I was directed to delay my departure for the Congo and go to Berlin, for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Kasson, the American plenipotentiary, who had been designated to represent the United States in the Berlin conference, which conference had been summoned to settle once and for all the intricate questions which were almost daily arising between France, Portugal, and Belgium as to the boundary of the proposed Free State.

When the conference had got well under way I found that I was losing a great deal of time, and after communicating with the Secretary of State I received authority to leave Europe and go on my mission. I started from Berlin in November, went down through Spain and Portugal, and sailed from Lisbon, touching at Madeira and the Canary Islands; thence to the coast of Upper Guinea at Bissagos; from there I went to Prince's Island and St. Thomas, and thence to the Congo.

As we approach the mouth of the Congo coming from the north, and long before we sight the land, the discolored water and the floating leaves, sticks, and grass tell us that we are within the radius of the sea which is affected by the flow of that mighty river. Nearer and nearer we approach the coast, and gradually there appear above the horizon the low white buildings of Banana, then the clay cliffs to the north, and finally the sand spit which extends far out into the sea, forming a natural and safe harbor for the largest vessels. As we rounded the point the current grew stronger and stronger. If a vessel enters the Congo with a flood tide she will experience a choppy sea, caused by current against tide, which will cause a vessel of ordinary size to roll quite as much as when in a stiff gale far out in the ocean.

Banana possesses a motley population of about six hundred negroes; some are native slaves, some Kabindas and Loangos, while not a few are from the Krumanos of Sierra Leone and lower Liberia. The white population at the time of my visit consisted of about thirty Europeans, the managers and employees of the different trading companies whose factories are located at this point. The approach to Banana is really very beautiful and picturesque; washed on one side by the sea, and on the other by the dark waters of the Congo, which flows with merciless rapidity as if eager to escape from the barren and desolate country through which it has made its way from the placid Stanley Pool several hundred miles inland, and lashing itself into fury and foam over the many cataracts. The long row of buildings belonging to the Dutch trading company, the many small vessels moored within the harbor, and the workmen busy in the preparation of native products for shipment, gave evidence of the prosperity of the place; while in the background and on the low marshy border of the river the mango forest and the dense impenetrable jungle, the rank undergrowth matted together with vines and creepers, afforded fine effects of light and shade. Why this place should be called Banana I cannot conceive; certainly not from the fruit, for a banana tree was never known here until cultivated by the



traders. For more than two hundred years Banana has been in the possession of the Dutch traders, having been first occupied in 1670 by the Dutch East India Company as a supply station for their vessels to and from the East; and although the Dutch East India Company has passed out of existence, this station still remains the principal one in the hands of the Dutch African traders. There is now in possession of the Dutch Company a letter descriptive of Banana and the lower Congo, written more than two hundred years ago, and which if reproduced to-day would show little or no progress in this long lapse of time; so it is fair to infer that had it been as rich as is now claimed, the country certainly must have progressed with those of other lands in like latitudes. Banana has grown to its present importance by reason of its good harbor, which is the only one on the entire coast.

The Congo River is navigable for the largest ocean steamer to Boma, a distance of seventy miles from the sea.¹ Approaching Vivi and the falls of Yellala the current is very rapid, rocks are numerous, and dangerous whirlpools are constantly forming and changing position, tossing a steamer about as though

in a heavy sea, thus rendering it unsafe for any except powerful steamers of light draught. Particularly is this so in the rainy season, when the river becomes swollen, rising often from ten to twenty feet in as many hours. At Vivi the river is about one mile wide, but as one approaches the sea it ranges from two to five miles in width, reaching a depth in places of two hundred fathoms. Below Boma the banks or shores on each side are covered with dense forests of hard wood.

Boma has long been known as the principal slave-trading station on the lower Congo River, and in years gone by hundreds of thousands of slaves have been corralled at this point for sale and shipment to foreign countries. Happily this traffic has now ceased to exist so far as export to the outside world is concerned, but the trade in slaves is still largely carried on among the people of the country.

Dr. Ralph Leslie, the chief surgeon attached to the staff of the Governor-General, was my only white companion, but he did not continue long with me.

¹ The largest steamers now go to Matadi, situated just below the first rapids, 120 miles from the sea.—EDITOR.

Before starting up the country I was supplied with a quantity of goods, principally red cotton handkerchiefs, which were used as money along the first stage of my travel, about a hundred miles. Then I came to the country where blue glass beads are used; then came the white beads, and next came brass rods, which are used for making bracelets and anklets, the latter often weighing thirty or forty pounds, and being worn only by women. My caravan was made up of eighty negroes, each one carrying upon his head a load of cloth, provisions, medicines, luggage, tents, or cooking-utensils, the average weight of each load being seventy pounds.

Everything being in readiness, we were ferried over the river, landing at Mpozo, a station just at the foot of the Yellala cataract. I sent my caravan off early in the morning, that they could take all the time they wanted to reach the village of Pallaballa. We arrived at Pallaballa, a village of about four or five thousand people, about sundown. It was the first Congo village of any importance which I had seen.

When we came into Pallaballa we learned that the king—who was absent at the time—had instructed his son not to allow any white men to stop in the place before his return. He had gone to pay tribute to the king of San Salvador, from whom he had received a letter. I saw the letter, which was written in Portuguese, undoubtedly by a Jesuit priest. The king's son said we could not stop in the village. I was annoyed to think that I could not stay in the place overnight, so I called my interpreter, and told him to say to the king's son that I would be glad if he would allow me to stay there; and if he did so, without molesting me, I would give him a handsome present in the morning. He said no, I could not stop there; we would have to go on. But we were very tired, there was no water outside of the village, and we decided to stay whether or no. In most of the villages near the river where whites have appeared, the kings, as a rule, set apart a little hut which they give to traders who happen to come into the village, allow them to sleep at night in the hut, and then take something in the way of presents from them in the morning. I informed the king's son that if they allowed us to stop I would give them presents in the morning, but if they made us trouble we would burn their village. We were permitted to "turn in" without molestation, but about one or two o'clock in the morning the chief of Pallaballa himself put in an appearance. He had made the trip from San Salvador, some seventy-five miles or more, in three or four days; but he had been drinking with kings on the way, and was very drunk. He wanted to drive us out

of the place. But he was very easy to handle; a little trade gin soon put him to sleep, and we were not molested. In the morning we got ready to start, when Pallaballa and all his ministers put in an appearance and wanted their presents. I gave Pallaballa some handkerchief stuff, a red cotton umbrella, a bottle of gin, and a string of beads. Then I gave all his ministers a drink of gin, and they were very happy.

The chief began to tell me what a good friend he was to the white people, and he wanted to show me a treaty which he had made with Stanley when he passed through the country the last time. He went into his old hut and brought out the king's box. He had it tied round and round with strips from the bark of the palm tree. The old fellow opened the box and handed me the treaty—as he supposed. I found it to be a letter written in the Portuguese language, purporting to come from the king of San Salvador. This letter went on to compliment Pallaballa, and wish him every success in the world, and suggested to him that he should keep the white men out of his country; and after advising him what to do, it wished him well, and hoped he would not forget to send three or four bottles of gin. I said: "Old man, you have made a mistake. This is not the Stanley treaty; this is from Salvador." The old fellow was very much excited, and grabbed the document away from me. He then handed me another document, which was a treaty that he had signed with Stanley a long time ago, and bore date of Stanley's last passage through the country. After I had satisfied myself that the old man was friendly to us, I asked him to tell me why he was opposed to the white men stopping in his town overnight. He said: "I will tell you. We have not had any rain up here for a long time." And he went on to tell me that the palm tree would not yield *malafu*,—a fermented drink,—the ground nuts were not growing, and they were afraid of a famine, and he knew that the white men down the river at the camp had kept the rain back, and he believed that if he punished the white men as they came along the rain would come.

I went on to a town called Congolalembe, where the first water beyond Pallaballa was to be found, and to which village I had sent my cooks with all the paraphernalia for preparing breakfast. When I arrived at Congolalembe, as is the custom of the country, I had to send into the village to get permission from the chief to stop there overnight. As a rule, when I could not get a permit, I would camp outside; but wherever there was a village in which we knew there was water, we would stop. At the same time it was prefer-

able to keep away from villages, because the Houssamen whom I had were very much feared by the people, as they were great thieves, and invariably got us into trouble at every town we went to. When I came to Congolalemba, however, the king, who was a very pleasant fellow, seemed to receive me very cordially, and asked for a palaver, or council. The king and his ministers took seats on the ground. He said I was welcome to stay in his place. But while we were talking I noticed a great activity among his men, and I told my interpreter to go to some of the people and find out what was the matter. He came back and told me they were going down to fight Pallaballa. Before going to war in those countries they give notice that they will attack the next day. They never make an attack unawares. They were going to march that night and attack Pallaballa the next morning. I asked the king why he was going to fight Pallaballa, and he said the sap had run dry in the palm trees, and the ground nuts would not grow, and Pallaballa had kept the rain back.

Congolalemba began his march on Pallaballa, but during the night there came one of the most violent storms they had ever had in the country. The warriors passed the entire night in the rain, and when daylight came they did not want to fight. They made up their minds that Pallaballa, knowing they were coming, had relented, and so they went on to Pallaballa's village, got drunk, and had a glorious time for several days.

The afternoon of the third day we came upon a very beautiful camping place on a rocky river, but there was very little water in the pools formed in the rocks. About midnight a couple of Houssamen who were used as couriers came to this camp with a message from Major Vetch, who was at a place called Bayneston, dangerously ill,¹ and Dr. Leslie, who had been detailed to look after me, was summoned to save his life, if possible. Leslie talked the matter over with me, and I said: "By all means, go. I am perfectly well. I am an old traveler in the tropics. I have been through the Amazon country, had yellow fever, and various other fevers. If possible, go and save the man's life." We had had a hard day's march the day before, and Leslie had much to do. Every caravan man who fell ill would go to him, no matter what ailed them, if only a blister on the foot. He would say something kind to them, give them a little medicine, and send them off in a happy state of mind. Leslie decided to start at daylight for Bayneston.

It was only when we came to part that I realized how completely alone I was in that desolate country; and when Leslie went off

over the hills in one direction and I in another you can imagine my feelings — a stranger to the country, surrounded by treacherous negroes, and going into a region about which I knew nothing. I would have given my life almost to have been back in a civilized country. After marching about fifteen miles, I resolved to make my camp, the sun being very hot. I was worried in mind; my men had been stealing as they went along through different villages, and I had been annoyed and harassed all along by kings coming to me and demanding indemnity. Suddenly I was stricken down with fever, and fell heavily upon the ground, unable to help myself.

I called the caravan, told the men to set up my tent, get me a bed, and bring my medicine-chest. I had not a soul with me except the negroes, and even the most trusted ones were the greatest thieves, because they had a little more intelligence than the common mob through whose country I was passing. They surrounded my tent, and laughed at my efforts to doctor myself and at my attempts to make them understand me. My voice failed me; I could not speak. I called for water, which my Zanzibar men soon brought to me. In the mean time I got my medicine-chest and took out twenty grains of ipecac, divided it into two doses, and took them. In two or three minutes they had the desired effect, and my stomach was cleared. Then I ordered a pot of tea and drank it as hot as I could take it, covered myself with blankets, got into a perspiration, and kept that way all the afternoon. I had broken the fever. I passed a very bad night, in constant fear lest the natives might make an attack upon me, for they were a very cruel set. I gave the two or three kings who came to see me some presents, and they allowed me to remain the next day. But I found I was getting weaker instead of better. I had no nourishing food. My provisions had been sent on by another caravan route to join me at Banza Manteka. I made up my mind that if I tarried in this particular spot I certainly should die. So I determined to go on to the station of Banza Manteka, where I arrived after two days' march, completely broken down. I was most kindly received by Lieutenant Müller, who was in charge of the station, and after two or three days' rest was quite myself again.

From this place Müller accompanied me to Massamba, Lukunga, and Manyanga, and as we were to pass through the valley of Banza Manteka, a famous elephant-grazing ground, Mr. Müller arranged for a day of elephant hunting. We sent out a native to search for the trail, who came back in a few hours, informing us that he had found one. I had with me a

¹ Major Vetch died in 1887, at Lagos.—EDITOR.

large elephant-rifle, a smaller rifle, and a shotgun, with men to carry them, and with the chief of the station we set out to surround the elephants. We came upon a little clump of bushes, where a part of my caravan had been sent in order to keep track of the elephants, and they told us "the woods were full of them." They have not many woods there, but we could see the tops of the small trees coming down, and we knew that there were elephants feeding

ears sticking out straight, and off they went through the trees and tall grass. Shortly before that Lieutenant Müller had shot a very large elephant. The two tusks taken from him weighed 126 pounds each, and were six feet long. They were several hours in cutting the tusks out of his head, for the elephant's tusks are planted in the bony part of the head so deep that it requires a heavy ax and a great deal of cutting to get them out.



ELEPHANTS' FEEDING-GROUND.

upon them. Lieutenant Müller and I made a raid upon the elephants, taking up our positions so that the men could drive them from the north. We were in the south, where their trail had been marked, and lay in the grass waiting for them to pass by. In a short time they came along. There were fifteen of them, and Jumbo was not a circumstance to some of them. They looked to me, as I knelt there in the grass, like the great brown weather-beaten barns we see in America. I had been studying a book which I had with me, giving instructions how to shoot elephants. In my mind I had measured an elephant's ear, and I knew if I could hit him where the ear-flap went back on the shoulder he was dead. I was bound to shoot an elephant. I got my gun ready, and as the elephants came within about thirty feet of us I took aim; but my gun trembled so that I could not shoot, and Lieutenant Müller said: "For God's sake, don't shoot! The elephants will kill us both." I said: "There is no danger; I won't shoot." Neither did I shoot.

We made a very happy escape from the elephants. They soon got our scent, raised their trunks, tooted as no locomotive could toot, their

I was going down a hill one day ahead of my caravan, when I met, in a little bend of the path, a monstrous elephant. I had no gun with me. The elephant was coming leisurely up a long clay hill; he turned and went down the hill, perhaps three or four hundred feet, sliding as one sees a horse slide along on a slippery pavement, and tooting his trumpet as though in great fright. He got into the valley and disappeared in a very short time.

About five o'clock one evening I came upon the Lufu River. The caravan had arrived ahead of me and was afraid to cross, as the river was high, and there were a great many crocodiles in those parts. I started the men to taking over the loads. They were greatly frightened, but made all sorts of noises, and threw stones and sticks into the river, that they might frighten the crocodiles away, and soon the caravan got over. I had no wish to get across by fording, so I went down the river about a mile, and crossed where Stanley had made a bridge by tying together the vines of overhanging trees, upon which one could go over by walking on a latticed footway and holding on to swinging vines. Every one who

had crossed this river from time to time had added to the strength of the bridge by tying new vines to the main support, so that it was twisted into a cable larger than my arm. Again I had no gun. As I got to the center of this river, hanging on to help myself over, I heard right under me a great splash in the water and felt spray. I looked down, and there was a great elephant bathing, filling his trunk with water and splashing it over himself at a great rate. I made a noise, and he went up the river bank into the brush, and I lost sight of him.

Two days later we arrived at Lukunga, where I was kindly received, and entertained

Lutété's town I should turn back. I assured him that I would do as he had suggested. With that we went on, and as I kept going I took courage, for I knew it would never do for me to go back; and when I got to Lutété's town I told the doctor that I would go on. A message overtook him that night saying that Sir Francis de Winton¹ had fallen ill, and suggesting that he should return and bring me back with him; but I would not go back. Lieutenant Burns, a fine young English officer, was detailed to accompany me then, and I found him a very pleasant companion. We started on for Stanley Pool and I kept getting better, so that when I arrived at Leopoldville



A NATIVE DANCE.

by the chief of the station. Here I again had a serious attack of the fever. The day after, Dr. Leslie arrived. He had saved the life of Major Vetch, and hearing from passing caravan men that I was ill, he had followed on my track and overtaken me. The doctor insisted that I must go back; that it was not safe for me to keep on. I said, "Well, Leslie, I will see to-morrow how I feel." He poured quinine into me the next day, and soon I felt better. He insisted then that I must go back, but I insisted upon trying it for two or three days more. So I rested another day, and he agreed to go with me to Lutété's country, a little more than half way from the mouth of the river to Stanley Pool, with the understanding that if I was not better upon my arrival at

I was in very good condition, but poor Burns was dead.

I will pass over many interesting incidents, describing, however, a native dance which occurred at Lutété the evening of my arrival. A caravan had arrived from Ambriz with gin, powder, guns, and some cloths and beads, and the villagers were having a great jollification. I went over with one or two of my friends upon the invitation of King Lutété. Lutété told his son to clear a place for the white men, and he took a stick, went at the natives, and cleared a place so that we could see the negroes dance. The dances were participated in by men, women, and children, some of them babes hardly able to walk, but

¹ Then Governor-General.—EDITOR.



A NEGRO TOWN ON THE LOWER CONGO.

joining in as naturally and happily as though they had been in the business for years. They kept up the dance for a long time. I told the king that I was much obliged to him, and that we would go back to our camp; that I had to start early in the morning, as I was going through a country where there was no water. He said he wanted me to go to his house, a grass and bamboo hut about ten feet square; that he wanted to give me something. I went down to his hut, and he went inside and brought out a corkscrew, a bottle of brandy,—which he had just received from a trader down on the coast,—and a tumbler. Evidently he had been instructed in the use of the corkscrew, for he took hold of the bottle, turned the corkscrew and drew out the cork with a pop, and wanted me to take a drink, first putting the bottle to his mouth and taking a drink himself to convince me it was not poison. I took a drink with him, and he then rinsed out the tumbler, going through the operation with great neatness. He told me that he had seen this liquor and had tasted it on his trip down the country, and that he had sent down by one of the men in charge of his caravan for some of the white man's malafu; and the trader, in order to curry favor with Lutété, sent up a bottle of brandy, a glass, and a corkscrew.

There is nothing at all in the Congo, as far as I could observe, except in the river valleys, and then only in certain seasons of the year, which would give support to any considerable number of people if they were dependent upon the cultivation of the soil for what

they received. There are no trees except on the banks of the river, and then in isolated cases. But there is nothing at all in the valley of the Congo wherein I traveled which one could describe as a forest in any particular, except below Boma. While one does find some large trees, they are few, and principally mangroves. There are occasionally some hard woods, but very few. Nothing indicates that there ever has been a growth of timber. In the first place the soil is not of sufficient depth or richness to produce timber, or even to produce anything. About the only thing which grows along the valley is wild grass, sometimes ten, twelve, fifteen, and even twenty feet high; and throughout the whole country are zigzag paths made by the natives and utilized by the caravans. There are no regular roads, nor is there a line which can be followed with safety by a traveler.

The women do the work of garden making and marketing, while the men roam listlessly about, with no apparent object in view.

There is nothing about the natives of the Congo region to convince me that they have ever lived in a better condition than they do to-day. They are as low as the lowest. They have no intelligence. They have no written language. I have seen in the lower region of Africa a chimpanzee with more intelligence than any negro I ever saw on the Congo. I saw one chimpanzee that had fallen into a trap and was brought down to the Dutch station at Banana. They called him Leonidas. As he grew they became strongly attached to him, and detailed

a slave boy to take care of him and instruct him. They made a little hut for him, and gave him a bunk much like a steerage berth in a steamship, and Leonidas would go in there and go to bed like a little man. He would sit at table and take his food like a native. I have

pleasant. We were just getting on the outer edge of the pool when suddenly there rose up great numbers of hippopotami all around our little canoe. I thought surely the end had come, because they are very dangerous animals. They do not care particularly to destroy one,



A CARAVAN.

seen him drink gin, smack his lips and slap his hand down as though he enjoyed it. He would give the boys a slap in the face if they annoyed him; and I noticed that the negroes esteemed him very highly. The natives say that the chimpanzee is very smart; that he can talk, but he knows enough not to talk, because, if he were to talk, the white man would catch him and sell him for a slave.

When I arrived at Stanley Pool I was very kindly received by the Association employees. I found the American flag hoisted over a little shanty which had been prepared for my convenience; and as I entered the station of Leopoldville they fired a salute from an old gun which had been taken up the Congo a long time ago from Banana station. The salute was given to the commissioner of the United States, the first agent from any country to the Congo.

Two or three days after my arrival in the large village where Ngalyema dwelt I wanted to go to Brazzaville, and I arranged with a lot of men to take me over in a canoe, a distance of ten or twelve miles. I went over and was well received by M. Chavanne, the great French explorer, with whom I remained one night. On my way back I had an experience with hippopotami which was not very

but simply to get him out of their way. They wanted to capsize the canoe. There seems to be a sort of partnership between the hippopotami and the crocodiles—the hippopotami to furnish food, and the crocodiles to eat it. I said to my interpreter, "I think they will get us." He looked at them, and said, "No, we will get away." He spoke to our men in their language, and they plied their paddles vigorously. Three of the hippopotami had come within ten feet of us, with their mouths wide open. But I saw we were gaining on them, and we got away safely.

Lieutenant Burns had remarked to me repeatedly that his trip up the Congo was doing him a great deal of good; he had been very ill down below, and was glad of this change; he kept well, and had a good appetite. In the morning of the day he was taken sick he seemed perfectly bright and fresh, and remarked how well he felt, and he had made up his mind then to go down the country with me and go home. About nine or ten o'clock, as we were marching along, he said to me, "I feel very badly." I said, "What is the matter with you, Lieutenant?" He replied, "I don't know. I have a bad pain here"; and he rubbed his knees and remarked, "I can't walk. I don't

know what is the matter." I said, "Let us rig up a hammock and carry you." "No," he said, "I don't think there is anything wrong. I don't like to go into Leopoldville in a hammock. An old African traveler to be carried in a hammock is hardly the thing." But he grew weary, and I insisted upon rigging up a hammock. It was about ten o'clock when we put him into it. I got him into Leopoldville, put him to bed, and gave him medicine as best I could. We had no doctors. That night at ten o'clock he died. It was one of the few cases that occur where the fever attacks people so violently and takes them off so soon. This was a case which appealed to my sympathy very directly, for this man was one of God's noblemen, and a delightful fellow-traveler, and I had to carry the sad news to his grief-stricken parents in Europe.

On my way down to the coast I arrived at Manyanga, and made up my mind to go through the rapids. I felt that I was getting weaker and weaker every day; that I had the seeds of this terrible fever in my system; and I realized the importance of getting down to the sea as fast as possible. It was a matter of twelve hours as against nine days, and I made up my mind to try the twelve hours; for I felt in my heart that if I had to march through the country at the rate of nineteen or twenty miles a day, I certainly should die. We set out in the morning at about seven o'clock. I had thirteen men, six paddlers on a side, and a Zanzibar as cockswain; then I had stowed away under the men's feet a number of my carriers, so that I could use them in case of any trouble, each having a gun. We struck the rapids of Manyanga half an hour after starting. My hair stood up straight, and I declare I never had such an experience in my life, and for all the money in the world I would not undertake it again. The strain upon the nervous system was so great that I was perfectly helpless many hours. We went a distance of eighty-four miles in twelve hours. Passing along, we neared the mission station of Baynes-ton, and came to a pool where the waters were placid. The glassy surface was almost unbearable. The sun's rays glaring upon it burned my face. We could look for miles below us and some miles above; it was so still that it seemed as if nothing in the world could agitate that water; and then at times there would come with a rush, like escaping steam, a whirlpool, rising at the stern of our little boat, and tossing us about in a frightful manner. Once it took us around five times, and the men had to pull with all their might to get out of the vortex. A whirlpool would appear at one place, die away, with nothing to mark the place except the ripple of the waters as they would go on and wash the sandy beach, and suddenly it would ap-

pear again, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, with the same terrible noise. Passing the whirlpools we went through the rapids of N'Goma, where Stanley lost his last white man. That was perhaps the most terrible ordeal we had to pass through. Going down we struck a rock. Luckily, my men just evenly balanced the boat, and a great wave lifted us over. About three o'clock in the afternoon I made up my mind that we could not pass the Isanghila rapid that night. In the first place, it was dark, and I thought I would have dinner, so we landed near Voonda station; but I found I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. As I went up on the beach, I found a white man named Stanhope; he wanted to know where we came from, who we were, and all about us. I told him that I was the American commissioner to Congo. He said, "You have come to a fine place. I am surrounded by five or six hundred men. My house was blown down by a hurricane a few nights ago." He had no shelter, no food, and the negroes were as thick as possible in the valley below him, and they were occasionally firing upon him, and had promised him a massacre during the night. Captain Saulez was with me. He was an African fighter, a man of good judgment, with a great deal of nerve; he at once took command of the forces. I walked with him out on the brow of the hill; we looked through our glass and saw the position of the natives. They were going about in the grass and closing in. We asked Mr. Stanhope what occasioned all this trouble, and he told us it was a matter of trade between the tribes over the river. But we found afterwards that the immediate cause was his having flogged the son of the king, who had stolen from him or committed some other offense. He gave him a hundred lashes and let him go home to his father.

In the first place I wanted something to eat. I therefore called for a couple of volunteers from my men who spoke the language of the country. Two of them volunteered to go and see the king. I instructed them what to say. They went down the valley, and were taken as prisoners to the king. I had instructed them to tell the king that they came from a powerful white man, the brother of Bula Matadi (Stanley), who wanted to trade with them; that he had nothing to do with the people of the country; that he had many presents, etc. The king was willing, provided we did not belong to the Voonda crowd; and in order to satisfy himself he kept my men prisoners until he could verify their statements. In the mean time his men kept drawing nearer and nearer, waiting for the king to order them to attack. I was inclined to take to the canoe with Mr. Stanhope, but there was a possibility

of their taking canoes and following us with poisoned spears, and a greater possibility of our men overturning the canoe in their excitement. So I thought it was better to treat with them. We made a little reconnaissance down the valley, and made fires to deceive them as to the number of our men. Finally in the night we held a palaver. I sent them presents, such as I had, and gave them a piece of paper with which they could go to a station several days' march away and draw what they wanted of beads, cloth, and brass rods. In that way I probably saved the life of Mr. Stanhope and his little band. I stopped that night with him, and the next morning started at the break of day, running many fierce rapids, and arrived safely at the station of Isanghila, from which place I marched through the Bundi valley, a country filled with serpents and all sorts of poisonous insects, and, after four days and a half, reached Vivi.

It will be impossible, except in general terms, to give a description of the country through which the Congo flows. Many travelers have as many different views, though all agree that the low land of fetid black muck and luxuriant vegetation between the sea-shore and the first high land, about one hundred miles inland, is a hotbed of fatal fevers, and that beyond Vivi, for a distance of more than six hundred miles, the climate is positively dangerous. No traveler is known to have escaped the terrible fevers of this pestilential country,

and lucky are they—and few there be—who live to tell the tale of their experience.

The low land near the coast north of the Congo contains hundreds of square miles of swamp and lagoons, covered with dense evergreen forest and underlying vegetation of most luxuriant growth, wherein abound the rubber and palm trees, the products of which are very profitable to the trader. South of the Congo, excepting the immediate bank of the river, and then only in isolated places, there is nothing of the profuse vegetation which we find to the north. No forest is found; nothing but vast stretches of rolling prairie land, with here and there slight rises of red clay cliffs which serve to break the monotony of an almost boundless unproductive territory.

At a distance of two hundred miles from the sea an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet is reached, where rank grasses of gigantic growth abound, not infrequently attaining a height of twelve and even twenty feet. There are no forests of any magnitude along the Congo until the interior is reached, though in the villages of the Lufu and the Inkissi there is some fine timber. It is claimed by travelers that the interior of the Congo Free State offers great inducements to the trader, and even to one disposed to become an actual settler. Upon this point I cannot coincide with any one who recommends the Congo country as a desirable place for residence.

W. P. Tisdell.

II.—THE CONGO RIVER OF TO-DAY.

BY ONE OF STANLEY'S FORMER OFFICERS.



SINCE Mr. Stanley's descent to the mouth of the Congo River, in 1878, after his perilous and adventurous voyage across the Dark Continent, very great changes have taken place in that part of Equatorial Africa. During his subsequent journeys to the Congo country his great energy and indomitable perseverance enabled him effectually to occupy that country and obtain rights over the land by concessions to the native chiefs, so that at the Berlin conference in 1885 he had the gratification of seeing this wild country proclaimed by the general assent of the great powers "The Congo Free State."

There are at present three regular European steamship lines running to the Congo—the Royal African Mail, from Liverpool; the German Mail, sailing out of Hamburg; but the quickest is the Portuguese Mail, leaving Lisbon

on the sixth day of each month, and arriving at Banana on the twenty-sixth of the same month. Besides these there are several steamships belonging to the large commercial houses trading on the west coast of Africa.

Banana Point, situated at the mouth of the Congo, has lost a great deal of its importance from the fact that the ocean-going steamers from Liverpool and Hamburg, loaded with merchandise for general trade, formerly discharged their cargo there, whereas now they proceed up to Boma and Matadi, as this stretch of water has been most ably surveyed and a course buoyed out by the Danish Captain Boye, in the service of the Congo Free State.

Boma, which is situated on the north bank of the river about seventy miles from the coast, is at present the seat of the government and residence of the governor. There are upwards of one hundred Belgians and foreigners (no English) holding official positions and assist-

ing in the administration of this vast territory of the Free State. A postal service is established, law courts exist, and a public force of Houssa soldiers are attached to the place. They have also several steam launches running between Banana and Matadi for the transport of men, mails, and merchandise.

Besides this extensive white population of government officials, there are also a large number of Europeans in the English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese commercial houses engaged in trading with the natives, exchanging rum, powder, guns, cloth, etc., for native products, such as palm oil, palm kernels, and peanuts, which are shipped home to Liverpool, Hamburg, or Havre, and there used in the manufacture of soap, candles, etc.

These commercial houses have to keep a large stock of merchandise of all kinds, as they are also supply dépôts for the numerous small trading houses, glimpses of the white roofs of which one sees dotted here and there in the low mangrove swamps on each side of the river from Banana to Matadi.

A Belgian company are engaged at present in building a large iron hotel at Boma for the accommodation principally of the State officials, and for the expected influx of Europeans attendant upon the building of the new Congo railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool.

Matadi, on the south bank of the river, sixty miles above Boma, is now the principal transport dépôt and despatch station. It is situated just below the first cataracts, which extend, with the exception of a stretch of eighty miles of navigable but turbid water, between Isanghila and Manyanga, a distance of 250 miles; so that from Matadi overland traveling has to be performed until navigable water is again reached at Stanley Pool.

There are now also at Matadi large establishments belonging to the principal English, French, Dutch, Belgian, and Portuguese trading companies, and a valuable trade in ivory, rubber, palm kernels, etc., is carried on, the ivory being brought down by the middlemen dwelling around the district of Manyanga, who obtain it from the Batéké traders of Stanley Pool.

On the Congo there are no beasts of burden, there existing merely a manual transport, the porters being the natives of the Bakongo tribe, inhabiting the cataract regions. In physique these men are slight and only poorly developed; but the fact of their carrying on their head from sixty to one hundred pounds' weight twenty miles a day for sometimes six consecutive days, their only food being each day a little manioc root, an ear or two of maize, or a handful of peanuts, pronounces them at once as men of singularly sound stamina. Small boys

of eight and nine years old are frequently met carrying loads of twenty-five pounds' weight.

Throughout the cataract region the general accepted money currency is Manchester cotton cloth made up into pieces of six yards each. The European cost of the cloth paid to these natives for transporting a load to Stanley Pool from Matadi, including rations, amounts at the present day to five dollars for a load of sixty-five pounds. Five years ago the cost was only one-third of this amount; but it has increased on account of the opposition of the various trading houses that have established stations at Stanley Pool for the ivory trade on the upper river.

A few years ago there were numerous villages on the line of march, but the traffic has increased to such an extent that the natives, in order to secure privacy and the entire products of their own plantations, have moved up the valleys, off the caravan road. This caravan journey through the cataract region is made in two stages, from Matadi to Manyanga, and from the latter place to Stanley Pool. Each native caravan, consisting of twenty-five or thirty men, is in charge of a head-man, who is responsible for the delivery of the loads to their destination.

The country between Matadi and Stanley Pool is exceedingly hilly, and it is only in the latter part of the road that stretches of plateau are found.

The so-called caravan road is merely a bridle path a few inches in width, the porters all being compelled to march in single file. The grass in the rainy season attains a height of from nine to fifteen feet, when progress is rendered extremely difficult. There are now established every ten or fifteen miles along the route little market places, where the caravans are met by the resident natives, who bring native produce,—bananas, manioc, peanuts, fowls, etc.,—which they exchange for cloth and beads with the porters. The more regular markets, which are gathering-places of hundreds of natives from the surrounding villages, are generally held some little distance off the caravan route, and take place every four days.

The manual transport has now assumed enormous proportions, the wants of the State, the commercial houses, and the missions necessitating the monthly transportation of upwards of five thousand loads.

The station of Leopoldville, built on a hillside, is situated on the lower end of Stanley Pool and commands an excellent view of the surrounding country. It is the central dépôt of the Congo Free State, whence supplies are forwarded to the stations on the upper river. There is at present a staff of about twenty-five

Europeans attached to this station, carpenters, engineers, captains of boats, in addition to administration officials. There are five large river steamers and two small ones.

This station was under the command of Lieutenant Liebrechts for a considerable time, and during his able management vast plantations of manioc, rice, maize, sweet potatoes, and peanuts were developed, rendering the station, with its garrison of four hundred blacks, now almost self-supporting. Kinshassa, also on the south bank, eight miles above Leopoldville, has assumed great importance, as the two largest commercial enterprises, the Dutch and Belgian, have selected this district as their base of operations for the ivory trade on the upper Congo.

The department for the trade in the interior by the Dutch African Trading Company is managed by Mr. A. Gresshoff, who has served fifteen years in this company, having entered it when he was fifteen years old. He is a young Dutchman of keen enterprise, and the development of this company's Central African trade is entirely due to his energy. Besides placing trading stations in the most advantageous position in the upper Congo, he has also a stern-wheel river steamer, the *Holland*, which is kept continually at work, dividing its time in supplying the different stations and making trading trips up the affluents of the river.

"La Société Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut Congo," a Belgian trading company, originated from a small exploring expedition which could scarcely be considered a success until taken in hand by Major W. G. Parminster, an Englishman who was at one time acting-administrator in the Congo Free State, and whose ability and perseverance have been the means of establishing this large Belgian company with a capital of upwards of 1,000,000 francs. It possesses at the present time, in addition to five well-stocked trading ports, four river steamers engaged in ivory buying.

Opposite Kinshassa is Brazzaville, the seat of administration of the French Congo territory, and the residence of the French resident; they also have five or six steamers running on the river. Close by this station Messrs. Dumas and Beraud, a French trading company, have their central dépôt. They have also a steamer which supplies their advanced stations on the upper river with provisions and with merchandise for the purchase of ivory. The lucrativeness of this trade is apparent from the several hundred tons of ivory

exported by these companies during the past two years.

The Congo Free State itself competes against these trading companies, and several tons of ivory are annually purchased by them from the natives and from the Arab slave raiders at Stanley Falls.

Owing to the explorations of Mr. Grenfell of the English Baptist mission, Lieutenant Wissmann, and Captain Van Gele, the geographical position and the courses of the many affluents of the Congo are now well known.

Lieutenant Wissmann descended the Kassai in 1885 from its head-waters, since which time Dr. Wolf and Mr. Grenfell have explored its different tributaries; and with the exception of the head-waters of the Ubangi, which were explored by Captain Van Gele, a Belgian officer in the service of the State, Mr. Grenfell has been the first man to ascend all the principal tributaries of the Congo. Being a man of scientific knowledge, he has carefully taken geographical observations during all his travels, thus rendering a great service to the geographical world by carefully mapping out the rivers he has explored, the course and positions of which were until then indefinite. Mr. Grenfell has received at the hands of the Royal Geographical Society at London a well-earned tribute, having been presented by them with their gold medal for the best exploring work done during the year.

Stanley Falls is at the present time the farthest point occupied by State officials.

The only product on the upper river profitable to export is ivory, owing to the costliness of the transport. All kinds of native products are to be found in large quantities in the interior,—rubber, copal gum, dyes, valuable woods, palm oils, palm kernels, peanuts, etc.,—and there are also portions of the country rich in copper and iron. Doubtless when the much-talked-of railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool is completed the exportation of other articles will be found profitable.

It is estimated that this stretch of railway will cost \$5,000,000, and it is to be completed in five years. A great deal of the plant for the enterprise is already at Matadi, and preliminary operations have begun.

The natives of Central Africa are continually having their wonder aroused by the innovations of the white men. The opera-glass, rifle, and steamboat have all played their part in exciting their wonderment, but the mysterious railway locomotive is yet in store for them.

E. J. Glave.

EMERSON'S TALKS WITH A COLLEGE BOY.



WHILE still an undergraduate, my connection with certain lectures delivered by Mr. Emerson before the students of Williams College and elsewhere necessarily threw me much with him; and now it is a youth's experience of him that I would give to youth.

Well do I remember his tender, shrewd, wise face as I first saw it. Almost before we were alone he made me forget in whose presence I stood. He was merely an old, quiet, modest gentleman, pressing me to a seat near him, and all at once talking about college matters, the new gymnasium, the Quarterly, and from these about books and reading and writing; and all as if he continually expected as much as he gave. And so it was ever after; no circumstances so varying but, whether I saw him alone or in the presence of others, there was the ever-ready welcome shining in his eyes, the same manifest gentleness and persistent preference of others.

One day, in my own room, glancing up at some "Laws of Writing" on the wall, he began abruptly:

"The most interesting writing is that which does not quite satisfy the reader. Try to leave a little thinking for him. That will be better for both. The trouble with most writers is, they spread too thin. The reader is as quick as they; has got there before and is ready and waiting. A little guessing does him no harm. So I would assist him with no connections. If you can see how the harness fits, he can. But make sure that you see it. Then when you have something new to say, say it! Out with it! Don't lead up to it! Don't try to let your hearer down from it. That is to be commonplace. Say it with all the grace and force you can, and stop. Be familiar only with good expressions.

"Expression is the main fight. Search unwearily for that which is exact. Do not be dissuaded. Know words etymologically. Pull them apart, see how they are made; and use them only where they fit. Avoid the adjective. Let the noun do the work. The adjective introduces sound; gives an unexpected turn, and so often mars with an unintentional false note. Most fallacies are fallacies of language. Definitions save a deal of debate.

"Neither concern yourself about consistency.

The moment you putty and plaster your expressions to make them hang together you have begun a weakening process. Take it for granted that truths will harmonize; and as for the falsities and mistakes, they will speedily die of themselves. If you *must* be contradictory, let it be clean and sharp, as the two blades of scissors meet.

"Out of your own self should come your theme; and only thus can your genius be your friend. Eloquence, by which I mean a statement so luminous as to render all others unnecessary, is possible only on a self-originated subject.

"Don't run after ideas. Save and nourish them, and you will have all you should entertain. They will come fast enough and keep you busy.

"Reading is closely related to writing. While the mind is plastic there should be care as to its impressions. The new facts should come from nature, fresh, buoyant, inspiring, exact. Later in life, when there is less danger of imitating those traits of expression through which information has been received, facts may be gleaned from a wider field. But now keep close to realities. You then accustom yourself to getting facts at first hand. If we could get all our facts so, there would be no necessity for books; but they also give us facts, if we know how to use them. They are the granaries of thought as well.

"Read those men who were not lazy; who put themselves into contact with the realities. So you learn to look with your eyes, too. And do not forget the Persian, Parsee, and Hindu religious books; books of travel, too! And when you travel describe what you see. That will teach you what to see. Read those who wrote about facts from a new point of view. The atmosphere of such authors helps you even if the reasoning has been a mistake.

"And there is Darwin! I am glad to see him here. And you must read George Borrow's book about the Gipsies. He went among them, lived among them, and was a Gipsy himself. There is nothing from second sources, nor any empiricism in his book. You can rely upon everything, and it is quaintly told. From such as he you learn not to stop until you encounter the fact with your own hand.

"Avoid all second-hand borrowing books—'Collections of —,' 'Beauties of —,' etc. I see you have some on your shelves. I would burn them. No one can select the beautiful pas-

sages of another for you. It is beautiful for him, well! Another thought: wedding your aspirations will be the thing of beauty to you. Do your own quarrying.

"Do not attempt to be a great reader; and read for facts, and not by the bookful.

"You must know about ownership in facts. What another sees and tells you is not yours, but his. If you had seen it, you would not have seen what he did, and even less what he tells. Your only relief is to find out all you can about it and look at it in all possible lights. Keep your eyes open and see all you can; and when you get the right man question him close. So learn to divine books, to *feel* those that you want without wasting much time over them. Often a chapter is enough. The glance reveals when the gaze obscures. Somewhere the author has hidden his message. Find it, and skip the paragraphs that do not talk to you."

Upon my pressing him for directions more particular and practical, a process which was rarely successful, he, after a moment's hesitation, continued as follows:

"Well, learn how to tell from the beginnings of the chapters and from glimpses of the sentences whether you need to read them entirely through. So, turn page after page, keeping the writer's thought before you, but not tarrying with him, until he has brought you to the thing you are in search of; then dwell with him, if so be he has what you want. But recollect you read only to start your own team.

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention." (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) "And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get *their* best too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what is n't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think.

"Reading long at one time in any book, no

matter how it fascinates, destroys thought as completely as the inflections forced by external causes. Do not permit this. Stop, if you find yourself becoming absorbed, at even the first paragraph. Keep yourself out and watch for your own impressions. This is one of the norms of thought. You will accumulate facts in proportion as you become a fact. Otherwise you will accumulate dreams. Information is nothing, but the man behind it.

"Yield not one inch to all the forces which conspire to make you an echo. That is the sin of dogmatism and creeds. Avoid them. They build a fence about the intellect.

"You are anxious about your career. I know without your telling me. Every college boy is. You think you can study out yourself what you are best fitted for? No. But you remember our *séance* with Professor — over in the chemical laboratory yesterday; how he took a substance and tried it with others, one after other, until he discovered the affinity? So a man finds, by trying, what he can do best. Each man and woman is born with an aptitude to do something impossible to any other.

"By working, doing for others simultaneously with the doing of your own work, you make the greatest gain. That is the generous giving or losing of your life which saves it. Don't put this aside until you are more at liberty. That is slow death. Have something practical on your hands, it makes small matter what, at once. If your disposition is right you will select well.

"Live in a clear and clean loyalty to your own affair. Do not let another's, no matter how attractive, tempt you away. So, true and surprising revelations come to you, and experiences resembling the manifestations of genius. There are so many who are content to be, without being anything. Opportunities approach only those who use them. Even thoughts cease by and by to visit the idle and" (after a pause) "the perverse. But sudden and unforeseen helps and continued encouragement are vouchsafed to the devout worker. For God is everywhere, having his will, and he cannot be baffled. Make his business yours, as did his son. The man who works with him is constantly assured of achievement.

"Be choice in your friendships. You can have but few, and the number will dwindle as you grow older. Select minds who are too strong and large to pretend to knowledge and resources they do not really possess. They address you sincerely."

About poetry he uttered the following suggestions, occasioned by the criticism of some Class Day rhymes:

"I suppose you read over your verses after they are written?"

"Generally."

"I suppose then, after a little, they grow old to you?"

"Indeed, they do."

"And you continue to write. If, after a long time, you look over any of your lines and you come to one or a succession and say to yourself, 'That is good,' it is good; but destroy everything from which this verdict must be withheld. The Me is the judge, after all. And if a thing seems good to me, it shall to my fellow. I can sympathize with the desire for outward confirmation. Still, the poet is his own assurance. Poetry,"—and here he lapsed into that manner of reverie as if all hearers were far away,—“whether it comes in dreams or in gleams is noble. It must serve no sordid uses. It is of the above.

"You must keep some fact-books for poetry. I think that they are much more nearly related to poetry than rhyme or rhythm. Study Greek for expression; but the poetic *fact* is half the battle. Nature, gathered in by the sensitive soul, forms the furniture of the poet.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do, if you give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overtired brain! A breath under the apple tree, a siesta on the grass, a whiff of wind, an interval of retirement, and the balance and serenity are restored. A clean creature needs so little and responds so readily! There is something as miraculous as the Gospels in it. Later in life, society becomes a stimulus. Occasionally, the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed. A mind invents its own tonics, by which, without permanent injury, it makes rapid rallies and enjoys good moods. Conversation is an excitant, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

Years after, I met Mr. Emerson in the West and mentioned in the conversation a bit of exciting experience among the Tennessee mountains, which drew from him the following:

"What tonic can be more inspiriting and healthful than an adventure? It gives back to the blood all its youth."

At a meeting of one of our college debating societies, Mr. Emerson said:

"I was interested in your critic's report. But there are nine of you here; then there should be nine critics. It is possible that you associate a wrong meaning with this word. I observed that your critic noted such minutiae as that a certain word was pronounced wrong; that a plural verb followed a single nominative; that a gesture was made with the index finger instead of the open hand; that a speaker stood

with his feet six inches apart instead of two. So you regard the speeches as so many targets, and listen to pick flaws, to find faults and little inaccuracies. You gain something in marking these things alone, but you lose immensely more. Criticism should not imply to you such a watching out, for that begets hostility of thought, a closing of the mind to the natural impulses of the speech, lest it be influenced by them; and indulgence in the silent rehearsing of premature rejoinders. You are chiefly here, I take it, for the study of method, manner, style. Then you should project yourselves into sympathy with the speaker. Make certain that you receive his effort. Receive it all, and receive it well. Put yourself in his place. Try to see why he sees as he does; and then proceed outward to investigate his sentiments and their expression. Remember all criticism dealing with isolated points is superficial. The prevailing thought and disposition are your main care.

"Then, seek what is characteristic. Get the method of the man, the way in which he tries to develop and impress his idea. Attend closely to the *quality* of the matter presented. It is an index to the speaker's originality and culture, and therefore of his ability to impress others.

"When your attention is held without effort from yourself; when you are conscious of thoughtfulness, a change of opinion working within—then attend, attend! Your speaker has power. Overlook all fault, intonation, emphasis, pronunciation. Lay hold of his secret. The genuine impressions of a speech are the thoughts it immediately arouses, and these are the sources of true critical activity."

I do not think of Mr. Emerson as primarily a critic. His was not generally the posture indicated by the word. He was familiar with the laws that determine excellence of form, but sincerity and the satisfaction of the moral sense constituted his criterion. "The first and main attention of men to one another is to listen and be taught," he said, "and we are continually surprised at the riches of our fellows." His criticism was of that rarest order, creative rather than judicial; and his historical and biographical judgments have been affected only by the discovery of facts and perspective unknown to him. He always saw the good—a rare trait. It is easy to point out defects.

Mr. Emerson talked apparently without reservation to me about his contemporaries and historical personages. I select such of his delightful comment as seems distinguished for the consideration of "his noble young men," as he called them.

I remember one afternoon we were walking among the hills of Williamstown in the locality known as Bryant's Glen.

"Yonder is a serious mountain," said Mr. Emerson, pointing to Greylock. "I should think this would be just the place to read 'The Excursion.' The hills are very like those of Westmoreland. Here one can see the poet standing on the shore and looking off on the wide sea-light, and backward on the glows of the mountains, and then recognizing the inner supernal light, the subjective, as he framed that most famed combination:

"The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

"Wordsworth," he continued, "is the poet of England. I see 'The Reader' lately acknowledges it. He is the only one who comes up to high-water mark. Other writers have to affect what to him is natural. So they have what Arnold called *simplism*, he, simplicity.

"The first three books of 'The Excursion' are the best. The discussions are interesting, but the adventures of the wonderful Peddler always charm me. There is sometimes an extreme even in Wordsworth. What is that 'horrible' line in 'Peter Bell'?"—

"The hard, dry see-saw of his horrible bray!"

"The ass is unpoetical; and perhaps 'Alice Fell' is too childish, a little. His sonnets are good. They are, indeed, as pure, chaste, and transparent as Milton's. They are the witchery of language. He is the greatest poet since Milton."

Emerson could quote almost entirely "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," so much had he pondered them.

"There are no books for boys," he concluded, "like the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Every boy loves them if they are not put into his hands too late. 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'The Lady of the Lake'—they surpass everything for boy-reading we have."

It was uncommon to hear Mr. Emerson speak with such emphasis of any one as he did of Plato. At our first railroad restaurant, where, although there was plenty of time, everybody was eating as they do generally at travel-tables, Mr. Emerson leaned over towards me and said humorously, with a smile:

"Was n't it Plato who said of the citizens of Agrigentum,—they, you know, were colossal architects and eaters,—'These people build as if they were immortal; and eat as if they were to die instantly'?"

"Read Plato's 'Republic'! Read Plato's 'Republic'! Read Plato's 'Republic'!" he repeated, on another occasion. "He lifts man towards the divine, and I like it when I hear that a man reads Plato. I want to meet that man. For no man of self-conceit can go through Plato."

Carlyle, I believe, confesses that he cannot read Plato.

"I am glad you have so many of the Greek tragedies," continued Mr. Emerson. "Read them largely and swiftly in translation, to get their movement and flow; and then a little in the original every day. For the Greek is the fountain of language. The Latin has a definite shore-line. But the Greek is without bounds." Then after a pause he added, half to himself, "Dead languages, called dead because they can never die."

Of Gibbon he spoke strikingly as follows:

"He is one of the best readers that ever lived in England. You know his custom of examining himself both before and after his reading a book to see what had been added to his mental experience? All previous and contemporary British historians are barefooted friars in comparison with Gibbon. He was an admirable student, a tremendous worker. He banished himself to a lonely château just to work harder. But he thought uncleanly. He had—as also did Aristophanes, whom I never could read on that account—an imagination degraded and never assoiled, a low wit like that which defaces out-buildings. He was a disordered and coarse spirit, a mind without a shrine, but a great example of diligence and antidote to laziness.

"Locke was a stalwart thinker. He erected a school of philosophy, which limited everything to utility. But the soul has its own eyes, which are made illuminating by the spirit of God."

With the same lofty accent he spoke of Harriet Martineau, and compared her attitude with that of her brother.

"It was a grief to me when I learned that she had become a materialist." After a long pause he added, lifting his head, "God? It is all God."

"Read Chaucer," he said. "In a day you will get into his language, and then you will like him. Humor the lines a little, and they are full of music.

"I have seen an expurgated edition of Chaucer; shun it! Shun expurgated editions of any one, even of François Villon. They will be expurgating the Bible and Shakspeare next."

Of Shakspeare he talked much, and always without a word of subtraction. Of no one else did he speak in a similar strain of encomium excepting that imperial man, Walter Savage Landor.

"So far as we know," he said, "the 'Essays' of Montaigne is the only book Shakspeare owned. Like Aristophanes, Shakspeare had the care of the presentation of his plays. So they were kept practical. It has had much to do with their surviving.

"But Shakspeare was a wonder. He struck

twelve every time"; and then, after a pause, "We have not such creatures in America." Somehow the words, and his half-sad manner in uttering them, brought back to me old Nestor's lament:

For not any time have I seen such men, nor shall I as Perithous or Gyas, etc.

He spoke of the songs of Ben Jonson as "the finest in the English language. They are rich and succulent and metrical. Few men have that wonderful power of rhyming, especially double-rhyming, that he has"; and he instanced "The Mask of Dædalus," and recited four stanzas of Jonson's ode to himself in illustration.

Of the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he said:

"I liked him; not as Professor Wilson, but as Christopher North. He was a man singularly loved. Hare, author of 'Guesses at Truth,' wrote his life, but it was incomplete. Then Carlyle attempted it, but he wrote too much with the air of a patron, too much condescension, as a teacher might say, 'Fine boy!'—too much pat-him-on-the-head in it. I wrote Carlyle I would rather agree with Wilson than himself."

I was much interested in his words on Shelley and Blake. While he seemed hesitatingly to recognize and allow the wide gleams of truth the disciples of these mystics claim for them, he yet insisted that their visions were rather a curiosity than a discovery; and rebuked them strongly for their trait of "obliteration of the imagination" by natural objects.

"I cannot read Shelley with comfort," he said. "His visions are not in accord with the facts. They are not accurate. He soars to sink."

He quoted Blake's

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,

over and over, almost the only thing I ever heard him quote that he put into the "Parnassus."

He many times referred to Leigh Hunt, and advised me to read him—"a true and gentle friend to all men."

Of Matthew Arnold he said: "He is stored with all critical faculties except humor, but so far he shows little of that." And of Browning: "He is always a teacher."

"Have you read any of Goethe?" he asked.

On my replying affirmatively as to "Wilhelm Meister," he said:

"Ah, yes, that is good. It wants to be read well. It contains the analysis of life. Wasson in 'The Atlantic' some time ago had some excellent words upon it, more a panegyric than a criticism. But Wasson must have just come to it. We have loved Meister a long time."

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Of Fichte he said: "He would use any weapon to convert a hearer. I think he would trepan a person, if so he could pass his own edacious conception into the bared brain."

I once asked his opinion of the novels of George Sand, and he answered as follows:

"It is wonderful, the amount she has written—everything; she seems to know the world. But her stories—I do not know about them. I do not read stories. I never could turn a dozen pages in 'Don Quixote' or Dickens without a yawn. Why read novels? We meet stranger creatures than their heroes. What writer of stories would not be derided if he gave us creatures as impossible as Nero or Alva or Joan of Arc?"

Again, referring to a poet then rather the fashion: "Melancholy is unendurable. Grief is abnormal. Victor Hugo has written such a book. I have not read it. I do not read the sad in literature."

These words were the first seismic tremors in my new heavens and new earth. They set my wits a-swimming, troubled me with apprehension of possible limitation in him. So the next day, with a youth's temerity, I told Mr. Emerson of my inability to accept his statements on this matter as I understood them. He heard me patiently, watched my quivering lips a moment, and then said briefly but with a beaming glance:

"Very well; I do not like disciples." This remarkable reply illustrates Mr. Emerson's peculiar and wholesome ways with lovers, emancipating them even from himself. From this time disappeared from his pupil the boyish and servile acquiescence, and I doubt not from the master the feeling of nausea it could not but cause. The release saved me my friend and made of his friendship the greater blessing.

Of cisoceanic contemporaries, Mr. Emerson spoke as follows:

"The connecting link between England and America is Oliver Wendell Holmes. If that acute-minded man had been born in England they would never have tired of making much of him. He has the finest sensibility, and that catholicity of taste without which no large and generous nature can be developed. Everything interests him.

"'Leaves of Grass,' by Walt Whitman, is a book you must certainly read. It is wonderful. I had great hopes of Whitman until he became Bohemian. He contrasts with Poe, who had an uncommon facility for rhyme, a happy jingle. Poe might have become much had he been capable of self-direction."

He spoke of Daniel Webster as "deformed. He became to me the type of decay. To gain his ambition, he gave ease, pleasure, happiness, wealth; and then added honor and truth. He

had a wonderful intellect; but of what importance is that when the rest of the man is gone?

"Hawthorne's writings are of the terrible, the grotesque, and somber. There is nothing joyous in them. It is the same way with Hugo. No man ought to write so.

"— wrote a pitiful book about Napoleon. But he was a wonderful man enough; always fell on his feet. The best memoirs of him are those of Las Cases. Scott is too British; O'Meara, the Irish surgeon, writes well of him—a little low, untutored, rough; but he had personal access, and Napoleon breathed through all the men about him. What was that he said about making his generals out of mud? His meanness, which could speak no chivalric word, spoke there, but it spoke fact."

Of Margaret Fuller he spoke much at one time and another, but nothing that teaches, unless it is the following:

"I was amused with what she said of Bettina Brentano—something like this: 'She has not pride enough. Only when I am sure of myself would I pour out my soul at the feet of another. In the assured soul it is kingly prodigality; in one which cannot forbear it is babyhood.'"

He repeated the word "kingly" with a amusing circumflex, as if another woman would have used a different gender, and added:

"But she would need to be certain of her lover as well as herself—which Bettina could not. There is something, too, in the lover. Margaret never met Goethe. She was a strange woman. Her eyes in some moods were visible at night; and her hair apparently lightened and darkened. She had unconscious clairvoyant instincts, and could read the fortune in the human face; she was most inspired when in pain. What she wrote me is expressive of her deepest nature:

"'With the intellect I always have, always shall overcome, but that is not the half of the work, the life, the life! O my God! shall the life never be sweet?'"

The flame was in the heart of this dazzling woman. If Emerson was the brain of this Concord circle, Margaret Fuller was its blood.

Of this group, the most conspicuous in its domain that has ever existed in America, Mr. Emerson was easily chief; and during his strongest years perhaps he was more. There was something "catching" about him. No one could exactly explain or even understand it, but every one was sensible of it, so that his friends in England and America felt called upon to warn admirers that they must be on their guard; if they sought a familiarity closer than his pocket edition, not to be carried too far, for he could not encourage an imitator. Amusing stories have been told of

characteristic exaggerations resulting from too much Emerson in the neighborhood. Indeed one had to be more than human to remain in the presence of such a nature and not betray the fact. He was not a man to be approached closely. Nor was it well to be loved by him too dearly. Thoreau felt the perilous singling until his tones and his mode of speaking caught the trick of Emerson's so nearly that the two men could hardly be separated in conversation. What wonder that Channing, Bartol, Alcott, and the rest, strong and stately men (more than that—among the heavenliest bodies our material new world has seen), felt to some slight deflection of their orbit the unintentional, if not unconscious, attraction of the mild Jupiter so near them. Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller fled and saved themselves, but even they betrayed during their Concord residence a faint Emersonian adumbration. The fact is, no one meeting Emerson was ever the same again. His natural force was so resistless and so imperceptible that it commanded men before they were aware. Leaders, scholars of high cultivation, theorists and men of thought *de vieille roche*, who visited the lonely eminence where he dwelt apart, noticed the contagion. Then there were others, a curious throng, themselves often curiosities, who came. Concord contained during Emerson's solstitial years a great lighthouse, shining far and wide, and showing many ships their goal, but covered with the shreds of wrecked barks, which had been attracted by its clear, cold, solitary flame.

But of Thoreau, that hypethral man, I cannot say enough. Of no one did Mr. Emerson talk so often and so tenderly. The relation adverted to between the two needs a clearer understanding. Emerson made Thoreau. He was a child of Emerson, as if of his own flesh and blood. The elder took the younger fresh from college (rather drowsy, and he dozed after his return to Concord, but the Middlesex woods were his college); Emerson woke him, gave him his start, and immediately and astonishingly nourished him.

The disciple became as his master, unconsciously adopting his accent and form, realizing his attractions and antipathies, and knowing his good and evil. The development of this sturdy bud into its sturdier flower was a perpetual delight to the philosopher. In Thoreau he lived himself over again. He said he liked Thoreau because "he had the courage of his convictions," but I think he meant his own (Emerson's) convictions. In both we mark the same features; as a severe and *outré* way of looking at events and a searching for lessons in them, intolerance of makeshifts, etc.

"Henry was," continued Mr. Emerson, "homely in appearance, a rugged stone hewn

from the cliff. I believe it is accorded to all men to be moderately homely. But he surpassed sex. He had a beautiful smile and an earnest look. His character reminds me of Massillon. One could jeopard anything on him. A limpid man, a realist with caustic eyes that looked through all words and shows and bearing with terrible perception! He was a greater Stoic than Zeno or Scævola or Xenophanes; greater, because nothing of impurity clung to him, a man whose core and whose breath was conscience. But he thought and said that society is always diseased, and the best, most so. Men of note would come to talk with him.

"I don't know," he would say, "perhaps a minute would be enough for both of us."

"But I come to walk with you when you take your exercise." "Ah, walking, that is my holy time."

"He refused on graduating from Harvard to take his degree. 'It is n't worth five dollars,' he said.

"I have always thought that he did not do justice to the influence of his college in forming him.

"Though living in civilization he was the keenest observer of external nature I have ever seen. He had the trained sense of the Indian, eyes that saw in the night, his own way of threading the woods and fields, so that he felt his path through them in the densest night without delay or interruption. He would hear a partridge fly into a bush in the dark of dawn and guide you to the spot after day unerringly.

"Things happened to him, came to him, as they will to lovers of the woods and fields. I remember once a friend accosted him while they were walking, with a request for an arrow-head, if he should ever find one, lamenting how fruitlessly he had searched for one.

"*They are rare,*" said Thoreau, stooping and picking up a fragment of earth-covered substance he saw in the sod, "and now that you have an opportunity you had better examine this!" And he presented a fine specimen from which he finished disengaging the earth-rust. An accident? I do not know. Sometimes I think the entire woods were a *cache* for him, he had such secrets of hiding things and finding them again."

As Thoreau exhibited Emerson the recluse, so Amos Bronson Alcott, a most benign, saintly, and unworldly man when I knew him, was a joyous, buoyant embodiment of Mr. Emerson socially. For Emerson was not what one would term "talkative." Indeed it is seldom

one meets a man more held in duress by his own thought. When he was surprised into utterance, it was mostly a monologue of oral reflections which seemed to be addressed to a widely read and thoughtful audience, and which always exacted much of the listener. It is somewhat remarkable that a man who has given more movement to thought than almost any other since Plato should have shown in habit so little sympathy with this law by which men most naturally receive ideas. But I think he secretly found irksome the simplest conditions under which people meet.

Mr. Alcott had a much more extended adaptiveness. He founded the parlor conversation as a means of culture.

Faith in man and man's final victory was Mr. Emerson's evangel. His transcendentalism is to be regarded as a fragment existing less as a religious idiosyncrasy, much less as a passing fashion, than as a lifting and permanent force in general religious culture. As a modifying influence in thought, as an impulse towards a finer life, it has become a power. Its subtle suggestions, its aspirations; that which it stood for and symbolized; its exultant, soaring spirit—these gave it meaning to every elevated soul drawn into it. Where it touched the practical duties of life its touch was recognized as honest. Mr. Emerson's language often identified God incarnate with man perfected. The future was serene. Almost the last words I was ever to hear him utter were with a smile and cheer regarding a doubt he could not dispel.

"For that," he said, "we must wait until to-morrow morning."

By

That great and grave transition,
Which may not king or priest or conqueror spare,
And yet a babe can bear,

the morrow's morning has come to him.

The true Emersonian does not seek the master for knowledge, but for wisdom, and the best wisdom, a new life. And does not this search indicate that seminal, germinal, developing quality which is the central essence of the man himself? He comes immediately into the mind, a revolutionary force, questioning, suggesting, destroying composure, provoking doubt of the order that is; destroying gods, both Penates and Totems, not with blows, but with frost and fire; emancipating thought; sowing a sane discontent and elation; then stimulator, inspirer, and liberator of power. With what other service is such service comparable?

Charles J. Woodbury.

THE MERIT SYSTEM VERSUS THE PATRONAGE SYSTEM.

THE TWO SYSTEMS DEFINED.



IN American politics there obtain at the present moment two systems in accordance with which appointments to minor governmental positions are made—the spoils or patronage system, and the merit or reformed system. The underlying principle of the former is that set forth in the pithy and now famous sentence of one of its founders, “To the victors belong the spoils.” It treats all offices as fit objects wherewith to reward partisan service, as prizes to be scrambled for by the smirched victors in a contemptible struggle for political plunder, as bribes to be parceled out among the most active and influential henchmen of the various party leaders. The upholders of the merit system, on the other hand, maintain that offices should be held for the benefit of the whole public, and not for the benefit of that particular section of the public which enters into politics as a lucrative, though rather dirty, game; they believe that the multitude of small government positions, of which the duties are wholly unconnected with political questions, should be filled by candidates selected, not for political reasons, but solely with reference to their special fitness for the duty they seek to perform; and, furthermore, they believe that the truly American and democratic way of filling these offices is by an open and manly rivalry, into which every American citizen has a right to enter, without any more regard being paid to his political than to his religious creed, and without being required to render degrading service to any party boss, or do aught save show by common-sense, practical tests that he is the man best fitted to perform the particular service needed.

This is a perfectly fair and moderate statement of the two contrasted systems; and when the question is thus resolved into its simplest terms it is, of course, impossible for any honest and intelligent citizen to hesitate in his choice. Unfortunately, however, it is almost impossible to get the average voter to realize that the above really is a true statement of the question, when stripped of verbiage, and put in the language of naked truth. He is apt to be misled by the unceasing clamor of the interested advocates of the old spoils system; and their name is legion, for they include every

place-mongering big politician and every place-hunting small politician in the land, not to speak of the malodorous tribe of political hangers-on, who are too lazy to do honest work, and who know very well that if tried by the standard of merit alone they would no longer have the faintest chance of getting easy jobs at the public expense. These people are naturally ferocious foes of a reform which would deprive them of their exceedingly noxious influence in public affairs; and in their opposition they receive powerful aid from the cynicism of many intelligent men, who do not believe it possible to better political conditions; from the puzzle-headed inability of many honest, but prejudiced and narrow-minded, people to understand what the question really is, and from the good-nature, the indifference, the selfishness, the timidity, and the conservatism of that large number of citizens who never bestir themselves to do away with any evil that is not brought sharply home to their pockets.

One great trouble is that, thanks to having lived under the spoils system for sixty years, a great many people have come to accept it as being inevitably incident to our system of politics; and they grumble at it only as they grumble at droughts or freshets. Besides, they know there are in every party plenty of men competent to fill the offices; and they vaguely believe that it is merely a question as to which set of competent men is chosen. But this is not the case at all. If a party victory meant that all offices already filled by the most competent members of the defeated party were to be thereafter filled by the most competent members of the victorious party, the system would still be absurd, but it would not be particularly baneful. In reality, however, this is not what the system of partisan appointments means at all. Wherever it is adopted it is inevitable that the degree of party service, or more often of service to some particular leader, and not merit, shall ultimately determine the appointment, even as among the different party candidates themselves. Once admit that it is proper to turn out an efficient Republican clerk in order to replace him by an efficient Democratic clerk, or *vice versa*, and the inevitable next step is to consider solely Republicanism or Democracy, and not efficiency, in making the appointment; while the equally inevitable third step is to consider only that peculiar species of Republicanism or Democracy which is implied in adroit and unscrupu-

lous service rendered to the most influential local boss. Of course, both boss and henchman are often — perhaps generally — very good fellows, anxious to make good records and serve the public well; but it is at least safe to say that this is not necessarily the case.

The evil of the spoils system consists much less in the monopolizing of the offices by one party than in the monopolizing of the offices by the politicians at the expense of the people. Yet we have become so wedded to the vicious theory of party appointments that many men in public life are not even able to understand what is really the evil of which we complain; and hence some sapient gentlemen have recently been advocating a plan to divide all the offices among the adherents of both parties, by distributing them among the congressmen.

It may be mentioned, parenthetically, that the object and scope of the law is not yet clearly comprehended by the mass of citizens. Public confidence is a plant of slow growth, and public knowledge grows but little faster; so it is not surprising that after a sixty years' carnival of patronage politics, the average man has grown to regard it as part of the order of nature that only the adherents of the party in power need apply for offices. It is often a real labor to get men, opposed in political faith to an Administration, to come forward and be examined even for positions in offices where the civil service law is observed in the strictest and most non-partisan spirit. Yet a steady improvement is taking place in this respect. A constantly increasing proportion of the adherents of one party are coming into office while the other is in power. Most important of all, the applicants are growing more and more to realize that the change is real, and not nominal, and that their appointment and retention depend on their own good qualities, and not on political favoritism.

ATTEMPTS TO THWART THE REFORM.

Of course all the politicians to whom politics is merely a trade and means of livelihood do everything in their power to hinder the growth of this feeling, to thwart the progress of the reform, to obstruct and hamper the execution of the law, and to cripple the Civil Service Commission and the other administrative bodies by which the law is executed. Their great aim is to make the law inoperative and bring it into contempt. By loudly proclaiming that it is not going to be really observed, they often succeed in frightening away applicants for office who do not belong to their own party; and they then, of course, turn around and rail at the law, because of a partial failure for which they themselves are almost solely responsible.

Were it not for their industrious mendacity, there would be no difficulty in showing all applicants that they stand equal chances for appointment under the law without regard to politics. It is especially unfortunate where one of these men is himself appointed to some position where he has to administer the law he has derided. He can be held to a tolerably strict observance thereof, and invariably acknowledges its efficacy by shrieking that it ties his hands and prevents his appointing the "best men" (*i. e.*, his own political heelers); but, for all this, his character and utterances are sure to prevent men from applying for positions under him unless they feel they have some backing besides their own merit. Moreover appointees of this type often maladminister the law; and every such case of maladministration is made the pretext for a cry, not that the law be more strictly enforced, but that it be repealed, which would be about as sensible as to repeal the law against murder because some individual murderer has been improperly acquitted.

Much more serious harm than frightening off worthy applicants results from the unscrupulous representations of the patronage advocates. By incessant repetition of their falsehoods, they often persuade honest and worthy people that they contain at least an element of truth. All opposition to the merit system would cease to-morrow, save in hopelessly backward localities, were it possible to make people understand exactly what are its ends, and the methods by which these ends are sought to be attained. It is only comparatively rarely that men are to be found with ideals so low that they are willing frankly to announce that they believe in treating the offices simply as so much plunder. Even then they never tell the whole truth, which is not merely that they wish the victors to have the spoils, but, what is even more important, that they wish them to go only to the baser among the victors — for these are inevitably the beneficiaries of the spoils system.

Usually they insist that they themselves believe in "genuine civil service reform," but of a different kind from the one which all intelligent reformers are pressing, and which they proceed to try to prove to be a sham; and the very men who are blindest to the vicious faults of the patronage system manifest the greatest horror over the slightest shortcomings of its successor. They are the first to show capacious distrust of the sincerity of the men who are striving to better our governmental methods. Yet they evince the most touching confidence in the inherent nobility and strength of human nature when we point out that, without some help from the law, the best and purest statesman cannot grapple with the evils of the

patronage system. The moment we deal with the merit system they insist upon comparing it with an ideal standard, but clamorously defend the abuses of patronage by reminding us that this is a workaday, practical world, and that we must face things as they are.

APPOINTMENTS UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM.

A FAVORITE mental attitude of these men is the assumption that at present the government officials appoint their own subordinates, and that to take this power away from them does away with the responsibility of the heads of the various offices. This argument is so absurdly false that no one who has ever been in active politics can listen to it without smiling. In plain truth, the very essence of the patronage system, as now developed, is that executive officers do *not* appoint their own subordinates; on the contrary, these are appointed for them by the congressmen and influential local politicians. It is quite impossible for the head of a great department, or of a large post-office or custom-house, himself to select his hundreds of subordinates. Either they have to be chosen for him by some test of special fitness applied to all who choose to come forward, as under the merit system, or else he must rely on the recommendations of other men; and under the patronage system these men are of course politicians, each of whom gets as many appointments as his local "influence" entitles him to. No man who is himself in public life will deny that this is the case. In fact it is accepted as a matter of course.

The different big politicians, the senators, the congressmen, and the astute leaders who do not take office, divide up among themselves the different appointments which are nominally made by the heads of bureaus. The nominal appointing officers have more or less to say about it according to their own political standing and strength of character; but the real officers are the outsiders—who, by the way, generally get into a battle royal over the division of the spoil. It thus results that the choice of subordinates falls, not on the executive officer under whom they are to work, but on the legislator, who was, or ought to have been, chosen because of his views on the tariff, or the silver question, or internal improvements, or a national election law, and without any reference to his fitness for selecting clerks and letter-carriers. Merely to state the facts is enough to show the inherent viciousness and absurdity of the system. Each congressman has very naturally grown to regard all the

appointments in his district as rightfully his to make; and then he himself proceeds further to parcel them out to satisfy the politicians back of him. In many offices, under the old method, the different appointments were regularly credited in the books or on the backs of the papers to the politician for whom they were made; I could mention two or three where I happen personally to know that this was the practice. Even where this detail was omitted, the fact remained that the outside politicians made the appointments. Thus formerly the railway mail service was regularly parceled out, each congressman getting a definite number of postal-clerks; whereas now any sharp, capable young fellow may come forward and be appointed on the sole condition of proving by fair, business-like tests that he is better fitted than his competitors to fill the position he seeks. If the present superintendent of the railway mail service were to retain his position under successive administrations of varying political creed, the sole condition of his retention being his efficiency in the management of his business, and no politician being allowed to say anything whatever about his subordinates, it would be perfectly safe to leave the appointment of the latter solely in his own hands. But, as a matter of fact, his retention in office four years hence depends not in the least upon his record as a faithful public servant, but upon the success or failure of his party in the presidential election; and under the old system the right to appoint his subordinates was always claimed by, and allowed to, the congressman and influential local politicians. It was therefore an immense step in advance when the appointments to the railway mail service were taken away from the politicians altogether and were made to depend solely on the success of the candidates in honest, common-sense, competitive examinations.

Be it remembered that the blame attaches to the system which permits and encourages congressional interference, and not to the congressmen who are obliged to act under it. Where it has come to be an understood thing that the congressman is the appointing power he has often no choice but to make the appointments; if, as is very likely, he is a pretty good fellow, he will make good appointments; but at any rate make them he must. For a single congressman to refuse to say anything about appointments, while leaving the system unchanged, would accomplish absolutely nothing.¹ He should do all he can to abolish the system; but as long as it exists all he can do

¹ While on this point I wish to express my emphatic dissent from the position taken by some good friends of the reform who seem to me to do positive harm by attacking all public men alike. In fact they prefer to

assail, not the spoilers, but stanch friends of the reform who under present circumstances cannot—and ought not to be expected to—come up to the highest theoretic standard. We must stand by the best men

is to make the best of it and see that only good appointments are made; and this is the course followed by a very large number of congressmen. To illustrate what I mean I will take an instance from my own experience. The first year I was in the legislature there was a great deal of work being done on the Capitol buildings. Stone-cutters were in especial demand, and they were regularly parceled out among the different State senators and assemblymen, each of the latter having a certain number of appointments to which, by a custom that was then quite as binding as law, he was entitled. Sometimes good and sometimes bad stone-cutters were appointed under this method, and the whole business was to me so intensely distasteful that at first I refused to have anything to do with it. The consequence was merely what, with a little more experience, I might have foreseen. The appointments that should have come to me were given to a couple of neighboring assemblymen, and the stone-cutters from my district — very decent, honest men — were left out entirely, and felt correspondingly aggrieved. When I realized how things stood I promptly asserted my rights, claimed the appointments for my district, and gave them out to my district stone-cutters according to an improvised merit test of my own. I then proceeded to take the only practical way of bettering matters; that is, I worked hard, and in the end successfully, for the establishment of a system under which *none* of the assemblymen had any say whatever in the appointments. In my own case I did not need to pay any heed to the political advantages or disadvantages of the patronage; but this is an element of the problem which cannot be ignored. I feel sure that the possession of the patronage damages rather than benefits a party; but it is certainly also true that for one party to refrain from all use of patronage, while not by law enacting that its opponent must likewise refrain, would work little lasting benefit to the public service, and would probably insure party defeat. It is precisely as in boxing. In college we used to be very fond of sparring; and of course the rules expressly excluded hitting below the belt, and foul blows generally. These rules made the sport fair and manly; otherwise it would have been brutal. But if there had been no such rules it would have been silly, and would have accomplished no good purpose, for a man to spar at all, if he did not himself hit below the belt while allowing his antagonist to do so. A

change in the rules, prohibiting foul hitting on either side, would have been the only way to work improvement.

It is therefore perfectly plain that the remedy lies in changing the system. For honest politicians to refrain from meddling with patronage, while leaving dishonest politicians full liberty to do so, is in the long run to work harm rather than good. The offices must be taken out of reach of all politicians, good or bad, by some permanent system of law.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE civil service law accomplishes this end wherever it applies and is enforced; and in consequence the government employees protected by it, over 28,000 in all, — nearly a fourth of the total number in the service of the United States, — are now withdrawn from the degrading influences of the spoils system; and, as a direct result, in these offices the public business is performed more honestly and efficiently than ever before, while the offices themselves no longer form part of the vast bribery fund which is what the official patronage has become. The adherents of the old system naturally detest the new one, because of the good which it has done; and when, for very shame, they dare not openly defend the abuses by which they and their kind profit, they strive to do it indirectly by attacking the proposed remedy. They admit that the patronage system is evil; but try to delay real reform by proposing some foolish measure that would accomplish nothing but harm, or else confine themselves to clamorous misrepresentations of the purpose and scope of the only genuine measure of relief that has yet been proposed. A sample of the former method is the advocacy of the plan already spoken of to divide the offices among the congressmen, giving to each the appointment of all the government employees in his district. This proposal has recently had some vogue even among men of fair experience in public life, albeit that among its other defects it happens to be unconstitutional. Even if the last objection did not apply, the adoption of the plan would of course mean nothing but the revival of the old spoils system with an added touch of chaos. Its advocates evidently have some puzzle-headed idea that what is needed is not to take the offices out of politics, but to divide them permanently between the politicians of the two parties, instead of giving them all to each party in turn.

who are actually able to do good service in public life under its present conditions. Undoubtedly good men in public life should be freely criticized whenever they do wrong; but all should be judged by one standard in making comparisons. It is folly to strengthen our foes

by assailing our friends; and indiscriminate and unintelligent blame is quite as harmful as indiscriminate and unintelligent praise. We do not, as a people, suffer from the lack of criticism, but we do suffer from the lack of impartial and intelligent criticism.

THE MERIT SYSTEM THOROUGHLY AMERICAN.

As a rule, however, the opponents of the reform neither argue intelligently against it nor propose any substitute, but confine themselves strictly to simple misrepresentation and abuse. It is, of course, the kind of measure which especially arouses the ire of the cheaper variety of demagogue—the man who naturally opposes any measure to promote honest and decent government. Such a one has not morality enough to be ashamed of avowing that he wishes to pay off his private political debts by bribes, at the public expense, in the shape of offices, and is both too coarse-minded and too dull-witted to feel the scorn with which he and his antics are regarded by all upright and honorable thinking men. No argument is too flimsy or too contemptible for him to try. He takes great delight in calling the merit system “Chinese,” apparently because one of its adjuncts is the competitive examination, while in China there has long existed a clumsy and overgrown system of such examinations. As well might he inveigh against our alphabet because the Chinese have long had a cumbersome alphabet of their own, or against the use of gunpowder because it was first used in China, or decline to carry a Winchester rifle because jingals have long been known in the East. Again, he rails at the system as “English,” and as tending to produce an “office-holding aristocracy.” Of course he does not believe these arguments; he can’t, and retain his sanity. While England was a purely aristocratic community the spoils system flourished there far more rankly than ever it did here; and it is only since England has begun to take giant strides towards democracy that she has introduced the merit system, which the founders of our own Republic regarded as the only one worthy of a free and high-minded nation. A system which opens the public service to all men, of whatever rank in life, who prove themselves most worthy to enter it, and which retains them in office only so long as they serve the public with honesty, efficiency, and courtesy, is in its very essence democratic; whereas, on the contrary, the spoils system—which still obtains in most European kingdoms, and reaches its fullest development under the despotic government of Russia—is essentially undemocratic, in that it treats the public service not as the property of the whole people, to be administered solely in their interest, but as a bribery chest for the benefit of a few powerful individuals, or groups of individuals, who use it purely in the spirit of personal or political favoritism. It is among the most potent of the many forces which combine to produce the ward boss, the district heeler, the boodle alder-

man, and all their base and obscure kindred who in our great cities are ever striving to change the government from an honest democracy into a corrupt and ignorant oligarchy, wherein only the vile and the dishonest shall rule and hold office.

When a man is ashamed to use such merely demagogic arguments, he commonly, as a last resort, assails the methods by which it is attempted to put theory into practice, and especially the competitive examinations. Of course in introducing a radically new system there is bound to be friction. In extending the limits of the classified service inevitably from time to time mistakes are made, which the Commission strive forthwith to correct; and in preparing a multitude of examination papers they occasionally ask questions which it would be wise to leave unasked, or try to test a man's capacity in some way which experience shows will not work satisfactorily. Any fault of this character should of course be pointed out and immediately remedied; but, equally of course, it furnishes no serious argument against the system. There are a very few more serious shortcomings; but it is noticeable that opponents hardly ever allude to these, or dwell on any point worth serious discussion. They prefer to make and repeat over and over and over again assertions which it is a euphemism merely to call misstatements. They have been refuted very often; they have been conclusively shown to be wholly and utterly false; but their sponsors stand up for them with such unabashed effrontery that it is necessary to keep on answering them.

One of these assertions is, that the examinations favor “boys fresh from school,” instead of men with experience of the world. This is simply untrue. The average age of successful candidates for the ordinary positions, such as those of clerk and letter-carrier, is about twenty-eight years. The boy fresh from school evidently stands less chance than the man who has left his school days at least ten years behind him.

THE QUESTIONS CANDIDATES ARE ASKED.

BUT the favorite assertion is, that “irrelevant” and “impractical” questions are asked. This again is simply false. The Commission strongly object to asking irrelevant questions. Surely no questions can be so irrelevant to a man's duties as copyist or railway mail clerk as are questions about his political backing and about how he voted at the last election; and these are the very questions which those who thus prate about the examinations are themselves desirous of asking. As a matter of fact the questions are strictly pertinent to the positions for which the candidates are examined. The Commission has not yet tried to intro-

duce a merit test for laborers, although this must in the end be done (probably on the lines indicated by the Massachusetts State law, which provides for a system of registration of laborers). As yet, the great bulk of the examinations, probably ninety per cent., are held to fill positions as clerk, copyist, letter-carrier, and the like. In all these cases plain, common-sense questions are asked, such as appeal to the average intelligence as being suitable for testing the applicant's fitness for the special position he seeks to fill. A copyist or a clerk must be able to spell well and make grammatical sentences, he must write a good hand and be able to copy from a rough draft or from dictation, he must know how to do simple sums in arithmetic and have some acquaintance with the elements of bookkeeping, and he ought to be able to write an intelligent letter on some given subject; and therefore the questions test him on just such points, and, furthermore, require him to show a rudimentary acquaintance with United States history, government, and geography, as is befitting in one who seeks to serve Uncle Sam. A railway mail clerk is required to show a knowledge of the railway systems along the route where he is to serve, a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the geography of the United States, and skill in reading off a multitude of addresses on letters. A letter-carrier must be acquainted with the local geography of his city. If questions on subjects like these are not practical, then there are no practical questions in existence. As a matter of fact, the men who speak of the questions as impractical, or as referring to "the sciences," or the "geography of Asia and Africa," simply do not know what they are talking about; and their ignorance can hardly be called honest, for they have no business to speak on a subject about which

they could readily learn, but of which they are wholly ignorant. In dealing with these gentry I have now adopted the plan of using an argument sufficiently direct to appeal even to their intelligences. Whenever I meet a man who inveighs against the Commission for asking a letter-carrier "how far the earth is from Mars," or "to bound Timbuctoo,"—and I have heard men seriously assert that the Commission ask such questions,—I merely offer to bet him some moderate sum that he cannot produce a single instance where the Commission have actually asked such a candidate such a question; and he invariably refuses the bet, and on cross-examination admits that he does not personally know anything about the matter.

Finally, we who believe in the reform refer to that best of tests, experience, as demonstrating, beyond all question, that the merit system is not only practical, but produces the most admirable results. Wherever a public officer has taken office, believing in the law, or, even if not believing in it, willing to give it a fair and honest trial, it has invariably been found to work well. The public offices which have furnished the most conspicuous examples of honest and efficient administration of the public business have been precisely those in which the civil service law has been most rigidly and scrupulously obeyed. The post-offices at Boston, Brooklyn, New York, and Washington, under Messrs. Corse, Hendrix, Pearson, and Ross, may be instanced as showing one side of this picture, and those at Baltimore, Milwaukee, and Indianapolis, under Messrs. Veazey, Paul, and Aquila Jones, as illustrating the other.

The merit system is the system of fair play, of common sense, and of common honesty; and therefore it is essentially American and essentially democratic.

Theodore Roosevelt.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Further Electoral Reform.

NOW that the adoption of the Australian secret-ballot system as the American system is practically assured within the near future, it is time to consider what further steps are necessary to complete the reform of our electoral laws which has been thus so worthily begun. The advocates of ballot reform have always recognized the fact that that was only the first step in a series, but they considered it wiser to attempt only one step at a time. When they had secured a secret, official ballot they were determined to bend their energies at once upon the logical follower of that reform, the limitation of campaign expenditures. It was necessary first to get the machinery of the elections and the printing and distributing of the ballots out of the hands of the political machines or organizations and into the hands of the sworn officials of

the State. This change would remove all excuse for assessments upon candidates for election expenses, and the secret ballot would abolish to a great extent the bribery of voters, by making it impossible for the briber to see whether the voter kept his bargain or not. When this had been done—that is, when corruption had been made both inexcusable and unprofitable—it would be comparatively easy to have it made illegal and to abolish it entirely.

This is the work which our reformers have in hand now, and they have in this, as they had in the secret-ballot movement, valuable experience by which to be guided. England has followed the same order as we are following. Her ballot act, closely modeled upon that of Australia, was adopted in 1872. Eleven years later Parliament passed the justly famous "Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act," which was a totally new departure in legislation, and under which bribery

and corruption of all kinds have been abolished from English elections.

Every conceivable form of bribery or undue influence, including "treating," is defined, and the penalty is fixed. The maximum amount of expenditure which each candidate can make is named, proportionate to the size of his constituency. This sum must cover all expenses: printing, postage, room-rent, clerk-hire — everything. All disbursements must be made by one person, either the candidate himself or his agent. If he employs an agent to disburse the money, he cannot disburse a farthing himself, but must leave it all to the agent. An account with vouchers must be kept of all expenditures and returned under oath to the proper officers after election. Any person found guilty of an "illegal practice" is liable to a fine of £100 and five years' incapacity for voting, while a candidate guilty by himself or his agent loses his seat and is disqualified for sitting for the same constituency; in the former case for seven years, in the latter during the existing Parliament. Minor offenses of illegal payment, etc., are liable to a fine of £100. Any candidate whose expenditures exceed the maximum loses his seat. The law is so minutely drawn that a member who had been elected under it to Parliament was unseated because he had, during the election, promised a voter the privilege of shooting ground game upon his estates. That was declared "undue influence."

When this act was passed, after two years and a half of heated debating, there was almost universal skepticism concerning its practical value. It was thought, as our politicians persisted in saying of the Australian ballot system, to be too "complicated" ever to work well in practice. Its success was instantaneous and marvelous. The total expenditures of the last election under the old law were estimated as reaching about \$15,000,000. At the first election under the new law this total dropped to about \$3,900,000, and at the second it dropped to less than \$3,000,000. Before trial it was thought that the maximum allowed for expenditures was too low, and would have to be raised. After two elections had been held it was shown that instead of being too low, it was at least one-fourth higher than need be. In the second election the total expenditures did not reach by one million dollars the maximum allowed by law. These were remarkable triumphs, but they were not all. After the last election under the old law there were made to Parliament no less than ninety-five petitions against returns on the ground of corruption and bribery. After the first election under the new law there were only two such petitions, and after the second election there were none. A system of bribery more extensive and demoralizing than any which we have ever had in this country had been annihilated without a struggle.

It is not likely that we shall require so elaborate a measure here, for we have never suffered from many of the evils that had to be reached in the English statute. A very good bill, which seemed to cover the most important points, was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature last winter, passing the lower house but being defeated in the upper. It was the first measure of the kind to appear in an American legislature. It required sworn publication after election, both by candidates and by committees, of all expenditures made for campaign purposes. Every political cam-

paign committee in the State which expended an aggregate of more than \$100 in a campaign was required to have a treasurer, through whose hands should pass all the money received or expended, who should keep a detailed account of all receipts and of the manner of all expenditures, and who should within thirty days after election "file with the Secretary of the Commonwealth a return, subscribed and sworn to by him, setting forth all the committee's receipts, and a detailed statement of all expenditures and disbursements." Any member of the committee who should receive or disburse any money for political or campaign purposes was required to give the treasurer a detailed account of the transaction, and the latter must include it in his return. Every candidate for Congress or State office was required, within thirty days after election, to file with the Secretary of State a "detailed statement, subscribed and sworn to by him, of all moneys contributed or disbursed, promised or expended by him, or by any one, to the best of his knowledge and belief, in his behalf in attempting to secure, or in any manner in connection with, the nomination or election to such office." The penalty for making a false return or for violating any provision of the act was fixed at a fine not exceeding \$1000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year.

This measure, while not perfect, supplies a sure basis upon which to construct the statute which is needed and which every American State ought to adopt. The success of the ballot law in Massachusetts is certain to make easier the early passage of such a statute there, and it is not improbable that she will have the honor of being the leader in the second step of electoral reform, as she has won it in the first. Her lawmakers are likely also to extend the application of the ballot law to caucuses and primaries. It has been successfully tried in a primary in Boston.

The Fire-Risk.

It has been said that the greatest discovery yet made by man, in his work on this planet, has been the artificial production of fire. It is then a curious commentary on man's power to master natural forces that he should not yet have succeeded, during his thousands or millions of years in the world, in reducing the hazards of fire to the lowest possible limit. Fire will probably always be as bad a master as it is good as a servant; but the odd thing is that it should still appear so frequently as a master. Why is not this unruly servant brought to terms? Why should smoking ruins and a heavy death-roll still mark from time to time the places where great buildings once were, or a helpless people watch the flames as they eat up the city and leave desolation behind them?

It is only fair to say that in our own country this state of things has resulted mainly from that rough estimate of chances which a shrewd people will make with considerable accuracy. American agriculture used to be surface and scratchy in its methods, just because those were the only methods which "paid" under the circumstances; but any change of circumstances towards the opposite pole has shown that American agriculture can come very near the Dutch ideal of minuteness and carefulness. So, no doubt, the building of flimsy cities in the West was at first an economical thing to do. The structures had to come down some time: it was

cheaper for San Francisco, Chicago, and hundreds of other new cities to supply their present wants at as low a rate as possible, taking their chances whether the inevitable removal should be by the gauge of the contractors or by the all-pervasive fire. And if some Western cities have paid the penalty of the phoenix process, hundreds of others have profited by being their own insurers, and have come safely at last into the hands of the architect and the contractor.

But the case is complicated by the fact that such risks are not stationary, but grow as wealth grows, so that a reasonable "security" now might be decided insecurity twenty years hence. There were unpleasant whispers that a fire, which was subdued only after a desperate struggle by New York City's admirable fire department, needed but a shift of wind to have baffled the firemen's efforts and swept down through the richest districts of the richest city of America. It may have been worth while to carry such a risk twenty-five or fifty years ago, but is it worth while now? Here is stored up the wealth of continents, the capital which moves a vast and varied system of manufactures: is it wise for such a city to throw the heat and burden of its struggle for existence upon firemen, and underwriters, or to insure its own wealth upon such a cast as a shift of wind?

We know that incombustibility, though expensive, is possible: the only question for an American city to face is whether the time has come to attain to it. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE¹ has described the slow-burning system of construction for factories which can make a manufacturing city practically exempt from any risk of general fire. We have often found that buildings which had been considered "fireproof" go down helplessly before a really hot fire, as in the second Boston fire; but Berlin and other European cities can show us types of building in which the architectural use of cement, brick, and metals could meet New York's most varied or urgent needs of lofty buildings without any serious danger from fire: is it worth while? The competition of producers of buildings is not enough to answer the question; combustibility is so easily veneered over by an appearance of the opposite that an illusory safe-deposit building, for example, might be safe from the inspection of its customers. It is only an expert architectural opinion which can tell us whether a building is really incombustible; and it is only by the use of such opinion that a municipal administration can say intelligently whether it is "worth while." It is only when a municipal civil service has banished "spoils" absolutely and has taken expert opinion into its service that it can command public respect for its assertion that the time has come when certain parts of the city shall contain no structure which *can* burn. Meanwhile one can only suspect that a bank might as well do business without a fireproof safe as that the wealthier American cities can continue to carry their present fire-risks.

Perhaps the double danger from fire and water has enabled competition to bring us much nearer the time when we shall build only such passenger vessels as will not burn because they cannot burn. At the beginning of the development are the frightful scenes attending such affairs as the burning of the *Lexington* in Long Island Sound; at the other we have our modern river, sound, and lake steamers, where there is still a fire-risk, which is largely neutralized by the intelligent

and vigilant service of steamboat companies which cannot afford to have even a single disaster by fire. But this is probably the highest achievement of competition in this direction. It has been far overmatched by those metallic steamers of the ocean service, divided into a multitude of compartments so completely disconnected that a fire might rage in one of them throughout an entire Atlantic voyage without danger to the rest of the vessel.

But competition, after all, has its limits in all the cases named: it is too easy for makers of buildings or boats to pretend to imitate, and too difficult for the occupants to know whether the imitation is faithful and true. The Union, the State, and the city must supplement and stimulate competition by their police powers of legislation and inspection. Why should the wealthiest parts of a great modern city have a single building in or near them that can burn? Why should any passenger steamer carry combustible freight, or neglect the known conditions of absolute security from fire?

The New President of Columbia College.

THAT a man of the character and training of Mr. Seth Low has been placed at the head of New York's leading educational institution is a matter of much more than local significance. Mr. Low is not a mere business man of culture, whose training in affairs, whose executive capacity, make him desirable as the business manager of a great educational corporation. He is notably, and above all, a student of political economy; as well as of the principles and practice of government. He is familiar with economical questions both in theory and practice; while his experience as a public administrator makes him an expert in a science which is commanding more and more the attention of civilized communities.

The new President of Columbia, though he has during a busy career kept up his interest in the classics, is as a scholar identified more especially with other, and no less important, studies. He is a specialist of authority in the lines referred to above. It is this aspect of his presidency which seems to us of such peculiar interest. The American Republic never needed more than it does now, at the dawn of its second century, an insistence in all its educational enterprises—from the kindergarten to the university—upon *training in citizenship*.

President Low has an inspiring opportunity, in his new position, of making his mark upon this community and upon the country at large. Those who have pondered on the needs of New York have dreamed of a time—which Mr. Low can, and we believe will, do much to hasten—when Columbia College will be the center, and our various museums, libraries, and other institutions more or less formal and official parts, of "the great metropolitan university"; and of a time when the influence of this university will be felt, for purification and for elevation, in every part of our educational, social, and political life. It ought to be—and it will perhaps one day seem not ludicrously impossible—that such an institution as the Columbia of the future should exert more influence, in an entirely disinterested way, in municipal matters, than the "bosses" who have so long dictated the course of affairs—whose chief motive in public life is sordid and ignoble, and whose existence is a constant menace to the public morality and welfare.

¹ See article by Edward Atkinson, February, 1889, p. 566.

OPEN LETTERS.

Was Swedenborg Insane?

IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1889, is an interesting paper by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley on "Presentiments," etc. On page 461, under the title of "Habitual Visions," Swedenborg is referred to as one who "was a professor in the mineralogical school. . . . About 1743 he had a violent fever, in which for a little time he was mad, and rushed from the house stark naked, proclaiming himself the Messiah. After that period . . . he lived twenty-nine years in the firm conviction that he held continual intercourse with angels and also with deceased human beings. He says that he conversed with St. Paul during the whole year. . . . He asserted that he had conversed three times with St. John, once with Moses, a hundred times with Luther, and with angels daily 'for twenty years.' . . . He gives detailed accounts of the habits, form, and dress of the angels. He sends his opponents mostly to Gehenna and sees them there," etc.

These matters, being personal, have no more to do with the theology of the New Church than the cut of Mr. Wesley's coat with Arminianism, but they should be set right if misstated. The facts are that Swedenborg was never a professor in any school, but that Dr. Buckley misunderstands the office of Assessor of the College of Mines; that his alleged fever, with its consequences, was not mentioned till 1781, and again in 1796 by the same person; that these two accounts differ so much as to be impossible of reconciliation; that Swedenborg was not in London in 1743, when this was said to have occurred; that at that time he was engaged upon his great scientific work on the Animal Kingdom; that he continued till his death an active and respected member of the House of Nobles; and, in short, that there is no evidence that he was ever insane, except the conflicting stories, fifty years old, of one who himself ended his life in insanity in 1808.

As to the other statements of Dr. Buckley it may be said briefly that Swedenborg set the date of his perception of spiritual realities not in 1743, but in 1745; that his reference to conversations with Paul and others, which Dr. Buckley regards as a claim to credibility, was written in a private letter in answer to a question whether he had conversed with the apostles, and was not put into his published writings at all; that he gives no other details as to the angelic life than are necessary to illustrate spiritual laws; and that he sent no opponents to hell, because he had none, having nothing to do with theological controversy.

NEW CHURCH THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. F. Wright.

THE inaccuracies alleged do not touch the substance of the case. Swedenborg is spoken of in the article criticized as a "professor in a mineralogical school"; it would have been more accurate to say an "Asses-

sor in the College of Mines." The sole purpose of this reference was to indicate his pursuit of natural science.

The phrase "about 1743" was employed to indicate that period of the eighteenth century, as there are conflicts of testimony which put the date of the alleged fever, and the beginning of Swedenborg's visions, anywhere from 1743 to 1745.

John Wesley positively affirms that he received the account of the fever, not only from the man in whose house Swedenborg was when it occurred, but also from "a serious Swedish clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Mathesius."

The statement about Swedenborg's conversations with Paul, John, Moses, and Luther is confirmed by the writer of the foregoing note, who says "it was written in a private letter."

The statement that Swedenborg had nothing to do with religious controversy is erroneous. I have examined some of his original manuscripts in the University of Upsala, which are written in English, and in which he severely criticizes all existing forms of religion. He expressly states that "Arians have no place in heaven."

It is only necessary to consult Swedenborg's works, not confining attention exclusively to those published by his votaries, to find abundant evidence of the subjective nature of his hallucinations, which is the only proposition maintained concerning him in the article referred to by your correspondent.

J. M. Buckley.

Base-Ball and Rounders.

AFTER reading Mr. Camp's interesting article on base-ball, in THE CENTURY for October, 1889, it appears to me that this game is merely the old English rounders played in a scientific manner.

It is possible the latter game is not familiar to the American public, and, if not, I would describe how it was played at my old school thirty years ago.

A game being decided on, the two best players chose sides, or, as it was termed, "picked up," selecting alternately those boys they preferred for their respective sides. The number on a side would vary from eight to ten; they next tossed up for first innings.¹

The base-ball "pitcher" was termed with us a "feeder"; the "field" was placed according to directions of the captain of the outing side, much the same as in base-ball.

Instead, however, of the ball being hurled with great force at the striker, the rule was to "lob" it.² The

¹ In the greater part this description is also true of the ordinary "scrub game," or "choosing sides," of American players.—WALTER CAMP.

² The modern base runner would have no difficulty whatever in stealing a base if the pitcher "lobbed" the ball, as the time occupied in its progress before reaching the catcher would be sufficient to see him safely near the next base.—WALTER CAMP.

striker could refuse to hit at any ball not to his liking, but at the first ball he struck he had to run to the first base. He was allowed three chances of striking at the ball, and if he missed the third he had to run in any case, being generally put out by the catcher "corking" him before he reached the base. As in base-ball, a ball struck and caught by one of the "field" made the striker of it "out."

We played with a thick round stick about two feet long and a ball covered with knotted string, perhaps two sizes smaller than an ordinary cricket-ball.

With us boys the great delight of the game was "corking," which was to hurl the ball with as much force as possible at any player while running between the bases, and if the ball struck him he was "out," and could play no more that innings.¹

One of the arts of rounders was to "steal bases"; that is, if a player was at, say the first base, and the second was vacant, he would endeavor to run to the second while the "feeder" was feeding the striker at the striking base; and very often he got "corked out" for his trouble.

A "rounder" was when a player struck the ball with such force as to enable him to run all four bases and "get home."

We did not count any "rounders," as is done in base-ball; but the moment there was no player left to strike at the striking base the innings was closed and the "scouting" side then went in, the other side turning out in the "field." The main object of the game was to have as long an innings as possible.

Such is a rough description of rounders. Personally, although rank heresy, I always enjoyed the game more than cricket.

CROYDON, ENGLAND.

V. C. Webb.

"The Newness."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: A friend has called my attention to an article on "The Newness," in the November, 1889, number of your magazine, wherein is some matter pertaining to my former self.

It is true that I did take a trip on foot with Samuel Larned as far as Concord, New Hampshire; not "far up into Vermont," a State I never set foot in; not of six weeks' duration, but perhaps of two; and with no "mission" whatever, but only from the desire of a farmer's boy, after husking, to see a little of the world, and to visit, in the bosom of his beautiful family, one I was ever proud to claim as a friend, the brilliant N. P. Rogers. Here I left Larned and proceeded afoot and alone to the town of Bradford, where, in the delightful household of the Tappans, Parker Pillsbury was staying to recover his exhausted nervous system, worn down in the work of reform. My brother Cyrus was not one of the party. Neither was he, nor I, ever touched by the "anti-money" folly; and I can vouch for it that any man who had Sam Larned for a traveling companion would have seen no occasion to throw his money into the river.

¹ In early American playing it was permissible to throw the ball at a runner. One of the American college men who went across the water last summer with a few others, to help introduce the sport in England, told the writer that they were badly frightened many times by the unconquerable desire that possessed every English player to throw the ball at them when they were running.

For the worthy memory of Robert Carter I am glad to see that, though claiming to have been personally acquainted with these youths, he does not assert a personal knowledge of the incidents recorded. He must have followed hearsay; and of the two who alone could know, I can answer for one who was not his informer, but

Yours very truly,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

George S. Burleigh.

The New Croton Aqueduct.

FROM an "Open Letter" to the Editor from Mr. B. S. Church, formerly Chief Engineer of the New Croton Aqueduct, we print the following concerning the article in the December CENTURY:

"No extensive masonry structure was ever built that escaped scamped work, least of all, lining masonry built in tunnels, where conditions are so propitious for scamping. Shortly after the masonry work began I personally discovered the first bad backing masonry at Shaft 9. It had been slipped in by an adroit workman and had escaped the notice of a competent inspector in charge. Strict vigilance was demanded on the part of the assistants and inspectors, and orders given that bad masonry, wherever discovered, should be pulled down and properly rebuilt. This was enforced from the beginning of the work. After a time, so frequently did it occur, that I detailed my deputy to devote himself exclusively to its detection and prevention, and later on obtained from the commission authority to organize a systematic investigation of the workmen's methods of concealing slighted work. These clues were followed up by breaking holes in the completed masonry. Special means were devised to detect imperfections, and the matter thoroughly systematized. All this was done months before public attention was drawn to it.

"Then at my request the former commission forced contractors to make special agreement in addition to the original contract to repair at their own expense all defective work found. I instituted a special system of repairing bad backing without destroying good brick-work facing it. These methods are used to this day to secure the integrity of the work. All of this, as previously stated, was long before the Senate investigating committee convened which resulted in the 'change of administration' referred to in your article. So soon as these systematic methods of hiding bad work were unearthed, the former commission indorsed my order that payments should be withheld to cover all that was even suspected of not being up to contract. Thus the city's interests were protected, and \$1,000,000 withheld to cover cost of repairs.

"Shortly after it was understood that there was no chance to escape detection, and that the bad work was to be repaired at the expense of the contractors, I was interviewed by one of them and told that if I did not 'let up,' as he expressed it, 'they would have a Senate investigation that would break me up.' Of course this threat did not alter my action, and in due course it

At one time one of the Americans was within a few feet of second base and running towards it when an Englishman, a few feet on the other side of the base, hurled the ball directly at the runner, barely missing his head. As the American ball is not a soft one, the fright caused was nearly enough to stop the playing of this particular man during the rest of the trip.—WALTER CAMP.

was executed. I believe some good men have been honestly misled, but that the plot existed and will cost the city dear there can be no question."

An Anecdote of Jefferson Davis.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was not by any means a general universal favorite among the Confederates, either soldiers or civilians. While many considered him arbitrary and self-willed, it is doubtful if any one man in the entire Confederacy for one moment doubted his honesty of purpose.

A year before the close of the war army orders brought me to Columbus, Georgia. At that place the Confederate Government had located a large ordnance establishment. An ordnance officer, Colonel Oladowski,—not unknown, I believe, in the old service,—one day handed me a heavy black object some six inches in diameter, saying, "What is that?" I answered, "A lump of coal." "Examine it closely," said he.

Taking a knife and cutting it, I found it to be a hollow iron casting roughly shaped to resemble coal, and covered with asphaltum or some such substance in which was baked coal dust and small lumps of coal, giving the whole the exact appearance of ordinary coal.

A number of similar pieces were exhibited, of various sizes and shapes. The officer explained that he had had them made, had carried some of them to Richmond and had exhibited them to President Davis, with a carefully prepared plan by which he proposed to have them sent by suitable men to various points on the Mississippi River where the Federal gun-boats coaled, and, after being filled with a most powerful explosive, deposited among the coal designed for the gun-boats, or even introduced into their bunkers. He had also perfected a plan to have them introduced into the Northern navy yards and in various foreign coaling stations of the United States navy. That it could have been done by shrewd and desperate men is beyond a doubt.

As the explosive with which they were to be filled was one of the most powerful, and only exploded by heat, they would not have been detected, and exploding in the furnace of a gun-boat would have sent all on board to the bottom.

The officer told me that when he exhibited them to Jefferson Davis the President was horrified, and furiously declared himself insulted that any man should have dared to suppose that he would be a party to any such unjustifiable mode of warfare; "and," said the officer, "the President's eye fairly blazed while he gave me such a blessing that I would have been glad to crawl into a rat-hole to get away from him. When he had exhausted his fury he said abruptly, 'Return to your station, sir, this very day.' I firmly believe he would have put me in arrest and preferred charges, but that he did not want the matter to become public."¹

Carlisle Terry, M. D.

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

Comments on "Abraham Lincoln: A History."

I.—MCCLLELLAN AND THE PEACE PARTY.

I HAVE read with deep interest Nicolay and Hay's history of Lincoln from its opening chapter to the present. While I believe that as a history of the lamented martyr President it is an excellent and in the main a correct work, I have found much in it, especially wherein it refers to General McClellan's conduct while in command of our armies, which seems to me to be unjust to a loyal and brave soldier whose lips are sealed in death. In the August CENTURY, at page 548, the writers use the following language:

The Democratic convention was finally called to meet in Chicago on the 29th of August. Much was expected from the strength and the audacity which the peace party in the Northwest had recently displayed, and the day of the meeting of the convention was *actually chosen by rebel emissaries in Canada* and their agents in the Western States for an outbreak which should effect that revolution in the Northwest which was the vague and chimerical dream that had been so long cherished and caressed in Richmond and Toronto.

I can see no motive in this paragraph other than that of throwing discredit upon the Democratic leaders of that day, and an attempt to throw around its standard-bearer, General McClellan, and his thousands of loyal friends, both in and out of the army, at least a filmy cloud of disloyalty.

All know that at that time, 1864, there was among all classes great and general dissatisfaction regarding the Administration in its conduct of the war. None doubted the loyalty, the integrity, or the honesty of the great war President, but our general want of success in the field, the numerous and rapid changes of our commanding generals, and above and beyond all the management of the War Department by Stanton and Halleck, apparently regardless of the wishes of the Executive, had begotten a feeling of unrest in the minds of all loyal people, both in and out of the army, and very largely the belief that Mr. Stanton especially had no desire to bring hostilities to a speedy determination by capturing Richmond and thus ending the war.

The overwhelming defeat of Vandaligham for governor of Ohio the fall previous, by an opponent without personal magnetism or individual strength, other than that he represented the spirit of national loyalty in the people after the great Democratic victories in New York and other Northern States in 1862, and without any considerable victories in the field meanwhile, had amply demonstrated that the "peace element" was to be despised rather than cultivated and made the controlling element in the party.

I personally had full means of knowing, and know that in the early months of 1864 it was the earnest desire of the "peace party" to possess themselves of the Democratic party machinery; that their great aim was to nominate Mr. Seymour of Connecticut for President and Mr. Vandaligham for Vice-President, and make the presidential struggle on that issue. To that end they endeavored to induce members of the National Committee to call an early convention, place the ticket in the field, and thus avail themselves of the nascent feeling of antagonism against the Administration. I was present at the house of George Greer in 28th street at one of these conferences, in the early part of 1864, at which I met Mr. Vandaligham and

¹ In a letter written after this article was accepted, Dr. Terry says, "I have since heard, though I do not know if true, that the torpedoes spoken of were used on the Mississippi River." There does not appear to be official confirmation of this.—EDITOR.

several others of the Western "peace party," and at least three members of the Democratic National Committee. Vallandigham there urged his plan of an early convention, and scouted the idea of nominating McClellan, or any other soldier or war Democrat, as puerile in the extreme.

Not long after this conference, and on March 10, 1864, I was seated beside Reverdy Johnson at dinner, at the house of Richard Wallack in Washington. Mr. Johnson, like myself, was a staunch friend of General McClellan. I narrated to him the substance of what had lately taken place at Mr. Greer's house, when he said: "Vallandigham is crazy. He thinks that he is a martyr, and it has turned his head." He continued, in substance: "The convention should be deferred to the latest possible day. If our armies should be successful meanwhile, notwithstanding the great obstacles they have to contend with, the credit will be due to the President, and not to his advisers. Then he should have no opposition, but be permitted to settle the troubles in his own way. If not, then McClellan should run upon a platform favoring a more vigorous, systematic, and honest prosecution of the war to an early peace through crushing the rebellion and reestablishing the old Union."

Some weeks later, in a conversation with General McClellan, I stated to him Mr. Johnson's remarks to me, and that I thoroughly coincided with them. He assented to them, but said at the same time that he believed that the committee were intent upon calling the convention in July. I thought that at least two months too early, and he apparently concurred.

Later on, and after the terrible battles of the Wilderness, to my knowledge several of McClellan's friends in the army wrote him begging him not to accept a nomination unless circumstances occurred later that would make his success at least probable. One of these letters was written by General Hancock, whose name ranks among the greatest of the heroes of our war. That letter I conveyed from his hand to General McClellan. On reading it the latter expressed much feeling regarding both the writer and the contents of the letter, and asked me to see my lifelong friend Augustus Schell, and bring him that evening to S. L. M. Barlow's house on Madison Square. I did so. The general, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Schell, and myself spent the entire evening in discussing the best means of meeting the issue, he (McClellan) producing several similar letters that he had received from army officers in the field. The result of this was that Messrs. Schell and Barlow took it upon themselves to see as many of the members of the committee as possible, and write others urging that the convention should not be held until the middle of September.

At this prolonged interview at Mr. Barlow's house it was determined that every possible means should be

used to keep Vallandigham and his cohorts in the background as much as possible. That effort was continued, on the part of McClellan's friends, to the end of the campaign. It was thought by both the general and his friends that his letter of acceptance, repudiating the platform by modifying it, would have that effect, but it did not. They seemed determined to follow the principle of rule or ruin, and did so, much to the disgust of General McClellan and his loyal friends, who now think it hard at this late day to have his and their honest and loyal action attributed to "rebel emissaries in Canada."

HARTFORD, CONN.

D. C. Birdsall.

II.—PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT FROM THE SAME STATE.

REFERRING to the work of the Cleveland convention in nominating General Frémont and John Cochrane, the authors of the "Life of Lincoln," on page 286 of the June CENTURY, make the following statement:

"No one present seemed to have any recollection of the provision of the Constitution which forbids both of these officers being taken from the same State."

This is manifestly an oversight. The Constitution makes no provisions for national conventions for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States; nor does it make any such prohibition as is implied in the statement quoted. But Article XII. of the Amendments reads: "The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves," etc.

This does not forbid the choosing of both President and Vice-President from the same State; for if all the electors of the several States had cast their votes for General Frémont for President, and the electors of all the States except New York had cast their votes for General Cochrane for Vice-President, both men would have been elected in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

PARK COLLEGE, PARKVILLE, MO. *Wm. H. Tibbals.*

"A Side Light on Greek Art."

THE terra cotta groups which are illustrated in the article under the above title, in this number of the magazine, are owned by the following gentlemen, who courteously give permission for their reproduction:

"Æsculapius and Hygieia with a Dying Woman," Cottier and Co.; "Nymph with Wine-jar and Garland," Thomas B. Clarke; "Beginning the Bacchic Dance," Rollin & Feuardent; "The Boyhood of Bacchus," James W. Ellsworth; "Apollo Discovering in the Baby Mercury the Stealer of his Cows," Brayton Ives.



BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Valentine.

I F only I might sing
Like birds in spring —
Robin, or thrush, or wren,
In grove or glen;

If only I might suit
To harp or lute,
To chime in tender time
Some touching rhyme,—

Then I'd not hope in vain
Thine ear to gain;
But now — I halt — I quail —
Ah! must I fail?

So small my skill to plead
My earnest need,
Love — love is all the plea
I bring to thee.

Clinton Scollard.

My Grandmother's Turkey-tail Fan.

IT owned not the color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray,
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without
break,

'T was built on a generous plan:
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
In a chest between two silken cloths
'T was kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.
'T was famed far and wide through the whole coun-
try-side,

From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 't was eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
In psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song —
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 't was aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:
'T was limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

By de Massysippi Sho'.

(AIR, "LILY OF THE VALLEY.")

UM! de col' win' am blowin', de ole 'oman pickin'
geese,
An' de flakes lack de fedders fills de air,
An' dese po' ole bones am shakin' wid de agy an'
rumatiz,
An' dis po' ole heart am heaby, full er care;
But down in de bottom de flowers am in bloom,
An' de mawnin'-glory laughs roun' de do',
An' de gode-vine am er-smilin' her promus' ter de
well,
Roun' de cabin by de Massysippi sho'.

Refrain: Den, oh! I 'se er-comin'! I kin hear de
worter flow —
I 'se er-comin' dough I 'se ole an' lame an' po',
Fur dere 's nuffin' lack de joy, lack de sorrer, dat I
knew,
In de cabin by de Massysippi sho'!

I 'se comin' frough de shadder, an' comin' frough de
sun,
I 'se comin' home ter lay me down ter res'
Whar' de peckerwood kin call me eby mawnin' f'om
de bresh,
An' de mawkin'-bird kin sing what I lubs bes';
Fur down in de bottom de worter-million waits,
An' I sees de ole ash-hopper by de do',
An' old Rube he come ter meet me, an' say "howdy"
wid 'e tail,
F'om de cabin by de Massysippi sho'.

Refrain: Den, oh! I 'se er-comin', etc.

An' when Gabul come ter call me, let 'im toot de
trumpet loud,
So dat dis po' deaf ole darcy's year kin hear;
Fur he 'll sholy fin' me waitin' nigh de graves ob dem
I lubed,
Er-settin' an' er-waitin' fur 'im dere;
Whar' de gode-vine am bloomin', an' de mawnin'-glory
laughs,
At de sunlight dat lays along de flo',
He 'll fin' me ready waitin' in my ole cheer, happy,
kase
I 'll be waitin' in de cabin by de sho'!

Refrain: Den, oh! I 'se er-comin', etc.

Virginia Fraser Boyle.

Tardy Wit.

A BRIGHT little man sat bemoaning the fate
Of the wit that is tardy and sparkles too late;
Of the keen repartee that is strictly one's own,
But comes into view when occasion has flown.
Oh! the ideas, apposite, bright, and sublime,
That travel like stage-coaches never on time,
So sluggish in movement, so slow in the race
That a new topic renders them quite out of place.
So the bright little man, with a serious look,
Remarked to himself, as he opened his book,
"Of regrets that annoy a humorist's head,
The saddest is this: It might have been said!"

J. A. Macon.

March 90 / 8

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ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

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"DOCTOR FANGLOSS, THE PHILOSOPHER, TEACH DANCING!"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "DR. PANGLOSS, LL. D., A. S. S.," IN "THE HEIR AT LAW."